



DESIGNED FOR THE

DEFENCE AND PROMOTION

OF

Biblical Truth,

AND THE

ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION

IN THE

HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.



CASELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN,

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

JOHN CASSELL'S NEW WEEKLY JOURNAL,



Published Weekly, price One Penny, and in Monthly Parts, price 5d. and 6d.,

PROSPECTUS.

THE QUIVER will every successive week be charged with well-poised arrows, each fledged with a motto, to carry it home to some member of the family circle. There will be the pointed arrow, to penetrate the buckler of error; the light-feathered arrow, to interest and instruct the children; the polished arrow, to awaken and guide the imagination; the keen-barbed arrow, to touch the conscience; the ponderous arrow, weighty with argument, to convince the reason.

THE QUIVER will contain a mass of varied and interesting matter designed to advance the cause of Religion in the Homes of the People. Those who desire argumentative articles will find in this Journal, every week, contributions from some of the most gifted minds. Others, who seek appropriate discourses for reading aloud on the Sabbath-day, will find in **THE QUIVER** sermons by distinguished preachers of various denominations. If a knowledge of the progress of missionary enterprise, and the advancement of Christian Truth throughout the world be desired, **THE QUIVER**, by means of its own correspondents, and from other sources, will present an epitome of news recording the triumphs of the Gospel. To all who are interested in the struggles of Truth against error and persecution, **THE QUIVER** will furnish a carefully-prepared Chronology of the Remarkable Events in the history of the Church. Lastly, **THE QUIVER** will endeavour to meet the requirements of the young, and, in addition to interesting articles suited to their years, the study of Holy Scripture will be promoted by selected readings, and questions suggested by those readings.

THE QUIVER will be evangelical and unsectarian in its character, having for its grand aim the intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement of its readers. Its staff of contributors will include some of the ablest writers in the sphere of religious literature, irrespective of denominational differences.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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"Mr. John Cassell, whose exertions to elevate the condition of the working classes, by supplying them with wholesome mental food at a price within the means of all but the poorest of the poor, are universally known, has commenced the publication of a weekly serial, called **THE QUIVER**, the special object of which is 'to defend and promote Biblical truth, and advance religion in the homes of the people.' The first number is now before us; and if we may look upon it as a fair sample of its successors, we sincerely hope that the anticipations of its projector may be more than realised, both as regards its circulation and the amount of good which it will accomplish."

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the belief that his labours in this behalf have produced much fruit, and that the circle of their good effects is an ever widening one. To thousands his publications have supplied that information and assistance they would otherwise have sought in vain, by placing within the reach of the humblest means the highest results of learning, the best instructions of practice. He has laboured in the cause of popular enlightenment side by side with the Mechanics' Institutions, People's Colleges, Reading Rooms, Mutual Improvement Societies, to which the larger sympathies and increased wants of the present age have given birth; and to many, whose circumstances have deprived them of the help afforded by such associations, he has been the friend in need, without whom they must have been surrounded by difficulties—in every case most formidable, in most cases insurmountable. We are glad to find that Mr. Cassell is continuing his good work, and that in **THE QUIVER** he has brought out a periodical designed to advance moral improvement, and defending and promoting Biblical truth. No one can say there is not room for such a publication as this. Several existing serials, excellent in themselves, have their usefulness, but are too much limited by the spirit of sect to effectually combat the ignorance and immense moral evils that unfortunately exist among us. But this work, coming forward on the wider basis indicated in the words 'Spiritual, Evangelical, Catholic,' is fitted to effect results no narrower means can hope to reach. The first number is full of promise, and heartily do we wish **THE QUIVER** God speed in its mission."

From the STAR OF GWENT.

"Every literary undertaking which Mr. Cassell undertakes is sure to be prompted by a desire to be of benefit to his fellow-creatures, and his enterprises are so well arranged as to be successful in this design. We know no publisher who has been more instrumental in promoting the best interests of society, by supplying cheap and practical means of improvement in the search after knowledge, and in facilitating its progress and development. The new serial before us is eminently calculated

to further that object, being mainly devoted to the defence of Biblical truths, and the extension of religion in the houses of the people. These purposes are dependent upon each other; and, pursued as they appear to be in this work, cannot fail to eventuate in the advancement of religious and moral practice and principle, and in the removal of the obstacles to religious progress. We wish every success to **THE QUIVER**, as well for its meritorious scope as for the able way in which it is sought to be carried out."

From the WEST KENT EXPRESS.

"This is the last but certainly not the least of our weekly religious serials. * * * Its twelve royal 4to pages contain nearly, if not quite, as much matter as the sixpenny volumes named, while the price charged is one penny. It is evident that the enterprising publishers could only do this by giving the public part of the advantage of the advertisements borne on the covering or case of **THE QUIVER**. But after all it is the nature rather than the amount of the matter which is most important; and we are assured that an attentive and candid perusal of the first few pages will suffice to gain the reader's grateful approval."

From the NORTH AND SOUTH SHIELDS GAZETTE.

"Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, who have done so much for the diffusion of knowledge and harmless amusement throughout the country, have added to their publications a weekly magazine of religious truth, called '**THE QUIVER**,' which at its price, a penny, is a marvel of cheapness and goodness. '**THE QUIVER**,' its proprietors tell us, 'is designed for the defence and promotion of Biblical truth, and the advancement of religion in the homes of the people.' Its religion 'will be that of the New Testament—spiritual, evangelical, catholic—free alike from bigotry on the one side, and latitudinarianism on the other.' So far the publishers may without fear appeal to their work in support of these professions. There is matter suited to children, to youth, and to mature years in this periodical, and, so far as we have read, all good of its kind."

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS, AND AS TO SUPPLY OF "THE QUIVER" BY POST. EXTRACTED FROM No. 3.

ALTHOUGH the three numbers of **THE QUIVER** which have now been issued afford little more than an indication of the variety which we propose to introduce into its pages, enough has already been written to set forth clearly the design and general character of our undertaking, and the principles by which it is directed. We are glad to know that our endeavour to produce a religious journal of a high standard of literary merit, at a very low price, has been appreciated by men distinguished alike for their piety and their intellectual attainments—men whose approval we value. The letters which we have received from these, and from other persons in various walks of life, satisfy us that **THE QUIVER** supplies a want which has been long felt, and that it is meeting with a cordial welcome among all denominations of evangelical Christians. A journal of this character, however, occupies a very different position from one of general literature, or even from a periodical representing the views of a particular denomination; and we must rely chiefly upon the good offices of our acquired friends, to enable us to extend our sphere of usefulness. We hope, therefore, that we may look for the active aid of our readers in promoting the circulation of this journal. If they believe that **THE QUIVER** is likely to exercise a beneficial influence in the homes into which it may penetrate, we need have no fear of trespassing unduly upon their kindness, when we ask them to introduce it to the notice of their acquaintances, especially of ministers of churches, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, and all others engaged in the work of the Gospel. We shall thus be enabled, by the Divine blessing, to carry out the objects we propose to ourselves in the most complete and efficient manner. And we beg to suggest to those of our friends who experience difficulty in procuring copies of **THE QUIVER** from local booksellers—which we know to be the case in some small towns and villages—that they club together and transmit, to our Publishing Office direct, one order for the number of copies required. We shall be happy to forward parcels free by post at the following rates:—Five copies (in one parcel) for 5d.; twelve copies (in one parcel) for 13d.

THE QUIVER.

MAN MUST BE RELIGIOUS.

In placing the above title at the head of this paper, we can imagine the reader as prepared to ask, "Do you really mean *that*?" And we answer, "Yes; we mean what those words seemed to you to mean, as you read them. We mean to say, and we hope to show, that, in a very grave sense, man *must* be religious."

The *mind* of man, the faculties which constitute it what it is, say this much. Did you ever try to take your mind to pieces, so as to see what the parts are that belong to it, and to note how those parts are put together, and made to work? There is your understanding, by which you can discern largely between what is evidence and what is not. There is your reason, by which you can so use the knowledge possible to you, as to distinguish, to a great extent, between what is true and what is false, and between what is right and what is wrong. Your memory, meanwhile, is careful to treasure up the past, so that, in a sense, it may be always present. Above all, there is your conscience, a mysterious power, enthroned to mark and chronicle the acts of your will—to see whether you make choice of the true or the false, the right or the wrong; and, doing this, whether you like that it should do so, or not. Nor must you overlook the imagination—a faculty of wondrous potency, which, aided by the memory, can cause the past to be as though it were present, the distant to be as though it were near, the unseen to be as though it were seen, and the future to be like the past—that is, as though there were no future and no past. Such, in fact, is the power of the imagination, that in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, it can bridge over all time and all space. The telegraph is a sloth in travel, and even the lightning is a loiterer on its way, compared with the speed with which the imagination does its work. But the conscience can so overlook all these potencies of the human spirit, and so make them do its bidding, as to call out all those emotions of the heart that we denote by the words love and hate, hope and fear, joy and grief; so that when the verdict of this power which we call conscience is in favour of the man, his soul may become a sort of heaven; and when that verdict is against him, his soul may become a hell.

Now, we scarcely need say that the power to make these distinctions between right and wrong, and to feel thus in relation to right and wrong, is peculiar to man. The brute has it not. Clearly it was intended that man should make these distinctions, and that his consciousness of doing right should be linked with this sense of happiness, and that his consciousness of doing wrong should be linked with this sense of unhappiness. What we see a piece of mechanism adapted to do, by reason of the mechanical principles on which it is constructed, we say it was designed to do. The mechanist intended that what it is adjusted to do it should do. So it is in regard to mind. The Intelligence which endowed the human spirit with the capacity of making these distinctions between right and wrong, and of feeling thus in relation to them, must have intended that man should thus discriminate and thus feel; that is, that man should be what is called a moral agent—a being accountable to moral law.

But once admit that man's nature is a moral nature, and there is no escape from the conclusion that it must be a religious nature. Moral law, if it has any meaning, must mean that we should acquit ourselves rightly, dutifully, towards all beings to whom we stand in any relation involving the natural interchange of kind offices. And if it follows on the basis of this purely natural law that man should be towards his fellow-man what he feels that his fellow-man should be towards himself, so it follows, no less clearly, that man should be towards God, supposing there to be a God, all that his consciousness tells him he should expect from the creature were he in the place of the Creator. If morality be the giving to man the things that are his, religion is simply the giving to God the things that are His. It is the same law of right acted upon in different relations, or toward different beings. So religion comes to be only a higher form of morality, and a necessary form of it, where morality exists at all. Hence, did you see a hand writing upon the wall that man was meant to be a moral and religious

being, you ought not to believe in that truth a jot the more for that hand writing, for that would only be putting a truth into outward type which has been wrought long since into your inner being, and into the inner being of mankind. It is not possible to imagine a greater inconsistency in morals, than to admit that we are bound to do right towards men and to fail to see that we are bound to do right towards God, the Maker of men. It is clear that man *can* be religious; and to say that is to say that he *ought* to be religious; and to say that he *ought* to be religious is, in fact, to say that he *must* be religious—religious in some form, rightly or wrongly. If religion belongs thus to his nature, we may be quite sure that it will not be in his power wholly to cast it off.

Our next point, accordingly, is, that what is thus indicated by the *mind* of man is confirmed by his *history*. What is shown by the nature of his mind to be natural to him, is shown by his history to be inseparable from him. In the last century there was a class of writers who were wont to treat religion as being wholly a factitious affair, invented and fashioned by kings and priests, so as to aid in bringing the people into subjection to their humour. Now, no man will deny that kings and priests have often so used religion; but we have seen what the nature of man is before those functionaries came to have anything to do with it. Kings and priests have often made the religious susceptibilities of the people subservient to their policy; but they did not create those susceptibilities, nor could they have destroyed them if they would. These tendencies—we may say these necessities—of man's nature have been implanted in him by a higher power, and, thin and impalpable as they seem, they are giant strong—imperishable. In the world's history it has not been found possible to bring a community to say that the seen is everything, that there is no unseen. Nor has it been possible to prevent men from regarding the unseen as greater than the seen, as above it, and ruling it. A few highly cultivated minds have reasoned themselves into doubt on all such matters; but these men have been rare exceptions, and they have made their way to that state of mind by a sort of thinking and feeling which has been strongly one-sided and artificial. Even such men, moreover, cannot arrive at certainty on the irreligious side. They know that they cannot say there is no God, no future. They can only doubt on such points; and so the thought of what is possible in those directions continues to bring many a dark shadow even upon their path.

It is, no doubt, true that men have differed greatly concerning the objects to which religious worship should be rendered. It is easy also to trace this difference to its source. Rude men—subject to hardship, familiar with adventure, delighting in war—have divinities who are reflections of themselves, but reflections of themselves on some higher scale. Their gods know hardship, have a passion for adventure, and are never so much themselves as when responding to the war-cry. Highly civilised communities, fond of display, and ease, and luxury, people the invisible with deities sharing in their own tastes and ways. But in all cases there are the gods, and in the train of the gods come the temples, the priesthoods, the ceremonies, the sacrifices—in a word, the religious systems which have shown themselves wherever the communities of men have shown themselves. Hence, in the history of man, the choice has never been between one kind of religion or no religion, but always between some one religion and another.

It should be added that there is much in the outward world, as well as in man's spiritual nature, to insure that it shall be thus with him. Nature and providence are full of wonderful adaptations to man's wants, bespeaking great forethought and goodness somewhere; but there is a great deal in the world that we should not have expected to find in it. The suffering entailed by irregular appetites and bad passions make it evident that moral evil is here. However mysterious the existence of evil may be, here it is, as a fact. Each man falls into much personal sin, and suffers the penalty. But the good also suffer—sometimes even more than the not good; and all go down to the grave through sorrows, sicknesses, and death. Seeing that all this suffer, we are obliged to suppose that all are in some form under sin. All this tends to force men's thoughts beyond the visible, compelling them often to ask, Whence is this?—why?—wherefore? In all such questionings a man's

thoughts become occupied with the religious. They involve inquiry respecting the possible maker of man, his possible ruler, his possible judge. It may be said that all this suffering comes from the action of law—of spiritual and material law. But why is the law thus? What is done by law is done by the law-maker. Say, "All this is merely discipline." We answer, "This discipline is needed, or it is not. If it is *not* needed, why is it here? If it is needed, must there not be something deeply amiss in a nature which needs to be placed under such means of correction?"

In truth, both reason and fact tend to make it certain that man must carry about with him more or less of religious thought and religious feeling. The gay sensualist, the busy workdiller, the artisan at his wheel, and the peasant at his plough, may all be doing their best to suppress such thoughts and such feelings, but they cannot extinguish them. In many a season of life they will hover like wronged ones about the path of the offender, and the end of life will surely come; and what then—ay, what then? Is there any escape from that question? We know there is not.

What has been said to make it clear that man must have a religiousness of some kind, is a strong presumptive evidence that it is possible to possess a religiousness of the right kind. The fact that there seems to be so many religions in the world is no proof that all religions must be false—it rather supposes that some religion must be true. All that is in man, and about him, saying that he ought to be—must be—religious, is not a great lie. All that is in the history of man in harmony with those utterances of the spiritual and material world cannot have been the carrying out of an enormous falsehood. To suppose that, may not be to reject the existence of a First Cause, but it would be to do worse: it would be to account the nature of that cause as evil rather than good. The being who necessitates a lie necessitates its consequences. Both are his.

In all religions there is some truth, and there is one religion which, when attained according to its own high teaching, will consist of pure truth, and, as the consequence, will embrace pure goodness, and the fullest possible happiness. It has been left to Christianity to unveil the guilt and depravity of man as no other religion has done, and, at the same time, to meditate insuring to him an elevation—a greatness of being—nowhere else promised, or contemplated as possible. The greatness of the future presented by the Gospel does much towards solving the enigma of the present. The God of the Deist has permitted sin, but does nothing to save from it. The God of the Christian has permitted the evil, but interposes, at stupendous cost, that good may be made to come out of evil, and that the universe may be the better, and not the worse, for the lessons which moral evil has made to be a part of its history. As it is an easier thing to be a Deist than to be an Atheist, so it should be a much easier thing to be a Christian than to be either.

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGES, AND OF MAN.

PERHAPS the most straightforward book in the world is the Bible. It speaks with an amount of frankness, and an absence of reserve, that is very different from the style of the greatest philosophers. It lays down no hypothesis, propounds no theories, and goes into no speculations. Whatever the subject, its statements are plain, direct, and positive. It records facts, and does not ask questions. By multitudes the declarations of this book are accepted as true. But a certain number of men, who have pursued particular branches of study, have arrived at results which contradict the Bible. It must, however, be admitted that other men, with greater abilities and facilities, have come to a different conclusion, and believe that the Bible is true. One of the subjects which has engaged attention is the origin of the human race, and one of the studies brought to bear upon it is the origin of languages. Some hold that all men had not a common origin, and that this is proved by the diversities of language; while others maintain that all men had a common origin, and that this is not opposed by the diversities of language. At a recent meeting of the British Association in Manchester, a paper was read by Mr. J. Crawford, in which he maintained that countless ages elapsed from the first appearance of man upon earth to the formation of the rudest language in existence. He said that the first rudiments of language must have consisted of a few articulate sounds, by which speechless but social savages made known their wants and wishes to one another. He argued this from the supposed fact that language is not



innate, but arbitrary, and a mere invention. It is, therefore, an art which was at one time unknown, and which gradually came to perfection. He considered the variety of languages a proof that such must have been the case. It follows of course, if this be true, that man was created long before the period assigned to his creation in the Bible; that he was not at the outset gifted with speech, as the same book affirms; that his origin was manifold, and not one; and that diversities of language did not originate as recorded in the eleventh chapter of Genesis. Here are four points in which the Bible narrative is called in question, as we think, on altogether false grounds. We shall now, therefore, state some of the facts which have led us to a different conclusion.

The first topic on which we shall touch is the question whether men were originally the "speechless but social savages" they are alleged to have been. If man was at the beginning a "savage," we must suppose that there never was a period in which he was not morally and socially degraded. He must have come into existence little better, or rather worse, than the brutes, because it is not denied that he had the use of reason. That reason, combined with his animal instincts and strong passions, would only serve to make him more able to do evil, and we must suppose that his conduct was in all respects degraded and brutal. But we are met at once with a difficulty, and that is, the universal propensity of men to worship. How was this shown, or did it exist, when man was a mere speechless savage? If it did not then exist, when was it engrafted on human nature? If it did exist, how could it be shown by beings without the power of speech? Did it manifest itself in dumb and eccentric actions and attitudes, or did man know nothing of the God that made him? Supposing that man neither knew nor worshipped God, when did he first arrive at that knowledge, and first perceive that duty? This is not all—not only had man reason, but he had the organs of speech; and is it likely that reasonable men, endowed with the organs of speech, lived and died generation after generation, for "countless ages," without discovering the faculty they possessed? We argue, therefore, that the new theory is false, because man has always had the organs of speech and the gift of reason, and because he is a religious animal. To us it is an additional proof that the Bible represents Adam as able to speak from the beginning. Finally, it is contrary to analogy that any animal should acquire new faculties, or live for generations with its faculties dormant. Probably every bird of the forest and every beast of the field had its vocal powers in the beginning as it has them now; and it is as reasonable to suppose that the chirp of a grasshopper, the song of a nightingale, or the roar of a lion is an art acquired in the lapse of ages, and taught to other grasshoppers, nightingales, and lions, as to suppose that Mr. Crawford's hypothesis is true. And here we shall anticipate an objection. We shall be told that we do not distinguish between speech and language. Speech is the utterance of sounds, while language is a system of sounds and combinations adopted as the signs and representatives of ideas. No one, we suppose, will deny that man always uttered sounds of some kind; the thoughts and emotions within would impel him to do this. But, inasmuch as man is a rational being, reason and experience would teach him fast enough how to make certain sounds expressive of certain ideas, and always to connect the same sounds and ideas. He would find that he could utter a great diversity of sounds, and he would naturally use the faculty which he knew he possessed. In a certain sense, therefore, we must admit that language, or articulate speech, is not innate, but the product of the physical, moral, and intellectual nature of man. So far it is an art; but it is not arbitrary—it is one of the most exquisite and complicated of arts; and, in the opinion of many, there was a natural or philosophic reason for the connection of certain sounds with certain ideas or objects. But, as this is an abstruse question, we shall not ask the why and the wherefore.

The next question is, how long it takes for the formation of a language? According to Mr. Crawford, "countless ages." Looking at well-known facts, we are inclined to smile at this doctrine. With few exceptions, all the languages now spoken in Europe have been formed in the course of a thousand years, at most. The same is true of a host of other languages now spoken in the world. Others are older—very much older; as, for instance, the Gaelic, Welsh, Breton, and other Celtic dialects: though even these, mostly, have been much modified. There are some languages which change so little, that they seem quite stationary; such, for example, is the Chinese. There are other languages, again, which are called dead, because they have ceased to be the vernacular, and have been abandoned for others; such are the ancient Hebrew, the Sanscrit, and the Latin. We know next to nothing of the history of many languages, especially those which are spoken by nations recently discovered; but some of these are known to be very fixed, and others very changeable. In our opinion, we cannot know how long it requires to form a language; and all we can say is, that, as a matter of fact, languages follow

no rule whatever, in this regard, except a most important general rule, which we shall soon name.

No one can pronounce positively upon this subject who loses sight of the fact that languages may be classified with almost as much precision as plants and animals. And we may ask here, does this look as if languages were mere works of art, built up like a house, or carved like a statue? The first thing that strikes us is, that all men speak: in other words, that language is universal. A superficial observer can only further say, that languages are very numerous. But it is found, on looking narrowly into them, that they can all be ranged under a few heads—in fact, under three. To one or other of these three classes all languages can be referred. Let us name and describe them:—

1. *Monosyllabic*, with words of one syllable only, never changing their form.

2. *Agglutinate*, in which additions are made to words, either at the beginning or at the end, or both.

3. *Amalgamate*, which not only have the additions just named, but undergo internal changes.

There are other methods of classifying languages, but all reduce them to a very small number of heads. This fact shows a little how improbable Mr. Crawford's theory is, that languages are wholly artificial and arbitrary. They are formed on a general fixed plan, and are the working out of a design so wonderful, that it suggests a Divine author. The very small number of types, or classes, to which languages are traceable, also suggests that originally they were very few. This, also, is directly opposed to the theory of Mr. Crawford, who thinks they were very many.

Another fact in connection with this subject is, that languages must be viewed either as primitive or derived. Each great family is like a tree, of which some primitive language is the stem, and of which the derived languages are the branches. From this it follows that the primitives are much older than the derivatives, and all who speak them are more or less nearly related. Hence we arrive at the conclusion that men are not of many origins, but of few. Further than this, we think, philology, or the science of languages, does not lead us. But it is, nevertheless, of the utmost importance, because it in a manner identifies the most distant and different nations as of one blood and family. As the late great scholar, Professor Wilson, says of the researches of the eminent Dr. Bopp in this department, "He may be considered to have established, beyond reasonable question, a near relationship between the languages of nations separated by the intervention of centuries, and the distance of half the globe, by differences of physical formation and social institutions; between the forms of speech current among the dark-complexioned natives of India, and the fair-skinned races of ancient and modern Europe." What Bopp has done, others have done; and there is not a philologist worthy of the name who does not admit the principle. In the single case of the Sanscrit we have a link which connects a chain of nations and of languages, reaching from Great Britain far away to the uttermost borders of Hindostan. By a similar process, Madagascar has been connected with the distant islands of the South Sea; the numerous African dialects with one another; and the varied languages of North and South America. Let it be remembered that while the Bible leads us to suppose that languages were multiplied by miraculous agency after the flood, it does not tell us whether they were three, or thirty; neither does it say that the original tongue was preserved. We may, however, reasonably suppose that the number of languages was not great; and the truth of this supposition, as well as the truth of the narrative, is supported by the facts now adduced.

With regard to primitive and derivative languages we may say something. The primitive languages have supplied most of the materials out of which the others have been constructed. To such an extent is this true, that we can to this day clearly see the elements of a modern language in one with which it has had no connection for thousands of years. It is as easy to find the word *igneous* in the Sanscrit as in the Latin. The old English word *mead*, for honey wine, reminds us of the Sanscrit, *mādhū*; and "son," "brother," "daughter," "name," can be read in *suner*, *bhratar*, *duhitar*, *naman*, as easily as "father," "mother," in the Latin, *pater*, *mater*, or the Sanscrit, *pitar*, *matar*. Even the *widow* is called *vidovain*, ancient Gothic, and *vidhava* in Sanscrit. And this reminds us that the cockney is not philologically wrong when he calls a widow a *vidow*.

The extent to which languages have borrowed from one another is enormous, and reaches to grammatical inflections as well as entire words. But it often happens that words gain or lose something in the transfer; at any rate, they pass through some change. This change is so great sometimes that an unpractised eye or ear would not recognise the stranger. In other cases the change is trifling. It is well known that every language has its peculiar character, or genus. Hence, all alphabets do not contain the same number of letters, and all letters which are alike in form are not alike in sound. Thus some languages have not the letter *r*, others not the *s*, and others not the sound of *th*. For instance, the word "thick" would in one language be pronounced *sick*, in

another *dick*, and in another *tick*. Evidently, it is needful to know and allow for such things in the comparative study of languages, or we shall never see the connection between such forms and sounds as *h*, *s*, and *v*, for example; although it is a fact that *h* has gone off as *s* in one direction, and as *v* in another.

It is a curious fact that some of the most ancient languages, some which have not been spoken for ages, are the most minute and perfect in their structure. As a rule, it may be noticed that the longer languages are used the more they lose of this minuteness and sharpness. Like a coin which is perfect when it comes from the Mint, but which gradually wears away as it continues to circulate, until its delicate strokes and lines are effaced, so language wears away upon the lips of living men, and were it not recruited by constant additions it would be destroyed. Words fall out, and letters are rejected or changed, and grammatical forms are abandoned. Hence, no language is ever so minute in its details, and so perfect in its system, as when it is near its origin. Whatever it gains in smoothness and euphony, in the number of its words and the force of its expression, its organisation, or mechanism, or grammar undergoes the simplification we spoke of. Look at the most ancient dead languages, and at the older forms of those now spoken in Europe. They all tell the same tale. Now this is in direct contradiction to Mr. Crawford's system, which requires us to believe just the opposite; but it is in harmony with what the Bible says, which teaches us that the original variations of language were miraculously produced—in other words, were not the result of a slow process, like the building of the ark, but of a Divine decree, as when God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." Amid all the formations of new languages out of old materials, we clearly see that the history of the use of language among men is a record of struggles against its decay, and ruin, and loss. Language is like the lofty cliffs, which geologists tell us have been fretting, and wasting, and wearing away for thousands of years; which change their form, alter their outline, and undergo other modifications, but still remain as monuments of Almighty power and skill.

We will only add, that if languages are works of art, the older languages ought to be most nearly perfect, because they have been longest wrought upon, whereas the contrary is the truth; and that languages ought to approach perfection in proportion to the civilisation of those who use them, whereas such is not the fact. The language spoken by Israel, when he came out of Egypt, was far more minute and artificial than our own is at this day; and if not in the number of words, yet in the delicacy of its formation, the English is a long way behind the dialects of many savage tribes.

What we have said is but a fraction of what could be said, but we hope it is enough to show that the Bible narrative can be vindicated by the profoundest researches of modern science.

THE UNACCOUNTABLE LIST.

"THERE are two things," said a gentleman to a pious friend, "I never can understand."

"You are a most favoured man to have only two things which you cannot understand. There are many persons and many things that I see in my walk through life which are far beyond my comprehension."

"In that case, how do you manage?"

"That I may not be disturbed by these things, every week I pack up, if I can, a fortnight's stock of patience, for a week's consumption. If I have a difference with any one, I try to make that day one of my good-temper days; if my opponent is angry, I take care, at all events, not to be angry at the same time, and to remember that a soft answer turneth away wrath, and he that controlleth his temper is greater than a conqueror; and besides these little schemes to help me through, I carry with me what I call my 'unaccountable list,' and when I meet with anything I cannot explain or justify, in place of fuming and fretting over it, I enter it on my unaccountable list, and then it is done with. By this process I get rid of my perplexities, and Time often steps in and says, 'Strike such and such a matter out of your list of offences, for I will show you it is no longer unaccountable.'"

"In what way does Time render this friendly aid?"

"I will show you, by quoting a case. There was a man, whose conduct was that of a truly pious, upright, Christian man, with one exception—that exception appeared fatal to all true piety: he was, as all considered, unbecomingly penurious, although correct in his transactions; yet, as it was known that he had an ample income, and his mode of living was not in keeping with his circumstances, his friends and acquaintances regarded such conduct, on the part of a pious man, as very unaccountable. For years this continued. At length the parsimonious man died, and then his minister, who was in his confidence, came forth to redeem his memory from the reproach so patiently endured. 'Let me,' said the good man, 'now account for the supposed penurious conduct of my deceased friend. His father, whom he greatly loved, died embarrassed in his affairs, and his son secretly resolved to pay all his father's debts, and to allow himself no indulgence until that filial resolution was effected. It was truly a burden almost too heavy to be borne. He submitted to live upon less than a shilling a day, and he devoted the residue of his income for years to the work, and

kept the matter profoundly secret, only communicating it to me, that piety might not be dishonoured through his conduct, but charging me not to speak until after his decease. As the restriction is removed, I bear my testimony to his practical piety and his self-denial, and rejoice that he was spared to see his pious design fully accomplished. Thus does Time often erase events from our unaccountable lists, and confer honour where we suspicious beings had given only censure.

"As Time frequently calls upon me to remove first one thing and then another from my list, he teaches me to be a little more merciful in the reasons or motives I assign for other men's actions. He also tells me another thing—to look back at my own actions and at the actions of others done in anger. I have done so, and arrive at the conclusion that everything said, written, or done in anger, was said, written, or done badly, and that we often ourselves commit an offence by our mode of correcting an offence in others; and that, while it is wrong to utter anything in anger, it is still worse to write it, for the angry words pass away, but the written expressions abide. A man, in anger, wrote a letter to a friend, assuming that his friend would peruse the letter and destroy it. Long after the writer and the receiver had passed from this world, the letter and its slanderous statements fell into other hands, and, that survivors might not be aggrieved, the possessor destroyed the letter, nearly one hundred years after it was written. I am of opinion that in letter-writing we should all do well to imitate the judicious conduct of that talented prelate, Bishop Bloomfield.

"A gentleman asked him one day, at dinner, what were the usual number of letters he wrote.

"Do you mean when I am idle, or when I am busy? This is my idle time, and to-day I have written thirty-six."

"Thirty-six! Then, pray how many do you write when you are not idle?"

"Between sixty and seventy; but then I have my secretary to help me."

"Do you adopt any plan when writing letters? I ask this, because Lord Cornwallis, when Bishop of L—, was very methodical. An old and venerated servant walked into the library at a certain hour, bearing the letters; these letters he presented to his master, one at a time, opened and ready for reading. The bishop perused the letter, and, before he read a second letter, replied to it, and in the smallest number of words that could convey his meaning. The answer was laid aside for the servant, who presented a second letter, opened, and while his master replied, he folded up and directed the first letter; thus proceeding until every letter was answered. By this mode the bishop was enabled to be what my Lord Bacon recommends, "a whole man for one object," and the subject of each letter was clearly retained in mind while the reply was penned. This process enabled a man, enfeebled by age, to get through a fatiguing correspondence with comparative facility."

"That might be a good plan," replied Bishop Bloomfield, "but it is not mine. All I do is to make it a rule to reply to every letter by return of post, unless I am angry, and then I defer the reply until the next day. I need not say that I find it necessary to attend to the work of each day in the day, to guard against arrears; and also I find it a matter of importance always to express myself in the smallest number of words that I can employ, and to postpone my reply when I feel myself displeased."

THE RUSSIANS AND THEIR RELIGION.

He would be strangely deceived who supposed he could judge of the Russian people from what he saw on a hasty journey. Such a one might meet on the frontiers an array of grotesquely-accoutred Cossacks; he might visit certain towns swarming with Jews; or he might frequent, in the great cities of the empire, society which has, from its infancy, been favoured with all the care that western refinement could bestow, and which speaks French more fluently and elegantly than its native tongue. But, after all, he might have seen nothing of the true Slavonian type. There are, in fact, two Russias—official Russia, on the one hand, which, for a century and a half, has worn the uniform of European civilisation, which has adopted its polished forms and usages, its military and diplomatic regulations, and which may be met with at watering-places, and in the salons of Paris; on the other hand, there is national Russia, which is a stranger to these interests and tendencies, and knows nothing of this borrowed civilisation. He who would become acquainted with this last must hear spoken its rich and energetic language, intermingled with sententious and amusing expressions; must listen to the musical and sonorous songs of the people; must visit the villages on festive occasions, when its joyous humour is unrestrained; must witness its cheerfulness in ordinary life; and must observe its patient resignation amid privations and suffering. There will then be seen traits and features which are quite new, and which, although very defective, have not that harsh and rigid expression which awakes such disagreeable sensations in the foreigner who comes from the forests of Lithuania and Poland to encounter the administrative agents, and to meet with the artificial society of official Russia.

The farther you depart from the beaten track and the main roads, and penetrate to the heart of the Slavonian race, the more plainly you see that it is separated from the western world by something widely different from the ecclesiastical system of Michael Cerularius. You can

see that it is allied fundamentally to the eastern world, and that, both by its aptitudes and its natural genius, it is destined by Providence to play its part, not in Europe, but in Asia. There lies the vast missionary field, which God appears to have prepared for it against the day of its revival.

But, alas! that revival seems to be still far distant. This is not because there are no happy germs and elements, which may produce abundant fruit when developed by the Gospel. On the contrary, there are certain patriarchal virtues; such, for instance, as the disposition of the Russians to hospitality and kindness. If a stranger knocks at the door of a peasant's hut, that door is at once thrown open, and all that the wretched abode possesses is placed, without the hope of remuneration, at the disposal of the traveller. Nor does any national prejudice or religious bigotry in any way hinder the cordiality of his welcome. Should your entertainers come to know that you are a Protestant, they would sincerely regret that you are among the infidels who are doomed to perdition, but would feel none of that alienation which is elsewhere so powerful in regard to the heretic. Even the criminals who are forwarded to the mines of Nerchinsk, in Siberia, and who toil along on foot in chains on the way to Casan, instead of provoking rallery and insult, as elsewhere, on their journey, are never called anything but unfortunate, and secretly receive at the hands of the very poor more than one copeck, or halfpenny, although it is with difficulty spared.

Similar liberal sentiments are cherished among the higher classes, in spite of their taste for a certain degree of oriental display. Nowhere in Europe does there exist a larger number of institutions which provide for the support of widows and orphans, the aged and the sick. No doubt there are often many abuses in the way in which they are conducted, but they are none the less a proof of the spirit of charity with which—faithful herein to the example of the imperial family—all classes in the country rival one another in works of benevolence. The Russian with his Parisian manners or his showy uniform, the magnate with his half a million of money, the wealthy merchant of Moscow, and the peasant with his coarse attire, are all alike in this. Probably, there is nowhere an establishment more imposing than the founding hospital of St. Petersburg, with its branch at Moscow. Almost every city, and often the villages too, have some charitable establishment for the sick and the poor; they are found even in the remotest parts of Siberia.

These are favourable dispositions, but to cultivate them the Church ought to have remained faithful to its evangelical mission, and that it has sadly neglected. Hence the utmost spiritual poverty is hidden beneath the most pompous formalism. Muscovia, formerly Great Russia, is the province in which the Russian religion has made the most display of its institutions and its worship. The great number and magnitude of the churches, the oriental magnificence of the ceremonies, the wealth of the convents, the renown of miraculous images of the Virgin and of the saints, the multitude of places of pilgrimage, and the strictness with which the people observe a thousand practices of devotion, all attest the powerful influence of the popular belief. But this belief, while it dominates over the outside life, has very little influence upon the conscience, and awakens religious sentiments with no more force than in any other country of Europe. On the contrary, nowhere does religion seem to be more completely reduced to a mere decoration and appendage; nowhere has the tyranny of forms more invaded the whole religious life; nowhere does devotion more consist in hypocritical practice, or, at least, practice destitute of thought and affection.

Western Europe has always justly reproached the Greek Church with its Byzantine uniformity and stiffness, and with the emptiness of its ceremonies; and the Russian Church is well known to be the daughter of the Greek Church, or, rather, to be identical with it in a spiritual point of view. Its organisation is peculiar only in this—that it receives all its impulses from the State, and has no government but that of the Emperor. We may be sure the Greek patriarch would never forward instructions to St. Petersburg. The Holy Synod, which is charged with the direction of church affairs, not only cannot deliberate except in the presence of a civil functionary charged to represent the political head of the country, but it is, moreover, placed, as directly as other bodies in the State, under the Emperor's authority.

It is, no doubt, this dependence upon the Government which accounts for the aggressive tendencies which the Russian Church has manifested for some time past, in spite of the torpidity of its spirit. Probably, its recent attempts at propagandism have no cause but the political ambition of its rulers. Russian theologians have hitherto confined themselves, from age to age, to the reproduction of the same arguments against the Lutherans, the Calvinists, and the Catholics—"three sects which are governed, not by the Spirit of God, but of enmity." The Church never acted in so oppressive a manner as it has now done for some years in the semi-German and Protestant provinces on the Baltic. The Augsburg (Lutheran) confession has very many, and very influential, adherents in

those districts; but the very partial regulations laid down in regard to mixed marriages have been put in full force, and the popes (i. e., priests) find there all the protection they wish for carrying out their efforts to proselytise. This state of things is still more apparent in the Protestant churches disseminated in the interior of the country. Rigorous measures are there adopted to prevent the carrying out of Jesus Christ's command, "Go, teach and baptise all nations."

Sometimes a Tartar begins to discern the light of truth, and wishes to escape from Paganism. He may seek out one of the pastors of the German Protestants settled on the banks of the Malotcha, and ask him for baptism; but he dare not consent; he must refuse him, except he is willing to risk the interdiction of his ministry, and to see himself carried off to Siberia. The Pagan must remain a Pagan, and the Mohammedan a Mohammedan, and the Jew a Jew, who will not kiss the cross when the pope, who is alone invested with the right, shall come and present it to him! Such is the religious legislation of Russia!

The only sentiment which is developed is that of resignation to the will of the superior. This acquiescence is too passive, no doubt, and truly oriental; and it easily accepts a passing difficulty as an irresistible decree of God: but its submissive docility, it must be owned, lacks neither greatness nor piety, for, amid the greatest troubles, it knows how still to look to heaven with a trustful eye.

It must further be noticed that in Russia the clergy does not aspire to any theocracy, has to defend no private interests, and constitutes no caste or party. The popes have not put on the apostolic robe to teach men to do violence to human nature, nor to detach them from the position to which God has assigned them. He speaks none but the national language, and belongs with all his heart to the society in which he lives, and of which, alas! he generally shares the passions, the prejudices, and the habits. He is a man of the people, who has learned the service of the altar like any other trade, and who performs his duties with neither mysticism nor speculation.

The Russian Church has never done anything for education. On the contrary, it is the patron of ignorance. Certainly, it has not interdicted the reading of the Bible to the laity; but it has done something else, it has not taught them to read. Its entire efforts have been to habituate the people to a mechanical worship and a formal routine. Preaching never finds a place in the religious service, and the singing of hymns has in like manner been silent for ages. Nothing remains but a liturgical ritual. Hence, there are many gross superstitions. The images of saints which adorn his cabin are the true household gods of the Russian peasant, who invokes their aid with certain strict observances, and believes them to be quite as disposed to lend themselves to his desires and his vices as he knows the popes are. As for the popes, they are very little respected personally, and are often the theme of a jest. In certain country districts, to meet a pope in the evening is regarded as a bad omen for the next day.

The sad condition of Russia in a spiritual and religious point of view will be even more clearly understood, if we remember the systematic hindrances which the Government throws in the way of popular education. All public teaching must be regulated, recognised, and stamped, like a contraband article of merchandise, and is subjected to the most rigid supervision.—From "Menschen und Dinge in Russland (Men and Things in Russia)."

Youths' Department.

FAITH.—III.

"PAPA, I want to ask your opinion."
"With pleasure, Willie; my opinion is at your service."
"Papa," cried Maude, "we both want your aid; Willie for his troubles, and I for a difficulty."
"I am sorry for Willie's troubles, and also for yours; but I am delighted to find that you wisely appeal to your father for assistance. Turn this into divinity, for your benefit in after life; and when troubles and difficulties perplex, just do with them as you are doing now: take them to your Father—not your earthly, but your heavenly Father, and appeal to Him for counsel and for aid; and, if you humbly seek, you never will appeal in vain."

"What is it that disturbs you, my boy?"
"Papa, I am fond of fun, and I can't help it, and I do and say funny things; and to ask me not to do them is like asking a bird not to fly, or a kitten not to play; but do I not, papa, always behave to you with respect?"

"Certainly, my dear boy; who mistakes you so much, and knows you so little, as to question it?"

"I went yesterday to spend the day with my cousin, and I was telling her what fun we had sometimes in the morning before we met at breakfast, and I repeated the titles I had conferred on you; and when I came to the word 'Governor,' Georgie said it was very improper, and was not respectful to papa."

"My friend, what was your reply?"
"I said, 'Indeed, Georgie, you are mistaken; I love my papa more than I can tell you, and I would not do a thing if I thought he would not like it; and you do not know papa if you think he would permit any of us to behave to him disrespectfully.'"

"Your cousin is a very amiable and kind person, but is prone sometimes to regard matters in too restricted a point of view; but, however, in justice to Georgie, let us see how the world is usually employed. God himself is styled 'the Governor of the world.' The monarch is styled 'our Queen and Governor.' The chief person in our colonies bears the appellation of 'Governor.' My Lord Palmerston is, I believe, 'Governor' of Dover Castle; your kinsman, Colonel Sykes, is 'Governor' of the fort, and my old friend, the Indian Nabob, is 'Governor' of the bank, and I am what a Grecian would call the 'Oikodespotes,' or governor of this house; therefore, the word is a term of honour, arising out of the office discharged; consequently, there can be nothing disrespectful in the word itself. In language, the manner, the tone, and the intention must combine with the words to constitute an offence. In your case, I regarded the appellations playfully conferred on me as terms of endearment, denoting the presence of affection, and not the absence of respect.

"To show you that it is the *animus*, as lawyers call it—the intention, more than the words, which we are to regard—I have a valued military acquaintance of mine, who delights in a kind of 'ferocious benevolence.' For instance, a poor boy rushes to open the cab-door, at the peril of his limbs; the colonel, in place of thanking the boy, shouted out, 'Get away, you little scoundrel, you imp of mischief; run, sir, for your life!' and just as the poor frightened lad is taking flight, his assailant slips a shilling into his hand, and tells him to take care of himself, and says, 'It's all very well for rich people to be run over, if they wish it; but a poor vagabond, that has no guineas to spare, has no business to be hurt.' The poor boy is ready to cry for joy that he met this savage-speaking gentleman. So with his nephews and nieces, when they gather around this man of fierce language, his stormy words would blow them all out of sight, but his benevolent countenance, and his tone of voice, win them to him. He is one of those men who endeavour to conceal the kindness of their nature under a warlike mode of speech.

"Minds are variously constituted: some persons are very playful, and their humour, like yours, Willie, is a safety-valve to the machinery; for humour prevents mischief by allowing mischief. On the other hand, there are some very good kind of people that have not an ounce of humour, nor a grain of imagination."

"Well," cried Walter, "I can quote one instance."

A gentleman talking to the vicar, said, on taking leave, "I wish you would do me the favour to meet my family at dinner to-day."

"No, I thank you," was the reply.

"Can I not persuade you?"

"No; for this is Saturday," said the vicar, "therefore I cannot come; for to-morrow I fish, and to-day I mend my nets."

A lady standing by, astounded at so much profanity, exclaimed, "What! does the vicar go out fishing on a Sunday?" The worthy speaker had forgotten that it was written, "Henceforth I will make you fishers of men."

The lady's remark pressed very hard upon the learned vicar; for although he could hit the meaning of an author better than most men, where sports were concerned—bless the man!—I would not undertake to say that he could hit a barn; and as to fishing, if by any strange event he caught a fish, I doubt if he could tell the head from the tail.

"Minnie, do you not remember what Sir Powell Buxton said of a good man who was a bad sportsman? He was present one September morning, and as the host knew his friend's deficiencies, he stationed him in a safe part of the wood, where he hoped his friend would neither be shot himself nor shoot others; and there for some hours he remained, occasionally firing at a hare, and astonished at the tenacity of life which the animal manifested. When he narrated his adventures, it turned out that he had been all that time firing at the brown gaiters of the gamekeeper; and the best of the joke was, the gamekeeper never found it out."

"Now, Willie, my friend, we must go. Lose no time. Breakfast and three hours' work, if you please."

"Oh! Walter, have you no pity, that you look so sunny? In me you behold a gentleman, compelled to be a 'day labourer,' and now constrained 'to go into the workhouse.' Never mind; 'what cannot be cured must be endured.' Come along, Minnie dear, and tell me this as we go: Why is our toast like a caterpillar? Do you guess?"

"Because it's rough and brown, and likely soon to disappear."

"No, my chickie biddy; but because it makes the butterfly!"

Having all of us made up for wear and tear, papa said, "Now, Maude, tell us your difficulty."

"My difficulty arises out of the subject we are to talk about to-day; that is, FAITH. I heard a gentleman say, 'I do not understand much about faith, but I follow the dictates of my conscience.' Is this a safe guide, papa?"

"No, a very unsafe guide; for conscience, like all other gifts bestowed on man, has been injured by the fall, and must be rectified by Divine aid before it can be trusted. It is a light, but it is a light in a dark lantern. It teaches one man one thing, and another man a different thing, and the same man opposite things at different periods of his life. Man needs a fixed standard as a guide, but the admonitions of conscience are uncertain, and often erroneous. Some of the most atrocious deeds have been committed by men under the influence of a mistaken conscience. Even Paul declared that he thought he was doing God service when persecuting unto death the disciples of the Redeemer. The Inquisitors claim the merit of acting in conformity to their consciences. Conscience is also unequal in her decisions; she causes one man compunction for eating an egg on a fast day, and gives another little or no uneasiness for deeds of

rapine and murder. The greater the guilt, often the less the self-reproach. Conscience can only decide aright when it conforms to the rule of right, and that rule of right is the law of God; therefore the law of God is the rule of action, and not the conscience. Let the heart be right with God, and conscience becomes a useful monitor."

"Father, I have also," said Walter, "a remark to make, and want your opinion. Squire Beech tells his neighbours that which I do not understand. The squire says, 'I go to the poet for my creed, and do not trouble myself about faith'; and then he quotes these lines:—

"For forms and modes of faith,
Let graceless zealots fight;
He can't be in the wrong
Whose conduct's in the right."

What do you say to this, father?"

"Right conduct embraces our duty to God as well as to our neighbour, and it is possible for a man to be very correct as regards the one, and fearfully defective as regards the other. Conduct, to be right, must spring from right motives, and these the Gospel bestows. God can only be worshipped aright when worshipped according to his own appointment. This implies faith, and faith implies doctrine; therefore, divines are exhorted to preach doctrines practically, and practise doctrinally. In other words, it is only right faith that leads to right conduct; for no conduct is right that does not extend to both God and man, and that does not embrace both worlds. The Bible is a better guide than an erring conscience, and faith is a better motive to action than the false notions of a poet's fancy."

"Let it be your prayer, that your every-day life may be a life of faith, receiving all things from God, and referring all things to God. Prosperity is dangerous, and adversity has its snares: a life of faith will protect in both. Judge by this."

"Are you not," said a pious man to a rich merchant, "afraid that your heart may be led astray by your great prosperity?" The answer was, "I am not conscious that I am, for I enjoy God in all things." A few years afterwards, this wealthy man was reduced almost to poverty; his friend then said, "Do you not find your changed position a cause of distress?" He replied, "No; I am not conscious that I do, for now I enjoy all things in God." This was a life of faith.

"What have you to say, Minnie, on the subject of faith?"

"Men are saved by a practical belief of a few simple truths, and the men who perish perish not because of the sins committed, but because they despise the remedy which God has provided, and which faith accepts and applies."

Mamma's remark was, "Faith does not consist in thinking my sins are few, and therefore may be forgiven, but in knowing that they are many, and that Christ's blood can blot them out."

Walter: "Unbelief looks at the difficulty, but faith regards the promise."

"From the lives of good men, I learn," said Maude, "that it is our duty to have faith in Christ, and having that faith, to ask of him whatever blessing we need; and in the reliance of faith, to leave to Christ the *when*, the *where*, and the *how*, the blessing is to be conferred."

"An eminent divine, who cherished your opinion as to the importance of faith, would never encourage in others the hope of safety, if this Christian grace was denied. Dr. Mason, of whom I am speaking, was requested to visit a lady in time of sickness; he asked if she perceived her need of a Saviour? She told him, without reserve, that she did not, and that she entirely disbelieved the doctrine of a Mediator. 'Then,' said the doctor, 'I have no consolation to offer; I have not one word of comfort. There is not a single passage in the Bible that warrants me to speak peace to any one who rejects the Mediator provided for sinners. You must abide the consequence of your rejection.' Saying this, he knelt down, and prayed for her as a sinner, apparently on the point of death, and needing a Saviour. His fidelity was rewarded, and the lady lived to show her humility, her resignation, her joy, and the source of all, her FAITH IN CHRIST THE MEDIATOR."

"As this discussion may be useful to us through life," said the mother, "I fear I must trespass upon your time a few minutes longer. What did our friend mean by 'faith exalting us to a rank higher than angels'?"

"Angels are not 'the sons and daughters of the Almighty,' nor are they the brethren of Christ; they are servants, to minister unto them that are the heirs of salvation, and over the fallen angels the redeemed are to judge. So that, if by faith you are incorporated into Christ's holy family, you will, by virtue of your relationship to Christ, share his glory, share his kingdom, share his throne, and share in his personal celestial splendour. You will rise to honour higher than that of angels; for in the vision granted to St. John, the nearest round the throne of the Eternal King were not angels, but the redeemed—the brethren of Christ. For angels may know the power and wisdom of God, but it is only those who are redeemed by the blood of Christ can know his love."

"How fearful then must be the opposite view! Papa, pray go on, and may God in mercy make all around this table faithful."

"If my children, you are so sinful as to reject the offer of forgiveness, granted by Christ through faith, and by the Eternal Spirit, then you will sink lower in the condemned world than the devils themselves, for your guilt will be greater than theirs. They have sinned against salvation, but it was against your salvation, and not their own. In creation, God gave us a world; in redemption, God gave us himself. When unbelief spurns the gift, then Satan claims his victim. Let us rise."

"Oh, thou who art the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in him our God and Father, have mercy on this family, and grant us all that faith which unites the soul to thee, and which will enable each of us through life to say, 'Not my will, but thine be done.'"

To which fervent prayer the whole family responded, "Amen."

JOE BENTON'S COAL-YARD.

Just imagine the loveliest May morning that ever dawned; the sun so lately risen that his long golden hair still trailed on the hill-tops, and the robins singing such extravagant songs, that the violets opened their blue eyes as wide as possible. There must have been something very curious in the air that morning, for when little Joe Benton sprang out of the back door with hair as golden as the sun's, and eyes as blue as the violet's, and voice almost as sweet as the robin's, he took one long breath, shouted a vigorous hurrah! but seeming to grow just as crazy as the birds, he didn't feel at all relieved till he had climbed a tree, and jumped over the garden fence.

"Saturday, too," he said to himself, as he rested upon the other side. "Was there ever anything so happy? Now, I'll just have time to run down to the brook before breakfast, and see if our boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home, and learn my lessons for Monday, for we boys are to meet and launch her at nine o'clock, and the captain ought to be up to time."

So Joe's small feet clattered vigorously down to the little cave where the precious boat was hidden. But as he neared the place, an exclamation of surprise escaped him, for there were signs of some intruder, and the big stone before the cave had been rolled away. Hastily drawing forth his treasure, he burst into loud cries of dismay, for there was the beautiful little boat which Cousin Herbert had given him, with its gay sails split in a hundred shreds, and a large hole bored in the bottom.

Joe stood for a moment, motionless with grief and surprise; then, with a face as red as a peony, he burst forth,—"I know who did it, the mean scamp! It was Fred Brown, and he was angry because I didn't ask him to come to the launch. But I'll pay him for this caper," said little Joe; and hastily pushing back the ruined boat, he hurried a little farther down the road, and fastening a piece of string across the foot-path, a few inches from the ground, he carefully hid himself in the bushes.

Now the good honest sun was afraid something was going wrong, and he covered himself with a little cloud, but Joe did not notice it. He only knew that he was very angry and miserable, and he wondered that he had ever thought it was a pleasant morning.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. How provoking; instead of Fred, it was Cousin Herbert, the very last person he cared to see, and hastily unfastening his string, Joe tried to lie very quiet. But it was all in vain, for Cousin Herbert's sharp eyes caught a curious moving in the bushes, and brushing them right and left he soon came upon little Joe. "How's this?" cried he, looking straight into the boy's blazing face; but Joe answered not a word. "You're not ashamed to tell me what you were doing?"

"No, I'm not," said little Joe, sturdily, after a short pause; "I'll just tell you the whole story," and out it came, down to the closing threat, "and I mean to make Fred smart for it."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Why, you see, Fred carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string, and break the eggs."

Now Joe knew well enough that he was not showing the right spirit, and he muttered to himself, "Now for a good scolding;" but to his great surprise Cousin Herbert said, quietly—

"Well, I think Fred does need some punishment; but this string is an old trick. I can tell you something better than that."

"What?" cried Joe, eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What, and burn him?" said Joe, doubtfully. Cousin Herbert nodded with a smile. Joe clapped his hands. "Now that's just the thing, Cousin Herbert. You see his hair is so thick he wouldn't get burned much before he'd have time to shake 'em off; but I would just like to see him jump once. Now tell me how to do it, quick, quick!"

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head, and the Lord shall reward thee," said Cousin Herbert, gravely; "and I think that's the best kind of punishment little Fred could have."

Joe's face lengthened terribly. "Now I do say, Cousin Herbert, that's a real take-in. That's just no punishment at all."

"Try it once," said Cousin Herbert. "Treat Fred kindly, and I am certain he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that he would far rather have you kick or beat him."

Joe was not really such a bad boy at heart, but he was now in a very ill temper, and he said sullenly,—"But you've told me a story, Cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coal would burn, and it will not."

"You're mistaken about that," said his cousin, cheerily. "I've known such coals to burn up a great amount of rubbish—malice, envy, ill-feeling, revenge, and I don't know how much more—and then leave some very cold hearts feeling as warm and as pleasant as possible."

Short Arrows.

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fred's head, and I'll see about it."

"You know," said Cousin Herbert, smiling, "that Fred is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is extravagantly fond of reading, but you have quite a library. Now suppose,—ah! well, I won't suppose anything about it. I'll just leave you to think over the matter, and find your own coal, and be sure and kindle it with love, for no other fire burns so brightly and so long," and with a cheery whistle Cousin Herbert sprang over the fence and was gone.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Fred coming down the lane, carrying a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of milk in the other.

For one minute the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a grand smash it would have been if Fred had fallen over the string," and then again he blushed to his eyes, and was glad enough that the string was safe in his pocket.

Fred started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe, but the boy began abruptly, "Fred, do you have much time to read, now?"

"Sometimes," said Fred. "When I've driven the cows home, I have a little daylight left; but the trouble is, I've read everything I could get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?" Fred's eyes danced. "Oh, may I, may I? I will be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe, "and perhaps I've some others you'd like to read. And, Fred," he added, a little shyly, "I would ask you to come and help sail my boat to-day, but some one has torn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who do you suppose did it?"

Fred's head dropped upon his breast; but after a moment he looked up with a great effort, and said:—

"I did it, Joe; but I can't tell you how sorry I am. You didn't know I was so mean, when you promised me the books."

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe, slowly.

"And yet you didn't—" Fred couldn't get any farther; for his cheeks were in a perfect blaze, and he rushed off without another word.

"Cousin Herbert was right," said Joe to himself; "that coal does burn, and I know Fred would rather that I had smashed every egg in his basket, than offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine," and little Joe went home with a light heart, and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour, they found Fred there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries, and as soon as he saw Joe he hurried to present him with a beautiful little flag, which he had bought for the boat with part of his egg-money that very morning. The boat was repaired and made a grand trip, and everything turned out as Cousin Herbert had said, for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts that he never was more happy in all his life. And Joe found out afterwards that the more he used of this curious kind of coal, the larger supply he had on hand,—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions. "I declare, Cousin Herbert," said he, with a queer twinkle in his eye, "I think I shall have to set up a coal-yard."

The little school-boys, who saw that Joe was always happy, studied the secret, too; and at last if any trouble or dispute arose, some one would say, "Let's try a few of Joe Benton's coals," and it was astonishing to see how soon all the evil passions were burned to ashes, and how quickly the young hearts grew warm towards each other. Come, little Tom, Dick, and Harry, who have ever so much rubbish to be burned, whose hearts are all in a shiver with the cold, unloving looks you gave each other this morning, won't you try just for once, to find out the happy secret that lies in little Joe Benton's coal-yard?

THE HEART'S ECHO.

I.

Thus sad heart echoes thine—"Farewell!"
So snaps the lovely magic spell,
That, with a chain invisible,
Had link'd our hearts together.

II.

But there's another stronger chain,
Which to unclasp, this parting pain
Comes o'er the bleeding heart, in vain—
It binds us still together!

III.

'Tis held by One in highest heaven,
From whom it never can be riven;
Its golden links are pledges given
Of endless life together.

IV.

Its clasp is set with many a gem—
Faith is inscribed on one of them,
And Hope—a symbol diadem
Crowning two brows together.

V.

And on another gem we trace,
Engraven deep, a Saviour's Grace;
While Light, reflected from his face,
Illumes our hearts together.

VI.

And Love, the jewel of the rest;
Oh! of that blood-bought gem possess,
Through Faith and Hope, we must be blest
Eternally together!

* 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

LUTHER AT HIS STUDIES.—Sometimes Luther locked himself up in his study for days, and ate nothing but bread and salt, that he might, without interruption, pursue the work he had on hand. On one occasion he had been thus locked up for three days. His wife sought him everywhere—shed bitter tears—knocked at all the doors, and called, but no one answered. She had the door forced open by a locksmith, and found him profoundly absorbed in the explanation of the twenty-second psalm.

OBSTACLES TO THE PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL.—A missionary in Western Turkey recounts a curious argument used by an Armenian priest to deter his people from embracing the Gospel. He said to them: "You can never live up to the requirements of the Protestant faith. How could you succeed in your business, how could you bring up your families—indeed, how could you live at all, without lying, and deceiving, and swearing, and getting angry? But none of these things are permitted to Protestants. The Protestant faith is very strict. Do not stretch forth your hands after that which is beyond your reach." It is not said what degree of success the argument met with.

FASHIONABLE RELIGION.—There is to be found in the religious world not only a solid, substantial, consistent, and devoted Christianity, but there is to be found also what may be termed a pretty, genteel sort of evangelicism, which too well combines with the luxurious ease of the world and the flesh. Such religion will not prepare the soul for sickness, death, and eternity. It will, at best, leave it a prey to most fearful doubts, or, still more to be feared, to the delusions of false peace. The way that leads to eternal life is much more narrow than many of our modern professors are aware of. The gate is too strait to allow all their trifling, and self-will, and fastidiousness, and carnal-mindedness, to press through it. The Gospel is a system of self-denial: its dictates teach us to strip ourselves, that we may clothe others; they leave us hungry, that we may have wherewith to feed others, and send us bare-footed among the thorns of the world, rather than silver-shod, with mincing steps, to walk at our ease amongst its snares.—*Rev. Leigh Richmond.*

THE INHABITANTS OF OTHER WORLDS.—The moon is supposed by philosophers to be without an atmosphere. If so, no breathing thing can live there, and lungs would be supernumerary organs. But does it follow that the moon is a great waste, or desert, in which is no life, no happiness; but everywhere silent, melancholy desolation? It may have inhabitants differently constituted from us, physically, and why not differently constituted from us, morally? that is, inhabitants to whom God makes known some other glorious part of his infinite nature? The stars that fill the firmament are of such different colours, that if they could be thrown together in a mass, they would be as variegated with colours of red, blue, and yellow, as a glass filled with divers coloured beads. What right have we to say that the inhabitants of these starry realms are not differently constituted from each other, as are the shining robes of light which adorn them? What right have we to say that God has not revealed to them other attributes of his infinite nature, and manifested himself to them in other forms which shall appeal to their nature, as his wisdom, goodness, and power appeal to ours?

THE BOOK MARK.—A correspondent of a foreign journal tells the following anecdote:—"A young lady once presented me with a book mark, having the inscription, 'God bless you,' and exacted a promise that it should be placed in my Bible, but never to remain a day opposite the same chapter. Faithful to my promise, I took it home, and rubbing from the lids of my Bible the dust of a week, I placed it in the first chapter of Matthew, and daily read a chapter and changed its place. I had not read long before I became interested as I had never been before in this good book; and I saw in its truths that I was a sinner, and must repent if I would be saved. I then promised God that I would seek his face at the earliest opportunity, and if he saw fit to convert my soul, that I would spend my life in his cause. It came; I sought his face and received the smiles of his love, and now I have a hope within me 'big with immortality'; and all do I attribute to that book mark and the grace of God. And this was the beginning of a great revival at S—. Many sought his face and found it; and the flame kindled there spread over the entire district, and scores were brought into the Church of God. 'Despise not the day of small things.' A word spoken in season—a simple Christian act—a sincere, simple prayer, may turn a poor wandering sinner from the error of his ways."

"THY ROD AND THY STAFF THEY COMFORT ME."—Did you ever see a man fording the river on foot? Taking his staff, he goes down into the river, feeling his way as he goes; when he comes to a steep place, he puts it down first, in order to find the bottom, and having felt it, he takes the step with confidence, and so passes safely through. Christian, as you walk through the waters of death, and when you come to the deep places, where you say, "Surely I shall sink," put down the staff of precious promise, and you shall find the rock, Jesus Christ, and shall cross safely over. When the waves of the Red Sea rolled at the feet of Moses, did he not, with the rod of God, smite them and part them asunder? So with the rod of faith; we can smite the waters of Jordan, part them, and go right across. Thus the staff of promise and rod of faith shall comfort us. But the rod that David speaks of here is the shepherd's rod—the staff is the shepherd's staff: "The staff of God," saith he, "the crook of my kind shepherd—those comfort me."

He thinks of the time when he used to carry the shepherd's staff to guide his father's flock, and keep them from straying, and save them from destruction, and he says, "What though I, a timid sheep, walking through the fearful valley of the shadow of death—what though I walk through the fearful pitfall, and cannot see my way for the darkness, I will fear no evil, for thou art close at my hand, to defend me with thy rod, and to guide me with thy staff; and though in the darkness I may not see thee, still I feel thee near me, for thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

MY ROSE: AN ALLEGORY.

I HAVE a friend, noble, generous, and sympathising. His nature combines all that is great and good. He is so immeasurably my superior that I would not dare to speak of him under the familiar appellation of my friend but for those condescending qualities which have been exhibited in a conduct which has irresistibly drawn me into this familiarity. Indeed, he has himself charged me to regard him in this light; and, by a faculty peculiar to himself, has breathed the spirit of this intimacy into my heart.

My friend is erecting for himself a mansion, which in magnificence and beauty shall be worthy of his name and character. All the splendours of an oriental palace are to be dim in the contrast. All the past glories of architecture are to sink into insignificance beneath the majesty and beauty of this seat of his greatness. When all is done, he intends to invite me, with myriads more who have shared his favour, to a grand banquet in this mansion, and there he will permit us to gaze upon the work, and admire its fitness, and celebrate his inauguration as its master and head.

While the erection and furnishing of this mansion is in progress, my sentiments of gratitude and affection lead me to wish that I might make some humble contribution towards the ornaments which are to grace its apartments; that when the great day of festival shall arrive, there may not be wanting some trifling memorial of my desire to add to the glory which the sight will reflect upon its lord. Too freely admitted to his confidence to allow of reserve, I have whispered the wish of my heart into his ear. He is not offended with the presumption of the request, but regards it as another bright link in the chain of affection which binds me to himself, and he promises to consider what service I shall render.

After a little while, he tells me of his purpose to beautify his mansion with the richest specimens of living flowers from every land, collected and arranged in such order as to form a scene of surpassing loveliness. While my heart is captivated by the taste displayed in the design, he proposes to me, as my share in contributing to these adornments, to take a germ which he has provided, and which will grow and bud and expand into a beautiful little rose; and it shall be my task to guard and nourish the plant until it has thus blossomed, when he will come and bear it away to its destined use. With a thrill of grateful joy I accept the commission. I transfer to my room the vase which contains the precious charge. With what assiduity do I water the earth around its roots; with what beamings of delight do I watch its growth from day to day! I see the bud forming. I see the flower breaking through its parting prison. It expands and opens; and now, full blown, takes its ruddy, smiling glow from the air of heaven. Gazing with rapture, I admire it for its own sake, but most of all, for the grateful destiny which awaits it, and towards which I have been permitted to contribute. Its bloom is unfolding for the mansion of my friend; and its fragrance will soon mingle with the breath of all which diffuse their odours through its halls.

And my friend is faithful to remember the little tribute which I wished to afford towards the scene of his greatness. HE HAS COME FOR MY ROSE. Is this a moment for selfishness to obtrude its narrow spirit? Is this a moment for me to forget why I desired the care of the little rose; to forget the mansion; to forget my friend in a sordid wish to keep as my own what I received on the trust of grateful love? I will take one fond look of the precious charge as I deliver it up. Go, my sweet rose, and delight the eye of HIM with thy loveliness. Go, where the atmosphere and the scene better befit thee, and there fling out thy beauties in perennial bloom. I will take one fond look, but not the last. I go to the mansion soon. Soon he will bring me to his banqueting house; and the summons will be the more welcome because I shall see that flower in its immortal freshness. When the mansion is completed and displayed before the assembled guests of my Friend; when the flowers gathered from all climes are shedding their beauties and exhaling their fragrance through its apartments, lighted above the brightness of the sun with undying light, then I will seek out my little rose. I will behold with ecstasy its hues, redolent of life, and inhale its odour the same as when I first knew it, but as much purer as the air which surrounds it is more celestial.

MY ROSE IS GONE. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

* * Manuscripts forwarded for the consideration of the Editor should be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to "JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.," with the endorsement "QUIVER" in the corner of the envelope or cover. The name and address of the writer should be appended to each manuscript. Readers of THE QUIVER of every denomination are invited to send for the Editor's perusal any biographical sketches, or narratives, or anecdotes of real life, well authenticated, which they may have the opportunity of furnishing, and which they may consider suitable for publication in its pages.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, except under peculiar circumstances. As contributions suitable for insertion in THE QUIVER are usually short, the writers will have no difficulty in keeping copies.

MONTHLY PARTS.—Monthly Parts of THE QUIVER are issued in a Coloured Wrapper, price 5d. and 6d.

THE QUIVER is registered for transmission abroad.

The Right of Translation of the articles in THE QUIVER is reserved.

NOTICE.—THE QUIVER WILL BE PUBLISHED IN LONDON EVERY WEDNESDAY; THE SIXTH NUMBER WILL, THEREFORE, BE READY ON OCTOBER 9TH.



LONDON, OCTOBER 5.

SALVATION.

SALVATION to the lost is the gracious message of the Gospel. Salvation only to those who feel themselves lost is the rule of its ministration. A plain, earnest exhorter, addressing his little audience in a country school-house, exclaimed, "Let go, let go. You can never be saved until you let go. Let go of everything and fall. Jesus stands ready to catch you. Don't be afraid." How true it was—how applicable! Deep philosophy the Spirit had taught him, and deep religion. Till man "lets go" entirely of every inferior hope in himself or in anything without himself; till he feels and confesses himself to be lost, and is willing to trust himself in simple faith to Jesus, to be saved by grace alone, content to perish if God be not true, there is no real comfort or hope within his reach.

All beings who really obey God, whether in the highest or the humblest sphere, seem to the awakened sinner to be happy. He alone of all who come before him, appears to him to be miserable and unrelieved. The very brute animals around are fed, protected, and happy. The birds of the air are cared for by a Father's love. He heareth the young ravens when they cry unto him. The beasts of the field lie down contented to take their rest. He alone is restless, withered, wretched; without a shelter, without a home, without a friend. He is ready to look upon the lowest and feeblest of God's creatures with envy. "I wish I was that dog," exclaimed the celebrated Col. Gardiner, despairing in the midst of his pleasures, as a dog passed him in the street. To such a mind, every other being seems to occupy an appropriate place, and to pursue a prospering course. The convicted, unpardoned sinner is the only miserable and useless one. All are happy, because in the line of appointed duty, and contented and faithful therein. "The hired servants provided for and at peace, while I a son—a happy son had I been grateful and just, a miserable one because I have made myself wicked and abominable—am an outcast and perishing." The thought drives him to despair, and awakens in him a thorough self-aborrence.

But what a voice of encouragement there is in this thought! It arouses the first gleam of hope. All these are heard, watched over, provided for, blessed: why may I not be like them? The love of God is everywhere abounding. All his works praise him, all his saints give thanks to him, all his messages proclaim his mercy. He desires not the death of a sinner. He extends his forbearance and his kindness to the utmost possible reach of application. None who look to him and depend upon him can be forsaken. Why should one poor wanderer, who really feels and laments his foolish rebellion, be rejected? This indefinite but real encouragement comes to a very specific shape of assurance in the message of the Gospel. There salvation is offered to the chief of sinners—to sinners in all respects like himself. Why should he alone be left to perish? Is not the ruin in which he now finds himself his real and expected state; the very condition for which the Gospel plan was arranged, and to which all its invitations are addressed? To accept this state as such—not a new fact, but a new discovery—to be willing to be saved in it as it is, to receive the gracious invitation as addressed to just such a condition, is to him the very state of mind and feeling to which he is to be brought.

We were extremely interested once in an exhibition of this state of mind by a very intelligent and educated

young person. In giving an account of his own attainment of the hope with which he was now filled, he said, "It was the doctrine of total depravity that first gave me actual comfort. Long I struggled under the burden of conscious guilt. I seemed to myself to be completely buried in sin. I felt and knew myself in heart and nature to be entirely depraved. But I was in despair of relief in this condition. How could I be saved, unless I could be brought out of it? I had no hope. But when I saw that this was really the very state of being for which the provisions of the Gospel were made; that all its plans of mercy were expressly adapted to this state, and this alone, I can truly say it was the consciousness of my total depravity, and my willingness to be saved as one totally depraved, that first gave me hope. And I now often reflect upon the fact, so strange to some, that the doctrine of total depravity was the first source of comfort to my soul." How truly Elias Cornelius illustrated this thought, when, after days of anguish under the burden of his sin, the light of free forgiveness dawned upon his soul, and he walked up and down his college room, crying, "O, sweet submission—sweet submission!" and when afterwards, in his dying hour, he exclaimed, "I need to be washed all over in the atoning blood of Christ."

When once the sinner submits to be saved in the way which God has appointed, he feels the first sensation of conscious love to God. "My Father! Yes, though I am so lost, so degraded, so abominable, and must appear so in his sight, yet he is my Father still." How true it is that we are saved by hope. When we can look upon God in this new affectionate spirit, and in this newly remembered relation, the true light begins to shine; and the more completely this spirit prevails, does this true light increase and shine more and more. Destitute, but never despairing, is our condition now. The heart goes back in constant remembrance of love received and of ingratitude returned—of abounding blessings and of manifold rebellions, and feels yet more and more drawn in love to Him, whose amazing grace justifies the ungodly.

This manifestation and remembrance of God as a Father brings the Saviour at once to view. It is as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ that he becomes revealed as a Father to us. Visible creation cannot display this paternal character of God in his relations to us, because it can do nothing with human sin. The mere mercy, forbearance of God, presents no hope to the soul, because it offers no removal of this burden and bondage of conscious guilt. What can rationally and really take off this heavy and enormous load but the revelation of an atoning Saviour, and God a Father reconciled in him? There, there is a "multiplying of pardons;" "bread enough and to spare;" overflowing and abounding grace—grace sufficient for every want, abundant to pardon every sin. This is the message of the Gospel to every sinful child of man, a message which we entreat him to hear, revealing a provision of blessings which we beseech him to see. When the remembrance of this arises within him, it is the voice of the Spirit of God in his soul. Let him submit to the guidance of that blessed Monitor, and there is forgiveness, and safety, and abundant happiness in store for him here on earth, and in the world to come life everlasting.

I AM.

WHEN the Almighty speaks of himself, he expresses his self-existence by the words I AM. When he speaks of himself in reference to his people he also uses the words I AM, to denote his all-sufficiency. He does not say, I am their light, their life, their guide, their strength; but only I AM. He sets his hand, as it were, to a blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is for their good. As if he were to say, Are they weak? I am strength! Are they in trouble? I am comfort! Are they poor? I possess all things! Are they sick? I am health! Are they dying? I am life! Are they nothing? I am their all in all! I am justice and mercy! I am grace and goodness! I am holiness and glory! I am whatever is suitable for their nature! I am whatever is desirable for their souls! Whatever is needful to make them happy, that I am! Thus God represents himself unto us as one universal good, and leads us to make the application to our several wants and conditions by saying only, I AM.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

OUR Saviour was sitting on the side of one of the hills near the western shore of the Sea of Galilee. These hills were on the southern border of a broad and fertile meadow, stretching inland for more than a mile. The red and purple lilies were well known there, as Pliny has told us, and they readily suggested, by their colours, the robes which in those days were a part of the insignia of monarchs; whence the fitness of the allusion to the apparel of "Solomon in all his glory." There could have been no flower more appropriately "considered" none more forcibly associated with Solomon and the times of his "glory." It was at once a royal and a sacred flower. It had been wrought upon the molten sea, and carved upon the two noted pillars of the temple porch.

It was the favourite in the flower imagery of the Song of Solomon, and now these lilies were blooming upon the plains and fields before them. Their grace and beauty were the more remarkable in that they grew so freely. They sprang up upon every field, shedding their fragrance upon every passing breeze, decorating the thorn as well as the olive; indebted to no one's care but God's—to his sunshine and his rains alone for their existence and their beauty. They had survived the rending apart of the kingdom. They had remained upon the fields, and had been "clothed" and renewed in their weakness, while strong ones had been carried into captivity, or scourged by sword and by pestilence. "Consider the lilies of the field." In all this, every lily had its duty to perform—its place to fill in the cycles of the Creator's great and various purposes. Every lily-stalk was gifted with its minute channels, up which it drew the life-sap God had provided; it opened its petals in due season, and lavishly gave to the passing breeze its grateful incense of fragrance, or it smiled in its beauty under the warm rays of a spring-time sun. There it stood, quietly working out its duty and its history—"toiling not nor spinning"—a never-failing witness to God's condescending care and mysterious providence—a picture of a sublime truth enfolded in its petal, that God's eternal power may be felt and known in a leaf as in a world, and that the footprints of God's loving presence may be very near us, while to find them we are wandering far away.

THE CENTRAL FIRE.

If we saw a number of persons on some huge raft, tossed up and down on the surface of the ocean, we should naturally feel alarmed for their safety. And if we were told that, so far from being apprehensive of danger, they fancied their position one of eminent security; that they pointed with pride to the thickness and solidity of the timber under their feet; laughing to scorn every suggestion that their footing might by-and-by prove less sound than they imagine, we should conclude that their minds must be strangely constituted.

Does it not seem extraordinary, then, that so little should be thought of a position far more perilous, in which all the inhabitants of this globe are continually placed? It is a fact well ascertained by scientific researches, that the whole inside of the earth is one mass of fire, and what we call *terra firma* nothing more than a crust or rind by which that mass of fire is inclosed. The thickness of this crust is variously estimated by natural philosophers; their calculations ranging between 30 and 100 miles; the highest estimate making it equal to one eightieth, the lowest to one two-hundred and sixtieth part of the diameter of the globe. The probability is, that the crust is not in all parts of equal thickness, but varies according to a variety of circumstances of which science has not as yet, and possibly never may obtain, cognisance. But however this may be, it is certain that by the action of this central fire the earth's crust is perforated in many places with large conduits, which act as chimneys to the internal furnace. Of these chimneys as many as seven hundred have been actually counted, and out of these, three hundred are at this time in active operation; emitting not only smoke and vapour, but at intervals masses of burning liquefied matter. How many more there may be in unexplored regions of the dry land, and how many more beneath the 111 millions of square miles of water which form the ocean, it is impossible to say.

Besides these regular outlets, the number and condition of which is subject to constant changes—some falling in, and ceasing to act, while new ones are forming elsewhere—the action of the central fire manifests itself in the rocking motion imparted from time to time to large portions of the crust, which are tossed up and down, as it were, by the angry billows of the molten sea beneath them. In numerous instances the crust is broken altogether, vast fissures being made in its surface; while at other times large tracts are literally swallowed up by the yawning gulf, the surface closing over them after their disappearance, or submerged by the sea which rushes in to cover the void that has been created. The position of the inhabitants of the earth, then, resembles, more nearly than we most of us think, that of persons floating on the surface of the sea—on a raft of great strength and thickness, it is true, but yet not proof against the fury of the waves, and liable to sudden disruption of its parts. The only difference is, that the sea on which we are thus floating is a sea of liquid fire, the molten elements of the main substance of the globe.

Not the least remarkable fact connected with this condition of the globe, is the coincidence between what science has ascertained, especially of late years, touching the central fire and its nearness to the comparatively thin crust of rocky surface on which we dwell, and the intimations given in the prophetic statements of the Bible with regard to its final destiny. An increasingly frequent and locally multiplied occurrence of earthquakes, is mentioned among the harbingers of the final catastrophe, in which, we are told, "the earth with all that is in it," or rather on its surface, "shall be burned up, and the very elements shall melt with fervent heat." All this is to take place suddenly, when men least expect it; the very order in which it is to happen—widespread upheavings and disruptions of the surface or outer crust preceding the general conflagration—being precisely that which science would lead us to anticipate from the action of the natural causes which are known to be already in full operation in the bowels of the earth. There is much here to set men thinking, and to warn them from putting too much trust in the solidity of the ground on which they stand, as well as from priding themselves overmuch on the possession of a few acres of its surface.

Our Pulpit.

THE PROMISES OF GOD.

"For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us."—2 Cor. I. 20.

A PROMISE is the antithesis of a threat. The one is the assurance beforehand of benefit upon certain conditions, and the other of punishment or suffering. The Bible abounds in both.

In those ages of the world when God guided the courses of men personally, promises were made to individual men. To Abraham, to Isaac, to Jacob, to Moses, and to Joshua; to David and to the prophets; to the disciples and the apostles—to these God appeared in various ways, giving them assurances of help; and by such assurances they were upborne through seasons of peril. For the most part the men of old believed with the simplicity of childhood. It was counted to Abraham for righteousness that he believed God against the evidence of his own senses. With them, a promise of God put an end to all controversy and doubt.

But the promises of God have, for the most part, been addressed to men at large. They are no longer individual in the sense in which they were to the patriarchs and primitive Christians. When it became impossible to promise enough to single men, God's promises took a form which would make them applicable to whole nations and generations of men. They lost nothing by the change: they gained.

In so far as we are concerned, it may be said that God's promises respect conduct and character, rather than personality. We are to make them personal by coming into certain states of character, or into certain conditions of life. God makes them general. They are, therefore, of the nature of laws, which being obeyed, reward us, and neglected, punish us. And in this way God's promises become applicable to the whole human family.

The Divine method is to make promises general, and leave men the task of rendering them personal by the fulfilment of the conditions. Where promises are made to certain courses of conduct, each man that pursues those courses of conduct writes, as it were, his own name to the promises. God promises him by name the moment he puts himself in the circumstances in which the promise is to be fulfilled, so that it becomes as efficacious to him as if God had spoken to him, as he did to Abraham.

Thus the Word of God is filled with assurances of blessings. No book was ever so characterised by the element of promise. There are threats not a few, but I think promises greatly outnumber them, as if it were the Divine wish to draw us by hope rather than drive us by fear. Promises cover the whole period of human life. They meet us at our birth; they cluster about our childhood; they overhang our youth; they accompany us in manhood. You cannot bring yourselves into a condition for which I cannot find in God's word some promise. Therefore, there are promises of God to the ignorant, to the poor, to the neglected, to the burdened, to the oppressed, to the discouraged, to the solitary, to the imprisoned, to the sick, to the heart-broken, to the weak, to the strong, to the timid, to the brave; to every sphere of duty; to every temptation that waylays good men in their journey through life. There are promises for joy, for sorrow, for victory, for defeat, for adversity, for prosperity, for those that run, for those that walk, for those who can only stand still. The sick, the dying, all men, everywhere, and always, have their promises of God.

There is now no limitation to God's promises. They belong to all men, and for all time. Not one promise has ever been unfulfilled. "All the promises of God in Christ are yea, and in him Amen."

I.—WHAT, THEN, ARE THE USES TO WHICH WE ARE INVITED TO PUT GOD'S PROMISES?

1. To make unattractive duties attractive.

It has pleased God to surround many of the most common stations and situations in life with exceeding great and precious promises, in order that those duties which seem least rewarding in themselves, and which have in them the most of burden and the most of pain, should, after all, become the most remunerative. I think it is affecting to see with what tenderness God has taken care of those that no one else cares for. How he goes down to the poor, and the ignorant, and the enslaved! How he goes down to those that can find no motive whatsoever for right living, and says to them, "Serve, obey, be faithful, be industrious, be Christian-minded, if not for the sake of your master, then for my sake!" It pleases God to stand behind every single duty, and say, "Consecrate that duty to me; and, though you do not serve anybody else in it, serve me in it." He puts exceeding great and precious promises on lower places of life in this way, and makes things attractive that otherwise would be unattractive. For once let us know that we are serving one that we love, and one that loves us, and love vanquishes difficulty. There are no obstacles too great for love to overcome. The words *comfort* and *ease* have no use in the realm of love. Love knows no care or trouble. Ask the mother, whose child has been reared till he has become her stay and staff, what were her cares and troubles in rearing him. She will have a vague memory that she has experienced some things of the kind, but what they were she has quite forgotten in her love. The mother's heart is not a journal of services rendered and burdens endured. These things become easy when they are rendered and endured in love. It pleases God to stand behind the homeliest duties of life, and say, "Perform them for my sake, and I will accept them." By his promises he makes duties

attractive and comely, which in their own nature are coarse and repulsive.

2. The promises of God are employed to fortify our faith. It is oftentimes the case that the duty is surrounded by peril or hardship. Oftentimes a man must follow the word of truth when it seems as though it would lead him into destruction. Often Christ comes walking to the disciples on the stormy sea and in the night, and it is necessary that there should be some power of faith that shall make a Christian man willing to follow duty, honour, truth, no matter where they seem to lead.

3. God's promises equalise the conditions of life. Men are of different capacity, of different power. Their strength lies in different elements. All men are called to follow Christ really the same, and yet, owing to these differences, in different ways. And it is required that there should be some divine influence by which men shall be made to feel that such inequalities of life are equalised. They are equalised in the promises of God.

If a party of men are assured that every one of them shall be the possessor, in five years, of one million dollars, the differences between them are annihilated. One may have twenty-five dollars in his pocket, another a hundred, another five hundred; one may have almost no conveniences, and another may have all the conveniences that the heart could wish; and yet, if they are assured that in five years they shall each have a million dollars, they do not care for these inequalities.

And let the promises of God rest on the poor man's lot, let him feel comforted by the thought that God is imparting his favour to him, let him look upon his crosses and troubles as to be followed by unspeakable blessings, and he forgets the inequalities between his condition and that of other men, and no longer thinks himself unfortunate. For that man who is ere long to be crowned and embosomed in eternity cannot find the road there so hard that he will complain of it.

4. The promises of God redeem secular life from barrenness. And you will, in respect to these promises, mark how, while they take care of us in our lower life, they grow larger and more comprehensive as they rise to the performance of those duties and virtues which require a motive from the invisible world.

For material bread and raiment all men have motives; but for spiritual bread and for the raiment of righteousness all men have not motives. And you will find that while there are promises of God with respect to the household, the farm, the ship, the store; while there are promises of God that run through our whole lower life, as citizens, as members of the domestic circle, as denizens of this world, the divine promises grow thicker, and broader, and deeper, as you go up to those spheres where a man is obliged to live by faith, and above the ordinary affairs of life. You will find that when you go up to those elements which are in their nature invisible, and which call us to live by our faculties, as there we need more impulses and motives, there the promises of God abound more in those very things.

So the promises of God are in proportion to our exigencies. Many, and yet the fewest, relate to our bodily condition; many, and yet not the most, relate to our social condition; many, and yet not the richest, relate to our civil estate: where we need the most, where we are trying to live on invisible truths, there the promises are the richest, and there they are the most wonderful.

II. WHAT ARE THE OBSTACLES IN THE WAY OF USING THE PROMISES OF GOD?

1. We are ignorant of them. We make little of God's promises. We do not investigate them.

There is many a man that lives on his farm years and years without knowing the different growths that it produces. Treasures of God's bounty are strewn under every hedge, and on either side of every fence, and he knows nothing of them. They come every season, and wait for attention and get none. Many a field is capable, if properly tilled, of producing four-fold as much as it is made to produce.

God's word is like such a field. There are promises in it that no man has ever tried to find. There are treasures of gold and silver in it that no man has taken the pains to dig for. There are medicines in it, for the want of a knowledge of which hundreds have died. And so God's word is a great unopened treasure. It seems to me like some old baronial estate that has descended to a man who lives in a modern house, and thinks it scarcely worth while to go and look into the venerable mansion. Year after year passes away, and he pays no attention to it, since he has no suspicion of the valuable treasures it contains, till at last some man says to him, "Have you been to look at that estate?" He makes up his mind that he will look at it. As he goes through the porch he is surprised to see the skill that has been displayed in its construction; and he is more and more impressed as he goes through the halls. He enters a large room, and is astonished as he beholds the wealth of pictures upon the walls. He stands in amazement before them! He says, "I never had any idea of these before. Here I have been for a score of years the owner of this estate, and have never before known what things were in it."

One reason, then, why the promises of God are not used is, that men do not know anything about them, and do not look for them.

Another reason is, because, when men find them, they do not know how to use them.

Tea was first served in England as greens. The people rejected it, and thought it an imposition. When potatoes were first introduced into Ireland, the inhabitants plucked the berries from the top of the vines, and boiled them, and the cultivation of potatoes was rejected there, because they did not know how to use them.

And many a man fails to profit by the promises of God's word, because he does not know how to use them!

2. The promises of God's word are powerless, often, because we are afraid to venture upon using them. There is many a promise of God that is strong enough to carry men across the abyss of this life, but they do not dare to try it. Many, like Peter, venture from the ship to walk to Christ, but give way to fear the moment their feet touch the water; and many do not dare even to leave the ship. There are many promises from which we might derive much benefit, but which do us no good, because we are afraid to rely upon them.

3. Many promises fail, because we wish the result without the fulfilment of the conditions attached. We long to have God's help, but we do not like to walk in the way in which he promises help. Many promises of the Word of God are conditioned on the doing of things that we do not want to do, and the refusing to do things that we want to do. We would like the things promised, but we do not like to comply with the conditions on which they are promised. We would like the harvest, but we want somebody else to prepare the ground and sow the seed.

4. There are many promises that do not fulfil themselves to us, because we do not appropriate them.

I think many men carry the promises of the Word of God as a miser carries bank bills, the face of which calls for countless treasures, but which he does not carry to the bank for presentation.

The way to employ a promise of God is to comply with its conditions, and then wait for its fulfilment.

There are certain states of mind that are necessary to the fulfilment of the promises of God. There are promises the benefit of which a man cannot receive unless he is in a state of humility and meekness. There are promises which will not do a man any good unless he is in a state of love. There are promises that will not be fulfilled to a man unless he is in a state of gentleness.

5. Many persons lose the benefits of the promises of God on account of fear. They dare not plead for the fulfilment of promises to them lest they shall be presumptuous. If God had made no promises it might be presumption to ask him for blessings; but now that he has promised them, it is presumption not to take them.

It may be presumptuous for you to go into a stranger's house without an invitation, and sit down, and act as though you were at home, and call for services at the hands of the servants; but if a man has invited you to come and see him, and met you at the door, and placed at your service a room, and said, "Stay here as long as you will, and while you stay my table shall be yours, and my servants shall be yours," then it is presumptuous for you not to take him at his word. It is politeness, when a man asks you to accept his hospitality, to take it for granted that he means what he says. And to be afraid to appropriate the promises of God, is to charge him falsely.

But there are many men that are afraid of self-deception. They would like to take the promises of God, but they fear that they may be self-deceived. You may be, but God is not, and therefore you may rest upon his promises. The blessings that he has promised will come to you if you are sincere and faithful, and not if you are not.

Then there are others that have a fear which arises from their sense of their own unworthiness. They dare not plead God's promises because they are so unworthy. It is as if a man should advertise that he would cure the infirmities of men free of expense, and a blind man should say, "I would go to this physician if I were not so blind;" and a man afflicted with deafness should say, "I would go if I were not so deaf!" If a man were to advertise thus, he would do it for the benefit of just such men as these.

Now the Word of God comes to us, not as righteous persons, but as sinners. Christ says explicitly, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." God's promises were made explicitly to sinful men. And when he wrote to you, do you suppose he thought you an angel? He knew well that you were not. He knew that the world was full of men tempted. He knew that men were in a world of sin, themselves sinners. And he sent his Son to you because you were in peril, and because, unless there was divine rescue, there would be universal ruin. And shall a man say, "I cannot plead the promises of God because I am sinful?" Therefore plead them, because you are sinful; therefore plead them, because you are wicked; therefore trust them, because, though you are bad, God is good, and the nature of goodness is to relieve want, even though that want be founded on sin.

Now, Christian brethren, I beseech you to look to this matter. I think that much of the want of faith in the promises of God comes from a neglect on the part of Christians to bear witness to the fulfilment of those promises in their own experience. There are hundreds of men whose life God has made significant and memorable, and they have never uttered a word about it to those around them. Many and many a time God has brought you out of great trouble, when you have made no mention of his mercy and goodness to any one. The reason that I love the Methodists—good ones—is that they have a tongue to their piety. They fulfil the command of God to be fervent in spirit. They do let their light shine. And if the wick is long and needs snuffing, it is better that it should be so than that there should be no light at all. Of one thing I am sure, namely, that in the world there is far less faith in the promises of God than there would be if Christians bore the testimony that they should of the fulfilment of those promises in respect to themselves.

May God multiply witnesses of the fidelity of his pro-

misses. May he fulfil those promises in the case of every one of you. May he cause you to bear such testimony of their sustaining power, that all men within the sphere of your influence shall have faith to trust in them.

THE CHANNINGS:—A TALE.

CHAPTER IX.

HAMISH'S CANDLES.

OLD JUDITH sat in her kitchen. Her hands were clasped upon her knees, and her head was bent in thought. Rare indeed was it, to catch Judith indulging in a moment's idleness. She appeared to be holding soliloquy with herself.

"It's the most incomprehensible thing in the world! I have heard of ghosts—and, talking about ghosts, that child was in a tremor last night again—I'm sure he was. Brave little heart! he goes up to bed in the dark on purpose to break himself of the fear. I went in for them shirts missis told me of, and he started like anything, and his face turned white. He hadn't heard me till I was in the room; I'd got no candle, and 'twas enough to startle him. 'Oh, is it you, Judith?' said he, quietly, making believe to be as indifferent as may be. I struck a light, for I couldn't find the shirts, and then I saw his white face. He can't overget the fear: 'twas implanted in him in his babyhood: and I only wish I could get that wicked girl punished as I'd punish her, for it was her work. But about the 'tother? I have heard of ghosts walking—though thank goodness I'm not frightened at 'em like the child is!—but for a young man to go up-stairs night after night, pretending to go to rest, and sitting up till morning light, is what I never did hear on. If it was once in a chance way, 'twould be a different thing; but it's always. I'm sure it's pretty nigh a year, since I"—

"Why, Judith, you are in a brown study!" The interruption came from Constance, who had entered the kitchen to give an order. Judith looked up.

"I'm in a peck of trouble, Miss Constance. And the worst is, I don't know whether to tell about it, or to keep it in. He'd not like it to get to missis's ears, I know: but then, you see, perhaps I ought to tell her—for his sake."

Constance smiled. "Would you like to tell me, instead of mamma? Charley has been at some mischief again, among the saucepans? Burnt out more bottoms, perhaps?"

"Not he, the darling!" resentfully rejoined Judith. "The burning out of that one was enough for him. I'm sure he took contrition to himself, like as if it had been made of gold."

"What is it, then?" "Well," said Judith looking round, as if fearing the walls would hear, and speaking in a mysterious tone, "it's about Mr. Hamish. I don't know but I will tell you, Miss Constance, and it'll be, so far, a weight off my mind. I was just saying to myself that I had heard of ghosts walking, but what Mr. Hamish does every blessed night, I never did hear of, in all my born days."

Constance felt a little startled. "What does he do?" she hastily asked.

"You know, Miss Constance, my bed-room's overhead, above the kitchen here, and, being built out on the side, I can see the windows at the back of the house from it—like we can see 'em from this kitchen window, for the matter of that, if we put our heads out. About a twelvemonth ago—I'm sure it's not far short of it—I took to notice that the light in Mr. Hamish's chamber wasn't put out so soon as it was in the other rooms. So, one night, when I was half crazy with that face-ache—you remember my having it, Miss Constance?—and knew I shouldn't get to sleep if I lay down, I thought I'd just see how long he kept it in. Would you believe, Miss Constance, that at three o'clock in the morning his light was still burning!"

"Well," said Constance, feeling the tale was not half told.

"I thought, what on earth could he be after: I might have feared that he had got into bed and left it alight by mistake, but that I saw his shadow once or twice pass the blind. Well, I didn't say a word to him next day, I thought he might not like it: but my mind wouldn't be easy, and I looked out again, and I found that, night after night, that light was in. Miss Constance, I thought I'd trick him: so I took care to put just about a inch of candle in his bed candlestick, and no more: but, law bless me! when folks is bent on forbidden things, it is not candle-ends that will stop 'em!"

"I suppose you mean that the light burnt still, in spite of your precaution?" said Constance.

"It just did," returned Judith. "He gets into my kitchen and robs my candle-box, I thought to myself. So I counted my candles and marked 'em; and I found I was wrong, for they wasn't touched. But one day, when I was putting his cupboard to rights, I came upon a paper right at the back. Two great big composite candles it had got in it, and another half burnt away. Oh, this is where you keep your store, my young master, is it? I thought. They were them big round things which seems never to burn to an end, three to the pound."

Constance made no reply. Judith gathered breath, and continued—

"I took upon myself to speak to him. I told him it wasn't well for anybody's health, to sit up at night, in that fashion; not counting the danger he ran of setting the house on fire and burning us all to cinders in our beds. He laughed—you know his way, Miss Constance—and said he'd take care of his health and of the house, and I was just to make myself easy and hold my tongue, and that I need not

be uneasy about fire, for I could open my window and drop into the rain-water barrel, and there I should be safe. But, in spite of his joking tone, there ran through it a sound of command; and, from that hour to this, I have never opened my lips about it to nobody living."

"And he burns the light still?"

"Except Saturday and Sunday nights, it's always alight, longer or shorter. Them two nights, he gets into bed respectable, like the rest of the house do. You have noticed, Miss Constance, that, the evenings he is not out, he'll go up to his chamber by half-past nine or ten?"

"Frequently," assented Constance. "As soon as the reading is over, he will wish us good night."

"Well, them nights, when he goes up early, he puts his light out sooner—by twelve, or by half-past, or by one; but when he spends his evenings out, not getting home until eleven, he'll have it burning till two or three in the morning."

"Whatever can he sit up for?" involuntarily exclaimed Constance.

"I don't know, unless it is that the work at the office is too heavy for him," said Judith. "He has got his own work to do there, and master's as well."

"It is not at all heavy," said Constance. "It cannot be that."

"It has to do with the office books, for certain," returned Judith. "Why else is he so particular in taking 'em into his room every night?"

"He takes—them—for safety," spoke Constance, in a very hesitating manner, as if not feeling perfectly assured of the grounds for her assertion.

"May be," sniffed Judith, in disbelief. "It can't be, that he sits up to read," she resumed. "Nobody in their senses would do that. Reading may be pleasant to some folks, especially them story books; but sleep is pleasanter. This last two or three blessed nights, since that ill news come to make us miserable, I question if he has gone to bed at all, for his candle has only been put out when daylight come to shame it."

"But, Judith, how do you know all this?" exclaimed Constance, after a few minutes' reflection. "You surely don't sit up to watch the light?"

"Pretty fit I should be for my work in the morning, if I did! No, Miss Constance. I moved my bed round to the other corner, so as I could see his window as I lay in it; and I have got myself into a habit of waking up at all hours and looking. Truth to say, I'm not easy; for fire is sooner set alight than put out; and if there's the water butt for me to drop into, there ain't water butts for the rest of the house."

"Very true," murmured Constance, speaking as if she were in a deep reverie.

"Nobody knows the bother this has been upon my mind," resumed Judith. "Every night, when I have seen his window a-shining, I have said to myself, 'I'll tell my mistress of this when morning comes; but, when the morning has come, my resolution has failed me. It might worry her, and anger Mr. Hamish, and do no good after all. If he really has not got time for his books in the day, why he must do 'em at night, I suppose; it would never do for him to fall off, and let the master's means drop through. What ought to be done, Miss Constance?'"

"I really do not know, Judith," replied Constance. "You must let me think about it."

She fell into an unpleasant reverie. The most feasible solution she could come to, was the one adopted by Judith—that Hamish passed his nights at the books. If so, how sadly he must idle away his time in the day! Did he give his hours up to nonsense and pleasure? And how could he contrive to hide his shortcomings from Mr. Channing? Constance was not sure whether the books went regularly under the actual inspection of Mr. Channing, or whether Hamish went over them aloud. If only the latter, could the faults be hid? She knew nothing of book-keeping, and was unable to say. Leaving her to puzzle over the matter, we will return to Hamish himself.

We left him in the last chapter, you may remember, objecting to go down a certain side street, which would have cut off a short distance of their road; his excuse to Arthur being, that a troublesome creditor of his lived in it. The plea was a true one. Not to make a mystery of it, it may as well be acknowledged that Hamish had contracted some debts, and that he found it difficult to pay them. They were not many, and a moderate sum would have settled them; but that moderate sum Hamish did not possess. Let us give him his due: but that he had fully counted upon a time of wealth being close at hand, it is probable he never would have contracted them. When Hamish erred, it was invariably from thoughtlessness—from carelessness—never from deliberate intention.

Arthur, of course, turned from the objectionable street and continued his straightforward course. They were frequently impeded; the streets were always crowded at assize time, and acquaintances perpetually stopped them. Amongst others, they met Roland Yorke.

"Are you coming round to Cator's to-night?" he asked of Hamish.

"Not I," returned Hamish, with his usual gay laugh; "I am going to draw in my expenses, and settle down into a miser."

"Moonshine!" cried Roland.

"Is it moonshine, though? It is just a little bit of serious fact, Yorke. When lord chancellors turn against us and dash our hopes, we can't go on as though the exchequer had no bottom to it."

"It will cost you nothing to come to Cator's. He is expecting one or two chaps, and he has laid in a prime lot of manillas."

"Evening visiting costs a great deal, one way or another," returned Hamish, "and I intend to drop most of mine for the present. You need not stare so, Yorke."

"I am staring at you. Drop evening visiting! Anybody, dropping that, may look to be in a lunatic asylum in six months."

"What a prospect for me!" laughed Hamish.

"Will you come to Cator's?"

"No, thank you."

"Then you are a muff!" retorted Roland, as he hastened on.

It was dusk when they reached the cathedral.

"I wonder whether the cloisters are still open?" Arthur exclaimed.

"It will not take a minute to ascertain," said Hamish.

"If not, we must go round."

They found the cloisters still unclosed, and passed in. Gloomy and sombre were they, at that evening hour. So sombre that, in proceeding along the west quadrangle, the two young men positively started, when some dark figure glided from within a niche and stood in their way.

"Whose ghost are you?" cried Hamish.

A short, covert whistle of surprise answered him. "You here!" cried the figure, in a tone of excessive disappointment. "What brings you in the cloisters so late as this?"

Hamish dexterously wound him towards what little light was cast from the grave-yard, and discerned the features of Hurst. Half-a-dozen more figures brought themselves out of the niches—Stephen Bywater, young Galloway, Tod Yorke, Harrison, Hall, and Berkeley.

"Let me alone, Mr. Hamish Channing. Hush! Don't make a row."

"What mischief is going on, Hurst?" asked Hamish.

"Well, whatever it may have been, it strikes me you have stopped it," was the reply of Hurst. "I say, wasn't there the Boundaries for you to go through, without coming bothering into the cloisters?"

"I am sorry to have spoiled sport," laughed Hamish; "I should not have liked it done to me, when I was a college boy. Let us know what the treason was."

"You won't tell?"

"No; if it is nothing very bad. Honour bright."

"Stop a bit, Hurst," hastily interposed Bywater. "There's no knowing what he may think 'very bad.' Give generals, not particulars. Here the fellow comes, I do believe!"

"It was only a trick we were going to serve old Ketch," whispered Hurst. "Come out quietly; better that he should not hear us, or it may spoil sport for another time. Gently, boys!"

Hurst and the rest stole round the cloisters, and out at the south door. Hamish and Arthur followed, more leisurely, and less silently. Ketch came up.

"Who's this here, a-haunting the cloisters at this time o' night? Who be you, I ask?"

"The cloisters are free until they are closed, Ketch," cried Hamish.

"Nobody haven't got no right to pass through 'em at this hour, except the clergy themselves," grumbled the porter. "We shall have them boys a-playing in 'em at dark, next!"

"You should close them earlier, if you want to keep them empty," returned Hamish. "Why don't you close them at three in the afternoon?"

The porter growled. He knew that he did not dare to close them before dusk, almost dark, and he knew that Hamish knew it, too; and therefore, he looked upon the remark as a quiet bit of sarcasm. "I wish the dean 'ud give me leave to shut them boys out of 'em," he exclaimed. "It 'ud be a jovial day for me!"

Hamish and Arthur passed out, wishing him good-night. He did not reply to it, but banged the gate on their heels, locked it, and turned to retrace his steps through the cloisters. The college boys, who had hidden themselves from his view, came forward again.

"He has got off scot-free to night, but perhaps he won't do so to-morrow," cried Bywater.

"Were you going to set upon him?" asked Arthur.

"We were going to put a finger upon him; I give you my word, we were not," said Hurst.

"What, then, were you going to do?"

But the boys would not be caught. "It might stop fun, you know, Mr. Hamish. You might get telling your brother Tom; and Tom, he might let it out to Gaunt; and Gaunt might turn crusty, and forbid it. We were going to serve the fellow out; but not to touch him, or to hurt him, and that's enough."

"As you please," said Hamish. "He is a surly old fellow."

"He is an old brute! he's a dog in a kennel! he deserves hanging!" burst from the throng of boys.

"What do you think he went and did, this afternoon?" added Hurst to the two Channings. "He sneaked up to the dean with a wretched complaint of us boys, which hadn't a word of truth in it; not a syllable, I assure you. He did it only because Gaunt had put him in a temper, at one o'clock. The dean did not listen to him, that's one good thing. How jolly he'd have been, just at this moment if you two had not come up! Wouldn't he, boys?"

The boys burst into a laugh, roar upon roar, peal upon peal, shrieking and holding their sides, till the very Boundaries echoed again. Laughing is infectious, and Hamish and Arthur shrieked out with them, not knowing in the least what it was they were laughing at.

But Arthur was heavy at heart in the midst of it. "Do you owe much money, Hamish?" he inquired, after they

quitted the boys, and were walking soberly along, under the quiet elm trees.

"More than I can pay, old fellow; just at present," was the answer.

"But is it much, Hamish?"

"No, it is not much, taking it in the abstract. Quite a paltry sum."

Arthur caught at the word "paltry;" it seemed to dissipate his fears. Had he been alarming himself for nothing? "Is it ten pounds, Hamish?"

"Ten pounds!" repeated Hamish, in a tone of mockery. "That would be little indeed."

"Is it fifty?"

"I dare say it may be. A pound here, and a pound there, and a few pounds yonder—yes, taking it altogether, I expect it would be fifty."

"And how much more?" thought Arthur to himself. "You said it was a paltry sum, Hamish!"

"Well, fifty pounds is not a large sum. Though of course we estimate sums, like other things, by comparison. You can understand now, why I was not sanguine with regard to Constance's hopeful project of helping my father to get to the German baths. I, the eldest, who ought to be the first to assist in it, am the least likely. I don't know how it was I managed to get into debt," mused Hamish. "It came upon me imperceptibly; it did, indeed. I depended so entirely upon that money falling to us, that I grew careless, and would often order things which I was not in need of, Arthur, since that news came, I have felt overwhelmed with worry and botheration."

"I wish you were free!"

"If wishes were horses, we should all get on horseback. How debts grow upon you!" Hamish continued, changing his light tone for a graver one. "Until within the last day or two, when I have thought it necessary to take stock of outstanding claims, I had no idea I owed half so much."

"What shall you do about it?"

"That is more easily asked than answered. My own funds are forestalled for some time to come. And the worst is, that, now this suit is known to have terminated against us, people are not so willing to wait, as they were before. I have had no end of them after me to-day."

"How shall you contrive to satisfy them?"

"Satisfy them in some way, I must."

"But how, I ask, Hamish?"

"Rob some bank or other," replied Hamish, in his off-hand, joking way.

"Shall you speak to my father?"

"Where's the use?" returned Hamish. "He cannot help me just now: he is straitened enough himself."

"He might help you with advice. His experience is larger than yours, his judgment better. 'In the multitude of counsellors there is safety,' you know, Hamish."

"I have made up my mind to say nothing to my father. If he could assist me, I would disclose all to him: as it is, it would only be inflicting upon him unnecessary pain. Understand, Arthur, what I have said to you is in confidence: you must not speak of it to him."

"Of course not. I should not think of interfering between you and him. I wish I could help you!"

"I wish you could, old fellow. But you need not look so serious."

"How you can be so gay and careless over it, I cannot imagine," said Arthur.

Hamish laughed. "If there's only a little patch of sunshine as large as a man's hand, I am sure to see it and trust to it."

"Is there any sunshine in this?"

"A little bit: and I hope it will help me out of it. I am sure I was born with a large share of hope in my composition."

"Show me the bit of sunshine, Hamish."

"I can't do that," was the answer. "I fear it is not so much the actual sunshine that's to be seen yet—only the reflection of it. You could not see it at all, Arthur; but I, as I tell you, am extravagantly hopeful."

The same ever gay tone, the same pleasant smile accompanied the words. And yet, at that moment, instead of walking straightforward to the open space beyond the elm trees, as Arthur did, Hamish withdrew his arm from his brother's and halted under their shade, peering cautiously around. They were then within view of their own door.

"What are you looking at?"

"To make sure that the coast is clear. I heard to-day—Arthur, I know that I shall shock you—that a fellow had taken out a writ against me. I don't want it to get served, if I can help it."

Arthur was indeed shocked. "Oh, Hamish!" was all he uttered. But the tone betrayed a strange amount of pain, mingled with reproach.

"You must not think ill of me. I declare that I have been led into this scrape blindfold, as may be said. I never dreamt I was getting into it. I am not reckless by nature; and, but for the reliant expectation of that money, I should be free now as you are."

Thought upon thought was crowding over Arthur's mind. He did not speak.

"I cannot charge myself with any foolish or unnecessary expenditure," Hamish resumed, "but," in a deeper tone, "my worst enemy will not accuse me of rashly incurring debts to gratify my own pleasures. I do not get into mischief. Were I addicted to drinking or to gambling, my debts might have been ten times what they are."

"They are enough, it seems," said Arthur. But he spoke in words in sadness, not in a spirit of reproach.

"Arthur, they may prove of the greatest service, in teaching me caution for the future. Perhaps I wanted the lesson. Let me once get out of this hash, and I will take pretty good care not to step into another."

"If you only can get out of it!"

"Oh, I shall do it, somehow; never fear. Let us go on; there seems to be nobody about."

CHAPTER X.

A FALSE ALARM.

THEY reached home unmolested. Arthur went straight to Mr. Channing, who was lying as usual on his sofa, and bent over him with a smile, sweet and hopeful as that of Hamish.

"Father, may I gain fifty pounds a-year, if I can, without detriment to my place at Mr. Galloway's?"

"What do you say, my boy?"

"Would you have any objection to my taking the organ at college on week-days? Mr. Williams has offered it to me."

Mr. Channing turned his head and looked at him. He did not comprehend. "You could not take it, Arthur; you could not be absent from the office. And young Jupp takes the organ. What is that you are talking of?"

Arthur explained in his quiet manner, a glad light shining out of his eyes. Jupp had left the college for good, and Mr. Williams had offered the place to him, and Mr. Galloway had authorised him to accept it. He should only have to go to the office for two hours before breakfast in a morning, to make up for the two, lost in the day.

"My brave boy!" exclaimed Mr. Channing, making prisoner of his hand. "I said this untoward loss of the suit might turn out to be a blessing in disguise. And so it will; it is bringing forth the sterling love of my children. You are doing this for me, Arthur!"

"Doing it a great deal for myself, papa. You do not know the gratification it will be to me, those two hours' play daily!"

"I understand, my dear—understand it all!"

"Especially as—" Arthur came to a sudden stop.

"Especially as, what?" asked Mr. Channing.

"As I had thought of giving up taking lessons," Arthur hastily added, not going deeper into explanations. "I play quite well enough, now, to cease learning. Mr. Williams said one day, that, with practise, I might soon equal him."

"I wonder what those parents do, Arthur, who own ungrateful or rebellious children!" Mr. Channing exclaimed, after a pause of thought. "The world is full of trouble; and it is of many kinds, and takes various phases; but if we can but be happy in our children, all other trouble may pass lightly over us as a summer cloud. I thank God that my children have never brought home to me an hour's care. How merciful He has been to me!"

Arthur's thoughts reverted to Hamish and his trouble. He felt thankful, then, that it was hid from Mr. Channing.

"I have already accepted the place, papa. I knew I might count upon your consent!"

"Upon my warm approbation. My son, do your best at your task; and," Mr. Channing added, sinking his voice to a whisper, "when the choristers peel out their hymn of praise to God, during those sacred services, let your heart ascend with it in fervent praise and thanksgiving. Too many go through these services in a matter-of-course spirit, their heart being far away. Do not you."

Hamish at this moment came in, carrying the books. "Are you ready, sir? There's not much to do, this evening."

"Ready at any time, Hamish."

Hamish laid the books before him, on the table, and sat down. Arthur quitted the room. Mr. Channing liked to be alone with Hamish, when the accounts were being gone over.

Mrs. Channing was in the drawing-room, some of the children with her. Arthur entered. "Mrs. Channing," cried he, with mock ceremony, "allow me to introduce you to the assistant organist of the cathedral."

She smiled, supposing it was some joke. "Very well, sir. He can come in!"

"He is in, ma'am. It is myself."

"Is young Mr. Jupp there?" she asked; for he sometimes came home with Arthur.

"Young Mr. Jupp has disappeared from public life, and I am appointed to his place. It is true!"

"Arthur!" she remonstrated.

"Mamma, indeed it is true. Mr. Williams has given me the place, and Mr. Galloway has consented to allow me the time to attend the week-day services; and papa is glad of it, and I hope you will be."

"I have known of it since this morning," spoke Tom, with an assumption of easy consequence; while Mrs. Channing was gathering her senses, which had been nearly scared away. "Arthur, I hope Williams intends to pay you?"

"Fifty pounds a-year. And the copying, besides."

"Is it true, Arthur?" breathlessly exclaimed Mrs. Channing.

"I have told you that it is, mother mine. Jupp has resigned, and I am assistant organist."

Annabel danced round him in an ecstasy of delight. Not at his success—success or failure did not much trouble Annabel—but she thought there might be a prospect of some fun in store for herself. "Arthur, you'll let me come into the cathedral and blow for you?"

"You little stupid!" cried Tom. "Much good you could do at blowing! A girl blowing the bellows of the

college organ! That's rich! Better let Williams catch you there! She'd actually go, I believe!"

"It is not your business, Tom; it is Arthur's," retorted Annabel, with flushed cheeks. "Mamma, can't you teach Tom to interfere with himself, and not with me?"

"I would rather teach Annabel to be a young lady and not a tomboy," said Mrs. Channing. "You may as well wish to be allowed to ring the college bells, as blow the bellows, child."

"I should like that," said Annabel. "Oh, what fun if the cord went up with me!"

Mrs. Channing turned a reproving glance on her, and resumed her conversation with Arthur—"Why did you not tell me before, my boy? It was too good news to keep to yourself. How long has it been in contemplation?"

"Dear mamma, only to-day. It was but this morning that Jupp resigned."

"Only to-day! It must have been decided very hastily, then, for a measure of that sort."

"Mr. Williams was so put to it that he took care to lose no time. He spoke to me at one o'clock. I had gone to him in the cathedral, asking for the copying, which I heard was going begging, and he broached the other subject, on the spur of the moment, as it seemed to me. Nothing could be decided until I had spoken to Mr. Galloway, and that I did after he left here, this afternoon. He will allow me to be absent from the office an hour, morning and afternoon, on condition that I attend for two hours before breakfast."

"But, Arthur, you will have a great deal upon your hands!"

"Not any too much. It will keep me out of mischief!"

"When shall you find time to do the copying?"

"In an evening, I suppose. I will find plenty of time, mother."

As Hamish had observed, there was little to do at the books, that evening, and he soon left the parlour. Constance happened to be in the hall as he crossed it, on his way to his bed-room. Judith, who appeared to have been on the watch, came gliding from the half-opened kitchen door, and approached Constance, looking after Hamish as he ascended the stairs.

"Do you see, Miss Constance?" she whispered. "He is a-carrying the books up with him, as usual!"

At this juncture, Hamish turned round to speak to his sister. "Constance, I don't want any supper, to-night, tell my mother. You can call me when it is time for the reading."

"And he is going to set on at 'em, now, and he'll be at 'em till morning light!" continued Judith's whisper. "And he'll drop off into his grave with decline!—I ain't in the nature of a young man to do without sleep—and that'll be the ending, and he'll burn himself up first, and all the house with him."

"I think I will go and speak to him," debated Constance.

"I should," advised Judith. "The worst is, if the books must be done, why, they must; and I don't see that there's any help for it!"

But Constance hesitated, considerably. She did not at all like to interfere; it appeared so very much to resemble the work of a spy. Several minutes she deliberated, and then went slowly up the stairs. Knocking at Hamish's door, she turned the handle, and would have entered. It was locked.

"Who's there?" called out Hamish.

"Can I come in for a minute, Hamish? I want to say a word to you."

He did not undo the door immediately. There appeared to be an opening and shutting of his desk table, first—a scuffle as if things were being put away. Then Constance entered, she saw one of the insurance books open on the table, the pen and ink near it; the others were not to be seen. His keys were hanging from the table lock. A conviction flashed over the mind of Constance that Judith was right in supposing the office accounts to be the object that kept him up. "What can he do with his time in the day?" she thought.

"What is it, Constance?"

"Can you let me speak to you, Hamish?"

"If you won't be long. I was just beginning to be busy," he replied, taking out the keys and putting them in his pocket.

"I see you were," she said, glancing at the ledger. "Hamish, you must not be offended with me, or think I interfere unwarrantably. I would not do it, but that I am anxious for you. Why is it that you sit up so late at night?"

There was a sudden accession of colour in his face—Constance saw it; but there was a smile as well. "How do you know I do sit up? Has Judy been telling tales?"

"Judy is uneasy about it, and she spoke to me this evening. She has visions of the house being burnt up with everybody in it, and of your injuring your health fatally. I believe she would deem the latter calamity almost more grievous than the former, for you know you were always her favourite. Hamish! is there no danger of either?"

"There is not. I am too cautious for the one to happen, and, I believe, too hardy for the other. Judy is a simpleton," he laughed; "she has got her safety water-butt, and what more can she desire?"

"Hamish, why do you sit up? Have you not time for your work in the day?"

"No. Or else I should do it in the day. I do not sit up so as to hurt me. I get, on an average, three hours' night-work, five days in the week; and if that can damage a strong fellow like me, call me a puny beginning."

"You sit up much longer than that?"
 "Not frequently. These light days, I sometimes do not sit up half so long; I get up in the morning, instead. Constance, you look grave enough for a judge!"

"And you, laughing enough to provoke me. Suppose I tell papa of this habit of yours, and get him to forbid it?"

"Then, my dear, you would work irreparable mischief," he replied, becoming grave in his turn. "Were I to be prevented doing as I please in my chamber, in this house, I must get a room elsewhere, in which I should be my own master."

"Hamish!"

"You oblige me to say it, Constance. You and Judy must lay your heads together upon some other grievance, for indeed, for this particular one, there is no remedy. She is an old goose, and you are a young one."

"Is it right that we should submit to the risk of being set fire to?"

"My dear, if that is the point, I'll have a fire-escape reared over the front-door every night, and pay a couple of watchmen to act as guardians. Constance!" again leaving his tone of mockery, "you know that you may trust me better than that."

"But, Hamish, how do you spend your time in the day, that you cannot complete your books, then?"

"Oh," drawled Hamish, "ours is the laziest office! gossiping and scandal going on in it from morning till night; and, in the fatigue induced by that, I am not sure but I take a nap, sometimes."

Constance could not tell what to make of him. He was gazing at her with the most perplexing expression of face, looking ready to burst into a laugh.

"One last word, Hamish, for I hear Judith calling to you. Are you obliged to do this night-work?"

"I am."

"Then I will say no more; and things must go on as it seems they have hitherto done."

Arthur came running up the stairs, and Hamish met him at the chamber door. Arthur, who appeared strangely agitated, began speaking in a half-whisper, unconscious that his sister was within. She heard every word.

"Judy says some young man wants you, Hamish! I fear it may be the fellow to serve the writ. What on earth is to be done?"

"Did Judy say I was at home?"

"Yes; and has handed him into the study, to wait. Did you not hear her calling to you?"

"I can't"—"see him," Hamish was about to say. "Yes, I will see him," he added, after a moment's reflection. "Anything rather than have a disturbance which might come to my mother's ears; and I suppose if he could not serve it now, he would watch for me in the morning."

"Shall I go down first, and hear what he has to say?"

"Arthur, boy, it would do no good. I have brought this upon myself and must battle with it. A Channing cannot turn coward!"

"But he may act with discretion," said Arthur. "I will speak to the man, and if there's no help for it, I'll call you."

Down flew Arthur, four stairs at a time. Hamish remained with his body inside his chamber door, and his head out. I conclude he was listening; and, in the confusion, he had probably totally forgotten Constance. Arthur came bounding up the stairs again, his eyes sparkling.

"A false alarm, Hamish! It's only Martin Pope!"

"Martin Pope!" echoed Hamish, considerably relieved, for Martin Pope was an acquaintance of his, and sub-editor of one of the Helstonleigh newspapers. "Why could not Judy have opened her mouth?"

He ran down the stairs, the colour, which had left his face, returning to it. But it did not return to that of Constance; hers had changed to an ashy whiteness. Arthur saw her standing there; saw that she must have heard and comprehended all.

"Oh, Arthur, has it come to this? Is Hamish in that depth of debt?"

"Hush! Whatever brought you here, Constance?"

"What writ is it that he fears? Is there indeed one out against him?"

"I don't know much about it. There may be one!"

She wrung her hands. "The next thing to a writ is a prison, is it not? If he should be taken, what would become of the office—of papa's place?"

"Do not agitate yourself," he implored. "It can do no good."

"Nothing can do good; nothing, nothing. Oh! what trouble!"

"Constance, in the greatest trouble there is always one Refuge."

"Yes," she answered, bursting into tears. "When all else fails, we can fly there and tell our sorrow, and hide it with Him. Oh, Arthur! what, but for that shelter, would become of us in our bitter hours of trial?"

(To be continued.)

A DEW-DROP, falling on the ocean wave,
 Exclaimed in fear—"I perish in this grave!"
 But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
 Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
 And, happy now, the grace did magnify
 Which thrust it forth—as it had feared—to die;
 Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
 Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed.
 O unbelieving! So it came to gleam,
 Chief jewel, in a monarch's diadem.—Trench.

Progress of the Truth.

FRANCE.

ST. QUENTIN (GARD).—A new chapel has been opened by the Wesleyans in this place. In the morning a sermon was preached by M. E. F. Cook, upon the 78th Psalm. In the afternoon there was a public meeting, presided over by the superintendent of the circuit, and numerous hearty addresses were delivered by the lay preachers and others who were present. The erection of this chapel is mainly due to the perseverance and zeal of M. Bertin, who has laboured for several years to evangelise this district, while the land and its freehold are the gift of a devoted Christian lady. The building is small, but neat and convenient, and is the fourth place of worship which the Wesleyan brethren have opened in the same circuit within eighteen months. Others are needed, and such is the activity of the members, that it is believed they will soon be provided.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.—We have already announced the re-opening of the schools in the Haute Vienne, after they had been officially closed for several years. Attention is now called to another case. We find (says *Le Temps*), in the *Journal de Rouen*, a very interesting article, by M. Théodore Muret, on the situation of the Protestants in certain communes of the Eure. "From ten to twelve years have elapsed since almost all the inhabitants of Ste. Opportune, and of Fumechon, embraced the Protestant faith. By what motives they were led to this no one has a right to ask. It is certain that they have proved their determination serious and solid, not only by the test of time, but by the very decisive evidence of their liberality. Notwithstanding their very limited means, they have shrunk from no sacrifice, at Fumechon to build a chapel, and at Ste. Opportune to erect a school house. As to the question of public order, this laborious, honest, and peaceable people has not supplied the slightest pretext against it. Yet the refusal to authorise the opening of the chapel at Fumechon is persisted in. The school at Ste. Opportune is also interdicted, although religious worship is permitted in the building thus closed to instruction. Now, is not the school the natural and indispensable complement of the Church?" M. Muret observes, "that it cannot be objected to the Protestants of the Eure, as to those of the Haute Vienne, that they do not belong to a Protestant Church officially recognised by the state. They belong to the consistory of Rouen, which has for many years pleaded their cause, but hitherto in vain."

RUSSIAN CHURCH IN PARIS.—A splendid new Russian Greek Church has been consecrated in Paris. The building is not very large, but it has cost £48,000. The services were long and imposing, but indicated a mournful departure from the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ.

THE ALMANAC OF GOOD COUNSELS is, as its name implies, an almanac, but it renders valuable services to the cause of morality and evangelical truth. Last year the sale exceeded two hundred thousand copies. The edition for 1862 is now ready, and will, it is confidently expected, have at least an equal sale.

REVIVAL MEETINGS AT PARIS.—A few weeks since a revival meeting was held in the Wesleyan chapel, which was filled to overflowing. The meeting lasted for two hours, and the interest was sustained to the end. Dr. Denham, of Londonderry, gave an account of the Irish revivals, and others took part in the service. At another meeting, the Rev. J. D. Smith, of Dublin, and Mr. Moon, the celebrated teacher of the blind, were present, and spoke to a crowded audience. Other meetings are announced, and the friends of the movement record their devout gratitude for the results already attained.

ROMISH FICTIONS.—The Society of St. François de Sales is a French society, which is mainly designed to counteract the efforts of evangelical Protestants, and is specially active in Lyons. This society published a *bulletin*, the other day, in which it announced, in pompous language, that the late Duchess of Kent had died a Roman Catholic, and that her daughter, Queen Victoria, is on the point of abjuring Protestantism!

ITALY.

NAPLES.—We read that the colporteurs in this city continue to meet with much encouragement. Even the book-sellers purchase large boxes of Bibles and New Testaments, which they have hawked about the public streets in open conveyances. Copies of the Scriptures are also exposed for sale in the windows of the bookshops, and numbers of copies have been sold in the surrounding villages.

SAINT PETER'S PENNY.—The Arch-Confraternity of St. Peter's Penny is an association, the avowed object of which is to supply the court of Rome with the money needful to maintain its splendour. It has been celebrating its first anniversary, and Monsignor Nardi, who seems to be its president, has delivered an address on that occasion, from which we obtain a few facts and a few suggestions. During two years the society has collected from the whole world the sum of £880,000. Of this France, with its thirty-four millions of inhabitants, has contributed about £320,000; Austria, with its twenty-six millions of Catholics, has given £80,000; and Ireland, with its six millions and a-half of Catholics, has given £71,000. Hence it appears that the Irish have raised more, in proportion to their numbers, than the French, and nearly four times as much as the Austrians. With regard to Rome, the actual Papal territory, the Romagna, the Marches, and Umbria, they contributed the extraordinary sum of £8,000!—a sum, be it observed, almost entirely provided by the clergy and the religious communities. The total of £880,000 in two years is, of course, £440,000 for one year; and as this was obtained from at least seventy millions of persons, the contribution of each individual was

about three-halfpence. When we consider the immense efforts which have been made to get this money, we cannot help thinking that the zeal of the Papists is at a very low ebb. Monsignor Nardi did not mention Belgium in his enumeration, from which we may infer that its contributions were very small. Every one must observe that the nearer the Papal court the smaller the contributions. The *Archives du Christianisme* adds the following remarks:—"Let the £440,000 furnished by the Roman Catholicism of the entire world be compared with the £540,000 supplied in a year by Great Britain alone, by the Protestantism which is dying, for the propagation of the Gospel, by means of four societies out of the fifty or sixty societies which labour in different ways at the same work, and which held their annual meetings in April and May last, in London." The societies referred to are the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society, and the Religious Tract Society. "Behold!" exclaims the writer, "how Roman Catholicism lives, and how Protestantism is dead!"

GERMANY.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS SOCIETY.—The general assembly of this society has been this year held at Hanover. It appears from the reports that during the year 157,628 dollars have been granted to 557 churches, of which sum 1,050 dollars were given to seven churches in Switzerland. The great event of the anniversary was the recognition of the representatives of the new Austrian branches.

POISH CANDOUR.—The *Monde* lately published that Roman Catholicism continues to make progress in Germany, and brought forward as a proof a single case of conversion. In the course of the same article, it complained that two new Protestant parishes have been created in a district hitherto almost exclusively Romish. It forgot to add, what is nevertheless a well established and gratifying fact, that the inhabitants or members of the two parishes referred to, are nearly, without an exception, converts from the ranks of the Romish Church.

BELGIUM.

ANNIVERSARIES.—There exists in Belgium a Church on the voluntary principle, the founders of which still live, and which is one of the most devoted and successful in its missionary operations. Every year annual meetings are held to report progress. The last of these took place about the middle of August. The synodal assembly, as it is termed, was composed of deputies from eighteen missionary stations, but representing a much larger number of localities. During the past year the progress made is very sensible, if not extraordinary. One new station has been founded at Courtrai, and the Gospel has been introduced to several places. The schools are well sustained, and 60,000 copies of religious tracts and books have been sold and given away. The expenses have amounted to about £4,520, and the income to £4,280. The previous year the deficit was £400, but this year only £280. As we before announced, the synod celebrated the three hundredth year of the Belgian confession of faith. This event was accompanied by the reading of three valuable and learned papers by pastors Trip, Filhol, and Durand. There was also a public meeting in the chapel of the Rue Belliard, at which M. Panchaud presided, and addresses were delivered to a large assembly. Another meeting was held in the chapel on the Boulevard of the Observatoire, at which M. Anet gave a *résumé* of operations carried on during the year, and M. Duchemin, of Paris, described the revival movement in that city. The society has now three chapels in Brussels, two French, and one Flemish. It has also chapels or stations at Antwerp, Ghent, Namur, Charleroi, Liège, and various other places. The one at Liège, under pastor Durand, is a recent erection, remarkably commodious and substantial. Perhaps there is no similar association upon the continent better conducted, or which, with such limited means, and so few agents, accomplishes a more important work.

AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.

STATISTICS OF PROTESTANTISM.—In the jurisdiction of Breslau there are 715,000 Protestants in 266 parishes, with 342 ministers, 941 schools, 1,803 teachers, and 17 superintendents. In the jurisdiction of Liegnitz there are 778,500 Protestants in 355 parishes, with 418 ministers, 931 schools, 1,296 teachers, and 28 superintendents. In Oppeln there are 96,000 Protestants in 57 parishes, with 69 ministers, 143 schools, 192 teachers, and five superintendents. In the whole province there are 1,589,500 Protestants in 678 parishes, with 829 ministers (not including military chaplains), about 2,000 schools, with 2,800 teachers, and 50 superintendents. Among the curious facts reported in connection with these figures, we notice that four churches are used by the Catholics, as well as the Protestants; the Polish language is preached in 37, Wendish in 20, and Bohemian in three; but these mostly alternate with services in German. In Austrian Silesia there are 13 Protestant parishes, with 66,000 Protestants, and 18 ministers. There are 12,200 old Lutherans in 15 parishes, with three superintendents, 17 ministers, and 12 churches.

THE EMPEROR has contributed five hundred florins from his privy purse, towards the erection of a Protestant Church at Ferdinandsberg. This event is announced with great satisfaction by the Protestant journals, which also record an additional donation of a thousand *gulden* by the Minister of War, for the same object.

PROTESTANT LEGISLATION.—The *Temps* says: "We have before us the text of the project of law relating to worship, as drawn up by the Second Chamber of the Austrian Council of State. The project appears to be based upon the French legislation, inasmuch as it concedes the right to the exercise of public worship only to those churches or religious asso-

citations which are legally recognised. This limitation is to be regretted, but it must not prevent us from recognising what the project contains that is liberal. We may mention, above all, the introduction of civil marriages, and the exclusion of the clergy from primary instruction, except always so far as religious teaching is concerned. In the universities theological instruction is likewise withdrawn from their direction. This is very reasonable, for theology is a science like any other, but it will be a great novelty in Austria."

RUSSIA.

PROTESTANTISM IN KURLAND.—It appears that the abolition of servitude in the north-western parts of Russia is already producing good fruits. They have been awakened to a desire to improve their condition, and to make the most of their religious privileges. The churches are for the most part well attended by the people, and the ministers, relieved from the restrictions under which they formerly lived, labour with new zeal and energy. The number of schools is increasing, and the Gospel is preached with blessed results to young and old, to rich and poor.

A NEW SAINT.—The Russian emperor is at the same time pope of his church. He recently recognised as a saint one Tichon, who was formerly a bishop, and died in 1786. They say that Tichon has wrought twenty credible miracles, and that his body is still undecayed. The solemn elevation of the new saint was ordered to take place in the presence of the emperor and the inferior clergy, on the 25th of August, and for this purpose an imperial ukase was issued. This fact will show that much light is still required for Russia.

NORWAY.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.—Norway is, in a religious point of view, a very interesting country. Inhabited by a people of extreme simplicity of character, Christianity has there naturally taken its place in domestic and social life. Hence it is, for example, that all the journals, and even the great official papers, publish on Saturdays a list of sermons for the next day, with the texts to be preached from. On Sunday morning this list is reproduced, accompanied by that of the religious services for the week. Among the notices, those of religious books are prominent; and serious articles are written upon every religious question which can concern the district. Sunday is almost as well kept as in England; neither shop nor office, not even the post-office, is open. The steam-boat service (the only means of locomotion) is so arranged that most of the vessels lie at anchor on that day; and, in one word, private and public life are so organised, that the religious life can be promoted without effort. And yet, there is, no doubt, a good deal of formalism in this domestic and national piety, so that there are many shadows in the picture. In this wholly Protestant country, there may be often found in the *gaards*, or farms, images of the "Holy Virgin," and of the "Sacred Heart of Mary." A large portion of the churches are to this day in identically the same condition as they were before the Reformation. The German church of Bergen, for instance, possesses an altar of an altogether Catholic appearance, surmounted by a large silver statue of the Virgin, with an immense candle on each side. Other churches more ancient (and in particular that of Hitterdal, which is one of the glories of Norway), look like pagodas, with their suns and dragons. The writer of this account adds, "Whether this is indifference or mere simplicity, I cannot say."

GREENLAND.

THE RESULT OF MISSIONS.—Ever since the time of Hans Egede, who went as a missionary to Greenland about 1707, the Danes have continued to send preachers of the Gospel to that country, where they have laboured, along with the Moravian brethren, for the spiritual good of the destitute inhabitants. At length, the Danish college for ministers is suspended. No more missionaries will, therefore, be sent there, because it is now regarded as a Christian land. From this time, Greenland will have its pastors, who will be placed under the direction of the Bishop of Zealand (Danish), and the Danish minister of worship.

ICELAND.

STATISTICS.—Iceland, which has a population of 70,000 souls, is under the government of Denmark. The language spoken there is the ancient Scandinavian. In the island there are four printing-presses, from which four journals issue, and about sixty new works every year, including those which appear at Copenhagen. There are medical colleges, and academies, and commercial schools. Education is, however, generally carried on at home: to such an extent, that a boy or girl of eight years old can scarcely be found in the island, who has not been taught to read by its parents. The Church of Iceland is Lutheran, and comprehends 199 churches and 280 pastors.

EUROPE.

STATISTICS OF EDUCATION.—The statistics of public instruction show that the number of pupils actually under education are as follows:—Prussia, 1 in 6; England, 1 in 7; Holland, 1 in 8; France, 1 in 9. It is easy to infer from this that education is more general in countries where Protestantism flourishes, than in those where the Roman Catholics are in the majority, because France is, in this respect, below four other kingdoms, although certainly the best educated of Catholic nations. Yet an Ultramontane journal, the *Choix de Bonnes Lectures*, coolly states that the best instructed countries in the world are the three which are pre-eminently Catholic—Italy, Spain, and France. Such a statement requires no refutation.

AFRICA.

THE GOLD COAST MISSION.—This mission has been hitherto the true Benoni—the child of sorrow to the Basel Missionary Society. But the Committee, although often discouraged, has always felt that to retire from the sacrifices required, would be to confess itself defeated, and that, in such a case, it ought to display all the power of faith, and all the perseverance of love. And now this mission has taken possession of two countries of which it has mastered the languages (the *Ga* and the *Otchi*), and the Society has there twenty-one missionaries, with fourteen female missionaries, and one unmarried female teacher. These are assisted in their work by twenty-two natives, who act as evangelists, or teachers, and six female teachers. They labour at six stations, where they have the happiness to reckon 540 children in their different schools, 284 communicants, and 88 catechumens under instruction. Not only so: the territory is becoming covered with good roads and plantations; civilisation has entered along with the gospel; and the influence of the missionaries is such, that all the little kings of these parts are eager for their presence, while two king's sons and a third young negro are actually in the Basel institute as pupil missionaries.

INDIA.

In our former number we dwelt with thankfulness upon the vast openings which Providence has recently afforded for the increase of missionary efforts amidst the population of China and Japan. We now turn our view to India.

India cannot fail to interest every man feeling for the welfare of Great Britain, from the influence it exercises in a military, a commercial, and a religious point of view. Sir William Temple long since expressed his conviction, that whatever power possessed the control in India, would, in the natural order of events, exert a controlling influence over the affairs of the world. Millions now living, and millions yet to follow in succeeding generations, will be affected for "weal or for woe" by the use or the abuse of England's power throughout her extensive dominions and over her myriads of subjects.

In the days of England's renowned Queen Elizabeth, the population subject to her authority numbered about four millions—a number not equal to the crowds dwelling within five miles of the metropolitan church in London, or sixteen times the number of persons in the borough of Lambeth.

If the honour and power of a nation be estimated by its subjects, how vast the greatness and the influence of the territories of England's Queen in our own times! Happily, we dread not the abuse of power beneath her wise and gentle sway; for, thanks be unto God, let all good Christians say, Victoria's name is a word for justice at home and abroad, and her life is a lesson to the land she rules.

The population subject to our illustrious Monarch was estimated two years ago at nearly 221½ millions; to this must be added upwards of twenty millions more as the usual ratio of increase in the given period. These numbers confer on the Queen of these Realms a control over nearly one-fourth of the population of the entire globe—a multitude more numerous than has ever fallen to the portion of any Government in the world save that of China. To aid our conceptions, which are unable adequately to comprehend numbers expressed by millions, let us view this aggregate of power in reference to the other great monarchies of the earth. It is more than three times the amount of the population of the vast empire of Russia; it is equal to six times the whole population of France; more than seven times that of the United States (before they were, alas! disunited); it is nearly seven times that of Austria; about eleven times that of Italy; twelve and a half times that of Prussia; and about seventy times the number contained in the Papal States. If we inquire from what portion of her dominions does England derive her numerical strength? The answer is, India. We pause and ask, can it be in the order of God's providence, who is the great Controller of nations, that this immense influence of territory and of people is granted to England, unless for some high and holy purpose? and what purpose is there that stands so high in the Divine approval as that of the evangelisation of the ignorant and erring portion of our countrymen at home, and the benighted portion of our subjects in distant lands? The rule of action equally applies to nations and to men—to whom much is given, from them much is expected. May we, individually and collectively, be found faithful according to our power.

SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

MURDER OF A MISSIONARY AND HIS WIFE.—The natives of Erromanga, the island where John Williams was killed in 1839, have murdered the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, of the Nova Scotia Mission, under peculiarly shocking circumstances. It appears that in consequence of the measles, which had been raging among the islands with fearful mortality, the natives of Erromanga determined to kill all the white people on that island, looking on them as the cause of the disease. About noon on the 20th of May, nine Bunkill natives, of whom the Chief Lova was the leader, called at the Mission-house, and inquired for Mr. Gordon. They were informed that he was working at a house which he was building as a winter residence. They then went towards the place. Eight of the men concealed themselves, while the ninth went further down, to inveigle Mr. Gordon into the trap thus laid for his destruction. He had unfortunately sent all the boys away to gather grass for the roof of the new house, and was unattended, when Narabu Leet walked up to him and asked for some calico for himself and others of the party, who, he said, were waiting at the Mission-house. Mr. Gordon took up a piece of board, and wrote with charcoal, "Give these men a yard

of cotton each." This he gave to the savage, and told him to take it to Mrs. Gordon, who would give him what he wanted. The savage then induced Mr. Gordon to go with him, and he started up the hill, followed by the native. On arriving at the ambush, Narabu Leet buried his tomahawk in Mr. Gordon's spine. He immediately fell, uttering a loud cry. Narabu Leet then gave another stroke on the right side of the neck, which almost severed the head from the body, and others rushing from their concealment, quickly cut the poor victim to pieces. While this tragedy was being enacted, another native ran towards the Mission-house, and Mrs. Gordon, who had been alarmed by the fiendish yells and laughter of the savages, ran out, and standing near the outhouse, she asked Ouben what all the noise was about. He laughed, and said, "Nothing; it is only boys amusing themselves." She said, "Where are the boys?" and turned. Ouben, who had his tomahawk concealed behind his back, then struck her a blow below the shoulder-blade. She fell on the grass, and he then nearly cut her head off, and otherwise mutilated her body. Both bodies were recovered and buried.

Literary Notices.

SEA-SIDE DIVINITY.

Sea-side Divinity. By the Rev. ROBERT W. FRASER, M.A., Author of "Scientific Wanderings," &c. &c. With Illustrations. London: James Hogg and Sons. 1861.

WHILE the title of this volume is clearly a misnomer, the work itself is replete with instruction and interest. Whatever may be the marine phenomena connected with our own shore, or with the shore of other lands, such phenomena are wholly insufficient of themselves to make up the science of Divine things. They may form a branch—and an invaluable branch, too—of natural theology, but nothing more; and to this department of human inquiry the volume before us is no mean contribution. And since the author thinks "no study is better calculated to strengthen our corporeal and mental faculties, or to recruit them when wearied or overtaxed, than that of the natural history of the sea-shore;" and since he conceives that "the objects themselves which we study have in them much that is wholesome to the 'moral and intellectual powers,' that which ministers 'in no small degree to the health and vigour of the mind,' our readers cannot do better than take a ramble with our author along the beach, "to consider the aspect, the character, and the structure of our sea-shores." The fifth chapter, which is entitled "The Ocean," is one of peculiar interest. After dwelling upon the aspect of the ocean, as presenting one of the most magnificent spectacles on which the eye can rest—its extent, its relation to rivers and lakes—the medium of intercourse which it offers with other and far off nations—its depth, colour, saltness, and circulation—he asks:—

What relation has the coral-building polype to the circulation of the sea? Out of the sea-water this little creature has the power—a power in itself marvellous—of extracting the lime necessary to the building it is to erect. It secretes this substance, no doubt, for its own individual use; but in so doing it is accomplishing a grand design of Him, who originated the economy of the globe we inhabit. It cannot be doubted that the secretion of lime from the sea-water by the act of myriads of polypes at the same instant, must lessen the specific gravity of the water with which they are in contact, and from which they extract one of its constituent parts. Whatever the actual weight of the lime thus secreted may be—and it may, in the construction of one reef alone, amount to thousands of pounds in a day—that weight is so much abstracted from the water, which being thus lighter than the strata of water over it, rises upwards to the surface, and is replaced by water heavier, saltier, and charged with the lime required by the little reef-builder for the work, which he could not carry on if the water he had deprived of its lime remained around him without being replaced by a new supply. Thus the marine insect may have a very important office to perform in the circulation of the ocean waters, and the function the polype thus discharges is not accidental. It is exercised by the design of Him who gave the creature its power to secrete the lime, and the instinct with which to labour.

We must not multiply quotations, but refer our readers to the volume itself, which, we can assure them, will well repay careful perusal.

A Brief Memorial of the late Rev. Henry Townley, of High-bury Place; including the Address at the Grove, by the Rev. A. BAILEIGH; and a Report of the Funeral Sermon, by the Rev. H. ALLON. Reprinted from the Islington Times. London: G. J. Stevenson, Paternoster Row. 1861.

This production is, we presume, the harbinger to some larger and more acceptable memoir of a life so replete with striking incident as was that of the late Henry Townley—a life bound up with the cause of Christian missions and unwearied philanthropy.

The Omnipotence of Loving-kindness; being a Narrative of the Results of a Lady's Seven Months' Work among the Fallen in Glasgow. London: James Nisbet and Co.

This book is full of encouragement to those who "go out into the highways and hedges" bearing the message of salvation. We hope that the lady whose remarkable success is here recorded will find many imitators.

Six Steps to Honour; or, Great Truths Illustrated. By the Rev. H. P. ANDREWS. London: Dean and Son.

THE difficulty of writing a really amusing and yet instructive children's book is fully recognised by Mr. Andrews, and it seems to have been met in this instance with considerable success. The book is readable, and inculcates sound principles.

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS ASSOCIATED WITH THE
CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

SEPTEMBER 29.

ST. MICHAEL.—This day is entitled in the calendar, "The Festival of St. Michael and all the Holy Angels." The application of the word *Saint* to the Archangel Michael originated in the reign of Constantine the Great, who erected a magnificent church, about four miles from Constantinople, and dedicated it to Michael. In the Romish Calendar this festival is rigidly enforced, the observance having been decreed in the year 606 A.D., by Pope Boniface III. It is commonly called Michaelmas Day, and serves as the line of demarcation between the Summer and Autumnal divisions of the year, and is the appointed day for the collection of rents, &c.

GUSTAVUS VASA was the champion of Protestantism, and succeeded in establishing that religion throughout his Empire. Sweden had, from the year 1397, become a dependence of the Crown of Denmark, by virtue of the treaty of Calmar. The cruel persecutions and oppressions inflicted on this noble and industrious race of people by Christian, King of Denmark and Sweden, are unhappily matter of history, and too harrowing to recapitulate; but, after many years of fruitless struggles for emancipation, Gustavus Vasa and his heroic band of mountaineers vanquished Christian, and after besieging Stockholm three times, compelled him to withdraw to Denmark. The grateful people at once placed the regal sceptre in the hands of their liberator, Gustavus, under the title of Stadtholder, who signalled his ascension to power by establishing Protestantism as the religion of the country. He ruled his subjects with moderation and wisdom for upwards of thirty-three years, and died, 1560; having gained such an ascendancy in their hearts, that, to this day, his name is held in the highest veneration by every Swede.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD, one of the first pioneers of Methodism, and, for some considerable time, the faithful coadjutor of the Wesleys, died at Newburyport, Massachusetts, 29th September, 1770, aged fifty-six. He was born at Gloucester, and received his education at the grammar school of that city, removing from thence to Pembroke College, Oxford, at the age of eighteen. There he first formed an acquaintance with Charles and John Wesley, and several other young men under religious impressions, who lived "by rule and method," and were therefore called "Methodists." Whitefield soon fell in with their habits, and eventually declared himself one of their number. When he was only twenty-one years of age, he was ordained deacon, (by special consent of the bishop), two years before the prescribed age of ordination, and his preaching soon created such an unparalleled sensation (amongst the industrial and middle classes especially), that very frequently crowds of not less than 18,000 or 20,000 stayed to hear the glad tidings of the Gospel from his lips. So great was his fame in London, that, on occasions when he was announced to preach, long before day-light, on the Sunday morning, the streets used to be filled with continuous streams of people, with lanterns in their hands, going to the place appointed. Wherever he went, whether in England, Ireland, Wales, Scotland, or America, his fame preceded him, and the blessing and power of the Almighty followed him, driving his words home to hundreds of thousands of his hearers. His views on certain doctrinal points differed from those of the brothers Wesley. He therefore, with the most perfect Christian harmony and brotherly love, separated from them, and formed a Calvinistic Methodist congregation, assembling for worship in an impromptu roughly-built shed, which he graphically described as "The Tabernacle." Hence are derived the present designation of the Chapels in Moorfields and the Tottenham Court Road. For many years he was engaged in preaching alone for sixty hours per week. At last he was thoroughly worn out; and when expostulated with by his friends on the subject, remarked, "I had rather wear out than rust out!" Hume pronounced him the most ingenious preacher he had ever heard, and said it was worth going twenty miles to hear him. His discourses bore the character of earnest, forcible eloquence, vehemence of passion, a fervent and melting charity, and an earnestness of persuasion, which produced the most extraordinary effect upon all ranks and descriptions of people. As an illustration of this we have the testimony of Benjamin Franklin. "I happened to attend one of his sermons," said he, "which finished with a collection; and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, some silver, and a few pistoles of gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and gave the copper; another stroke of oratory made me ashamed of myself, and I gave up the silver; and he concluded so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all."

SEPTEMBER 30.

REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES DIED, 1859.—This eminent servant of God, who sustained the pastorate of Carr's-lane Chapel, Birmingham, for fifty-six years, and who also filled the office of chairman of the Congregational Board of Education, was Principal and President of Spring-hill College for many years (1842–1858); originated and led the Evangelical Alliance movement in the provinces; established a general Protestant Evangelical Union; in 1853, proposed and ultimately effected the printing and distribution of two million Bibles throughout China; and distinguished himself so greatly by his industry, eloquence, and earnestness as an author, that there is room to doubt in which sphere he

proved the most useful to the cause of Christ. His "Anxious Enquirer" has made numberless converts to Christianity, and has proved an equal solace to the afflicted, as a means of awakening to the sinner. He subsequently published "The Earnest Ministry," "The Church in Earnest," and about forty other pamphlets, sermons, and treatises on that everlasting and exhaustless theme, "Christ and His Church," and other kindred subjects. The precepts he preached were well and faithfully illustrated by his exemplary conduct as a Christian and a pastor; and during a highly useful and arduous life, extending over seventy-four years, he was an invaluable blessing to his family, those immediately connected with him by kinship, and all who worshipped with him at the throne of grace. His death-bed was a striking example of that holy calmness and peace which naturally results from a constant communion with God, and a life of faith and prayer. He was taken ill rather suddenly on the evening of Friday, the 29th of September, 1859, and about seven o'clock on the following morning entered into the "rest which remaineth for the people of God."

ST. JEROME, one of the fathers of the Christian Church, died in the year 420. He was famous for his extensive learning, his great eloquence, and his simple piety. He travelled through the principal cities of Asia Minor, and then returned to Jerusalem, where he retired to a monastery, and devoted the remainder of his life to study. His most celebrated works are his "Treatise on the Lives and Writings of the Elder Christian Fathers," the Commentaries on the Prophetic Books of the Old Testament, the Gospel of St. Matthew, and several of St. Paul's Epistles, and a complete translation of the Old and New Testament into Latin.

POPE PIUS V. died in 1572. He it was who issued the famous bull, absolving the subjects of Queen Elizabeth from their allegiance, on account of her defiance of his authority.

LUTHER maintained his ninety-five propositions at Wittenburg, in the year 1517. By the publication of these simple propositions, the success of the great Reformation was decided. Though Tetzel and his colleagues lost no opportunity of insulting or intimidating him, yet in Spalatin, Melancthon, the Elector of Saxony, and those brave men who dared to avow in the face of assembled Europe their attachment to the reformed doctrines, Luther found ample consolation and encouragement.

OCTOBER.

ORIGINALLY, as its name implies, October was the eighth month, the year beginning in March. The calendars of Numa, Julius Caesar, &c., &c., fixed its position as the tenth. Domitian, the tyrant, took upon himself to give this month his own name, but on his death its prior appellation was restored. The senate called it *Faustinus*, in compliment to the wife of the emperor Antoninus, Faustina. Our Saxon ancestors surnamed it "*Wyn-monat*," "*Wyn*" signifying wine; they also called it "*Winter-fulleth*."

OCTOBER 1.

DEDICATION of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, 1240.

JOHN ALOOCK, Bishop of Ely, founder of Jesus College, president of Wales, and Chancellor of England, died in the year 1500.

THE REV. JAMES FORDYCE, a popular and eloquent preacher in connection with the national Church of Scotland, died in the year 1798. He was born in 1720, at Aberdeen, and educated there. He became minister of Brechin; afterwards of Alloa, near Stirling, and subsequently, in 1762, of Monkwell-street, London. He wrote several excellent moral and religious works, some of which still remain popular. His addresses to the young were specially marked by fervour, simplicity, and earnest thought. He died at Bath in 1798.

ST. REMIGIUS (the great Apostle of the French, or, as he has been called, the second St. Paul) was born in the year 439. His talents, learning, and sanctity combined, rendered him so popular that, at the early age of twenty-two, he was chosen Archbishop of Rheims, contrary to the established regulations of the Church. He was the means of converting the French Emperor, Clovis, to the Christian religion.

OCTOBER 2.

FORMATION OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—This Society was established in the year 1792 by a small knot of earnest ministers of the Baptist denomination, who assembled privately at Kettering, Northamptonshire, after the ordinary anniversary meeting then held there. The names of the promoters were the Revs. John Ryland, Reynold Hogg, William Carey, John Sutcliff, Andrew Fuller, Abraham Greenwood, Edward Sharman, Joshua Burton, Samuel Pearce, Thomas Blundell, William Heighon, John Eayres, and Joseph Timms, the first five being constituted a committee; and they came to a solemn and unanimous resolution "to act together in society for the purpose of propagating the Gospel among the heathen." From that period to the present time this Society has been actively engaged in establishing missions in Calcutta, Dacca, Monghir, Patna, Benares, Agra, Delhi, Poonah, Ceylon, China, Jamaica, Trinidad, the Bahamas, Haiti, Africa, and France. In India the Society maintained, at the commencement of 1861, 82 missionaries, 84 native preachers, 67 churches, 10 stations, and 63 schools—there being 250 European, and 7,636 native members, and 2,330 scholars. In the other districts the missions are in active and successful working. Besides the missionary labours performed by the Society's agents, the committee have printed and distributed 366,350 copies of the Scriptures during the Society's existence.

OCTOBER 3.

ROBERT BARCLAY, an eminent Scotch writer, and one of the early members of the Society of Friends, died in the year 1690. In his youth he was inclined to embrace Roman Catholicism, but his father's conversion to the views of the Friends was speedily followed by that of his son Robert. He shared with his new brethren all the persecutions and ill-will so lavishly bestowed on the Friends by both the religionists and anti-religionists of that period; and, in order to disabuse the public mind of a great many errors and misapprehensions which prevailed, wrote and published a work called "Truth cleared of Calumnies." This was followed by "A Catechism and Confession of Faith;" and afterwards by "The Apology for the Quakers"—a masterly and faithful exposition of their tenets. In Robert Barclay the Society of Friends had an honest, clear-headed, uncompromising advocate; and his "Apology" is now esteemed a standard exponent of their doctrines, and has been translated into and published in many of the European languages. In 1682 he was appointed governor of East Jersey, in North America, by the proprietors; but having obtained a charter from Charles II., in 1679, erecting his lands at Ury into a barony, he settled there with his family, and died on October 3rd, 1690.

FREDERICK WARNER, an English divine, died in 1768. He was distinguished for the number and versatility of his writings, which embrace "A System of Divinity and Morality, compiled from the most eminent English Divines of the Church of England," in 5 vols.; "The Ecclesiastical History of the Eighteenth Century;" "Memoirs of the Life of Sir Thomas More;" "The History of Ireland;" "The History of the Rebellion and Civil War in Ireland," &c. &c.

OCTOBER 4.

JOHN WESSELIUS, a Dutch ecclesiastic, died in 1489. His learning and abilities were so great that they attracted the notice of Pope Sixtus IV., who sent for him to Rome, and, when he came before him, offered to give him whatever he should ask. He replied that the desire of his life was to possess a Greek and Hebrew Bible from the library of the Vatican. He rejected preferment or emolument, satisfied that in the possession of God's Word he had a treasure beyond all price. Wesselius is by some called the forerunner of Luther; but there is this difference between the two—Luther attacked the entire foundations of the Roman Catholic system, whereas Wesselius only wrote against particular doctrines, such as purgatory, the ban, indulgences, &c. &c. His works are numerous, and all bear more or less upon the errors of the Romish Church.

THE FIRST EDITION OF THE WHOLE BIBLE, in the English language, being the translation of Miles Coverdale, published in 1535. It was dedicated to Henry VIII., and formed a folio volume. It was supposed to have been printed at Zurich. It was the first English Bible allowed by royal authority. The Psalms in it are those now used in the Book of Common Prayer. Subsequently, the French printers, their English employers, and Coverdale himself were summoned before the Inquisition, and the remaining impression, comprising 2,500 copies, was seized and committed to the flames. The avarice of the officer to whose care they were committed, however, preserved some few copies, which were sold to a haberdasher for the purpose of wrapping up his wares. The third centenary of the printing of the first English Bible was generally celebrated in all the chapels and churches throughout England, in the year 1835, by special thanksgiving and memorial services, and in that and the preceding year, a depot was established at Brussels, and societies for the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures were organised and put in active working at Antwerp and Ghent.

SAMUEL HORSLEY, Bishop of St. Asaph, a distinguished and learned prelate, died in 1806. His writings were numerous, and principally of a controversial character; the principal being his attack on "Man's Free Agency," in opposition to Dr. Priestley. Bishop Horsley, in a series of seventeen letters, gave a spirited rejoinder to Dr. Priestley's arguments, and they now rank high amongst the standard theological works of the Established Church.

OCTOBER 5.

THE GREGORIAN YEAR, 1582.—The Gregorian, or new style, commenced in Spain, Portugal, and part of Italy, this day being accounted the 15th. During Caesar's reign the vernal equinox had been observed on the 25th of March, but by the time of the Nicene Council it had gone back to the 21st. The cause of the error was not then known, but in 1582, when the equinox happened on the 11th of March, it was thought proper to give the calendar its last correction. Accordingly, Pope Gregory XIII. directed ten days to be suppressed in the month of October, and the fifth of that month reckoned as the fifteenth. To prevent the seasons receding in time to come, it was ordered that one day should be added to every fourth or bissextile year as before; but the error of this arrangement, known as the Julian method of intercalation, having been found to amount to three days in 400 years, it was directed that the intercalations should be omitted in all the centennial years except those which are multiples of 400. Thus the year 1600 was a leap year; but the years 1700, 1800, and 1900 are ordinary years; 2000 will be a leap year, and so on. This renders the present calendar (for time computation) as nearly correct as possible. The true solar year consists of 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 49.82 seconds; and the Gregorian year exceeds the solar year by 22.38 seconds, which amount to a day in 3866 years. We need not describe the arrangements which have been suggested for remedying an error at so great a distance of time.

THE QUIVER.

INSPIRATION.

INSPIRATION is the communication of supernatural knowledge (i. e., knowledge emanating from the Deity), together with such qualifications as may be necessary for imparting it to others.

Man, as he now exists, possesses no medium of communication with other worlds; his faculties are adapted to his present circumstances, and constitute a medium of communication with the world assigned to him for his habitation, and the source of his knowledge.

All knowledge acquired through these means may be called natural; that obtained in any other way, supernatural.

It is inconceivable to us how ideas could otherwise be lodged in the mind, but the possibility must be admitted by all who admit the existence of God; they at least must admit the possibility of such knowledge being given, and that it is accompanied with a consciousness of the source from which it arises.

The consciousness of inspiration can only be possessed by the inspired person, but its existence or reality may be proved to others by other evidence, besides that of immediate or individual experience.

The phenomenon is a psychological one, known as such to the inspired person alone, but the inspiration may, as a fact, be demonstrated to others. The predictions of the prophet prove his inspiration to those witnessing their fulfilment. The nature of the knowledge also, irrespective of prophecy, may go far towards proving inspiration. If it be such knowledge as we have never known to be obtained by the unassisted exercise of the natural faculties, and accompanied by a control over Nature hitherto unknown, then the presumption of supernatural influence becomes exceedingly powerful.

Inspiration implies truth; an inspired doctrine, narrative, or argument, is a true doctrine, a faithful narrative, and a sound argument.

Whatever is comprised in these heads is implied, when we speak of an inspired man. An inspired book is, of course, a work, or collection of works, written by men so endowed. Throughout Christendom the Bible is considered in this character, and distinguished from other books by the emphatic designation, "the Word of God."

The application of the term to written productions has occasioned a variety of opinions, both as regards the nature of the inspiration and the extent of aid afforded.

The different theorists, however, sometimes differ so little that it is no slight task to distinguish the one from the other. Perhaps they may be reduced to three classes. 1st. The advocates of the verbal theory. 2nd. Those who contend simply for the revelation of important truths, and such superintendence as might be necessary for their communication, but reject the dictation of language, or any further restriction respecting the imagination, &c., of the author than accurate delivery required. 3rd. Those who do not claim anything like intellectual infallibility for the inspired, nor regard inspiration so much as an enlightening of the understanding as a sort of spiritual influence pervading the whole moral nature of man, strengthening the affections and sympathies, producing clear perceptions of the ties that bind man to man, and constitute a bond of fraternity and of relationship to God as the Father of all. This sort of inspiration, it is said, unlike the other, is communicable to all, can be felt by all, and when experienced carries in itself the assurance of its truth.

With reference to the verbal theory, as held by Haldane, he only claims it for the original copies; other writers, however, hold the verbal theory in a somewhat modified form, approaching very nearly to the second class, only maintaining a partial dictation of language. Indeed, the first two classes seem to have the same idea of the thing itself, and to differ only in their estimate of the aid afforded and other unimportant circumstances. Both assume that infallibility is involved in inspiration; so that the contents of the Bible must be true, the writings of different authors consistent, and any important discrepancy would be fatal to the claim of inspiration.

Respecting the third theory, it appears obvious to remark that such an inspiration as may be felt by all

must be a simply natural influence, and could not therefore constitute any proof of supernatural interposition. On this theory no distinctive credential of revelation was possible. Nor could it relieve us one whit from the difficulty of apprehending the *modus* of supernatural communication. In this respect the natural and the supernatural are alike inscrutable, and since it is impossible to distinguish the true revelation from the pretended one, except by the presence or absence of miraculous power, this, and this alone, must form the final and decisive credential of Divine commission. We refer the knowledge of Moses to a Divine origin, not simply because we cannot conceive how he could get it in any other way, but because of the concurrent possession of supernatural knowledge and power. Without the credential of physical miracle, we can have no certainty of Divine commission. It is not necessary that we should be inspired to know the miraculous phenomenon as a fact. Though we may know nothing of the supernatural causation in its proper character, we are competent to a knowledge of the fact. We need not be inspired in order to believe in the inspiration of another, and this question of fact is the only one of importance to us. We may be deceived, it may be objected. So we may, and there is no help for it. Time and experience alone may enable us to distinguish the false miracle from the true one, but this liability exists in respect of natural and supernatural phenomena alike. Columbus, when he wished to extort supplies from a band of savages, was able, by his knowledge of astronomy, to predict an eclipse of the moon. These savages, believing him a being of supernatural power, surrendered their stock. We know that neither Columbus's knowledge nor power was supernatural. When we may be able thus to explain the fact of Christ's resurrection, and all the rest of the alleged miracles recorded in Scripture, it will be time enough to surrender our faith in their supernatural character. Science explains how Columbus imposed upon ignorant savages. When it explains the resurrection of Lazarus, we may then give up, but not until then, that credential of supernatural power. Our faith in the reality of a supernatural event does not require to be sustained by a continuous succession of supernatural means of authentication. The sensible demonstration necessary to establish the fact of a miracle to an eye-witness, is not necessary to its continuous authentication. The miraculous event once demonstrated to the senses of those who witness it, is left to stand out in its supernatural character, while the common faculty of credence, and the ordinary historic credential, suffice to conserve its original authenticative force throughout all subsequent times. But continuous supernatural authentication would destroy the unique character in which consists its attestative value as proof of extraordinary interposition. The original extraordinary event itself would sink in its distinctive evidential power, in proportion to the continuous repetition of the extraneous process of authentication, and thus become at last only the first of a series equally extraordinary in their character.

Every individual miracle must thus be authenticated by a distinct series of miracles, and the authority of the first, or any subsequent one of the series, become dependent upon the unbroken continuity of the chain of supernatural demonstration to the end of time. How much more consonant with reason to suppose that the first miracle once wrought, its continuous authority should be left to the ordinary modes of verification to all those not witnessing its performance: and such is the method actually ordained by the Divine wisdom for upholding the supernatural attestative credential of the original miracle. No other can be rational or feasible as a means of continuous verification, and this is at once reasonable and sufficient.

Inspiration is the communication of supernatural knowledge, supernaturally attested once for all, and upheld in its attestative sufficiency by an interminable concatenation of natural means and provisions. This is the doctrine of Reason and Scripture. Reason, having tested the claim to Inspiration set forth on behalf of Scripture, and having admitted the justice of that claim, has discharged the duty which of right devolved upon her; and henceforth the Inspiration of Holy Writ, by virtue of its all-wise and holy origin, becomes the guide to Reason, and thus Inspiration in its results confers the noblest boon on man next to man's eternal welfare.

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGES AND OF MAN.

II.

We have already given some reasons for believing that all men were, from the beginning, endowed with the gift of speech. For instance, all men think, and wish to express their thoughts, and we cannot imagine a lengthened period, during which they were unable to utter what they thought. Again, all men have the organs of speech, and it would be absurd to suppose, that, as rational creatures, they did not discover the use of those organs for ages. Again, all men have what we may call the religious faculty, and it is not likely that God left men for long generations without the ability to express their religious sentiments by articulate sounds. Again, all other animals rise to the level of their nature, and exercise all their faculties in accordance with that nature; and it would be contrary to all analogy, to suppose the case was different with the first men. There is no instance on record, of any race of creatures receiving or developing a new faculty. Individuals can be trained, and a species may be physically improved by artificial means, but nothing more; and when the culture is withdrawn, the species relapses to its original condition. But, as culture adds no new faculty, the neglect of it takes none away. For instance, a parrot may be taught to speak, but it would not understand the value of the acquirement, and would not teach its companions if it were sent back into the woods. Its posterity would have no advantage beyond other parrots. This bird may have organs of speech to some extent, and a considerable power of imitation, but neither of these is sufficient to secure the permanence and propagation of language among the rest of its kind. A dog or a cat may enjoy the fire, but would no more add fuel to keep it burning, than it would light a fire for itself. In such cases, the animal obtains advantages, the nature and value of which it neither understands itself nor communicates to others. And besides, it owes these very advantages to the superior skill and care of others.

Now those who want to carry back the origin of man to a period countless ages since, want to show that with all his natural superiority over the brutes, he was in one respect inferior to them. They all had their appropriate language, as we may term it, but he had not. Probably the same persons would willingly admit that by the operation of some secret law or force, men were developments of the monkey tribe. The descendants of some individual gorillas for example, were men, whose offspring were also men, while the offspring of all other gorillas remained such, and have continued such to this day. According to this theory, the true Adam was the son of a monkey, and the true Eve the daughter of a monkey. Both alike were almost without reason, and quite without speech. How much more dignified and philosophical the Bible account! "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." How much more truthful the Bible narrative, which represents man as endowed with speech from the beginning; for we read that Adam not only received messages from God before Eve was created, but actually gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field. Finally, we may observe that if the gift of speech had not been originally possessed by men, we should expect to find at least authentic traces of tribes who were without it. But there neither is nor ever was known a nation of dumb men, and there is no tradition of the time when any nation first learned to speak.

The Bible tells us that before the flood all men spake the same language. Some, however, think that this was not the case, but that different tribes invented languages for themselves, quite independently of each other. How do they prove this? Not at all. They can, at most, only say that now, and as far back as we can go in the history of nations, differences of language have prevailed. They may say that these differences are so great, that they cannot have had a common origin. They may add, that changes in language are constantly going on, and that some nations have given up one language and adopted another. All very true, no doubt; but no proof that the Bible is not correct. With regard to what that venerable Book says, it can neither be proved nor disproved; and the most we can say is, that we believe it. Our belief is, however, not without reason. We believe it because it is the most ancient record of those primeval times; because it has not been found false in other cases; and because of its truly sacred character. Nor can we imagine any motive which should prompt the historian to palm a fiction upon us for truth. We are able to go even further than this. Some of the most eminent writers in this department plead for the original unity of human languages. This view is maintained by Klaproth, by A. Von Humboldt, and by F. Schlegel. That accomplished philologist, Max Müller, maintains that nothing requires us to admit different independent beginnings for the material elements of the Turanian, Shemitic, and Arian branches of speech. He says that it is possible even now to point out radicals, which, under various changes and disguises, have been current in these three branches ever since their first separation. In other

terms, there are words which are essentially alike in all the great divisions of language, and these words have been used by them all from the beginning. The changes and disguises which these words have undergone have not prevented the philological detectives of the nineteenth century from identifying them. How will Mr. Crawford and his school dispose of this fact? They will, perhaps, suppose it is all the result of accident; but we are equally free to suppose it is not, and our supposition is as probable as theirs. Perhaps they will say there is something in nature which makes men adopt certain sounds for certain ideas and objects; and we admit that in some cases it is true, but by no means in all. There are certain interjections which can be explained on this principle, but there are many other expressions for which no such reason can be discovered. Max Müller goes further yet, and says we are not inquired to admit different independent beginnings for the formal elements of the Turanian, Shemitic, and Arian branches of speech. By formal elements he means the additions which words receive, and the changes to which they are liable in certain cases. Thus the radical *form*, as a verb in English, is written, *forms, formeth, formed*; in other parts of speech it becomes *formal, formality, formation*, &c. These formal elements are exceedingly numerous, and not all alike in any two languages; and yet they are so linked together that they form a chain which binds all dialects together. When we consider how fugitive and arbitrary words appear, we cannot but regard this fact as something wonderful. It is not adduced as a demonstration that all languages were originally from one source, but to show that the idea is not opposed by modern science. We can readily understand, as Max Müller again says, how individual influences, and the wear and tear of language have produced the different systems of grammar which are found in Europe and Asia. Comparative philology therefore teaches us that the human race may have had a common origin, by teaching that human language may have had a common origin. The truth is, that five thousand years is time enough to account for many changes and differences in language, and the marvel is that any fragments of primeval similarity should exist at all. We say fragments of primeval similarity, but perhaps it would have been better to say traces or indications; because the radicals and formal elements which resemble one another are not always identical in their present state. We have already pointed to the fact that a letter may undergo a change in passing out of one language into another, so that in order to identify words, we must have recourse to what we may call the doctrine of equivalents. This doctrine of equivalents is very beautiful, and the changes to which it gives rise are so uniform and systematic that they may be predicted with absolute certainty in a great variety of cases; in other cases the change may be less restricted, but it will always be within certain limits. But more of this another time.

At present, then, we have arrived at this point, that the Bible says all men spoke but one language for many generations, and that modern science says we are fully justified by recent researches, in accepting the Biblical declaration. We must, however, say a few words about that primitive language, and here let our first utterance be to warn our readers against philological quackery and baseless assumption. This is important, because it is at precisely this point that false systems are apt to originate; and by assumption here, that they impose upon the ignorance, credulity, or prejudices of men. There lies before us a book, which speaks of the "close connection which all languages have with each other," which the author has not proved by his petty lists of examples from Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English. But, adds the writer, "the Hebrew is the source from which they all take their rise, by which they are all modelled, and it is the parent of them all." Once master the Hebrew—not a very difficult task—and the mastery of every other language is easy of attainment; for they are only modifications of the one great and Divine original, the Hebrew, which was inspired of God himself in our first parents in Paradise, so that no Israelite has a right to arrogate its appropriation to himself, for that is the vehicle of Divine revelation, and the common language of man." This absurd passage is from beginning to end a tissue of misstatements, and we cannot wonder that such a writer should deny the confusion of tongues altogether. Nevertheless, the opinion here expressed, that Hebrew was the primitive language, is one that has been extensively held. It may have been; but there is no proof that it was. Some of the Germans have defended this opinion, as Hävernick, Scholz, and Baumgarten; and among ourselves it has been advocated by Dr. Pye Smith and other distinguished writers. They do not, however, all maintain that it was the Hebrew exactly as we have it now, but rather that it was a language very nearly resembling the Hebrew. The reasons which influence them are principally these; that the Hebrew was so well adapted for primitive times, and that the proper names which have come to us from before the flood, are Hebrew in their form. It will appear at once that these arguments are not demonstrative, because other languages are suitable for a low state of civilisation, and because the

proper names may be translations. The Bible says nothing upon the subject; and yet we admit that the claim of the Hebrew is better supported than that of any other existing language. More than this we cannot say.

The only other rival claimant to the honour of being the primeval language is the Chinese, or rather some other language which the Chinese most closely resembles. This opinion is strongly maintained by many modern writers, and is mainly based upon the fact that the Chinese is a monosyllabic language, and upon the supposition that the monosyllabic character of the original language is more probable than any other. But these reasons do not satisfy us, because the natural progress of languages is not by any means from simplicity to complexity, but the contrary, as we shall have occasion to show. In the meantime, we can only affirm one fact, which is, that both the Bible and the researches of philologists lead us to believe that in the beginning there was but one language among men. Such as Mr. Crawford, therefore, set themselves in opposition both to the Bible and to science, when they affirm that the languages of men have always been different, and had no common origin. They are equally at fault in proclaiming that man existed for countless ages, without any articulate speech whatever. They are also wrong in their belief that the formation of languages is something arbitrary, and necessarily the work of a long period of time. With reference to this latter point, we have already said that, as a rule, the farther back we can trace any language the more minute and complex it is in its structure, and that it becomes smoother and more simple with the lapse of time.

Such inquiries are admirably adapted to confirm our faith in the short but expressive declarations of the Scripture, and encourage us to expect that the more intelligently and scientifically it is studied, the more its invariable truthfulness will be manifest.

We have not yet gone into the question raised by the eleventh of Genesis as to the confusion of tongues, but we have shown that existing languages can be reduced to a few classes, and that all these contain elements which point to a period when "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech." We shall return to the subject.

THE ELEMENTS.

ABOUT two hundred years ago, a German chemist spoke of his brethren in the following brief, laconic terms:—

"They are a strange class of mortals, impelled by an almost insane impulse; who seek their pleasure among smoke, vapour, poisons, and poverty."

This idea of chemistry still widely prevails. People still regard it as a chaos of distillation, combinations, precipitations, and explosions, perpetrated by the dirty genius of the laboratory, or a concern of the doctors, associated with blue, yellow, and red globes, standing in a window with a light behind them.

Nevertheless, there is another phase of the subject; our sentimental German goes on to say:—

"Yet, among all these evils, I seem myself to live so happily that I would not change places with the Persian king."

To those who have surrendered themselves with true enthusiasm to these subjects, there arises such an interest, such an indescribable fascination, as is rarely found in other pursuits. Why should it not be so, to a being endowed with infinite reason, and allied to the Creator? What pleasure, next to piety, can there be so serene, so profound, so satisfactory, as to thus search into the inner and secret chamber of the great temple of God? I shall be very happy to engage your attention a little while, while I discourse on some of the curious things of this science.

MODERN CHEMISTRY.

Modern chemistry tells us that all things around us are compound; stones and rocks, all our vegetable productions, all the endless materials of nature, are composed of a few ingredients. The chemist subjects all kinds of matter to experiment and analysis, and thus separates them and brings them into simple forms; and when he can push the operation no further, he calls the last subjects produced—*elements*. The elementary bodies are those which have hitherto defied all attempts at decomposition. Under all trials and analyses, they come out at the end with the same powers and qualities as at the beginning—the same unchanged, ultimate, simple, indestructible *elements*.

This knowledge of the constitution of matter is the foundation of the science of chemistry, and is comparatively a recent conquest of the human mind; and the special doctrine which I am unfolding is a still later result of chemical inquiry. It is one of the last remarkable products of research, and yet it is necessary to go back and trace the historic course of human thought.

The ancient doctrine of the four elements, *fire, air, earth, and water*—of which all things in the universe were supposed to be constituted—was the first systematic idea of the kind, and may be traced back to the old Egyptians. This was their manner of speculation, their mode of putting the case. They said:—

"Here are bodies and things endowed with an endless variety of properties, and all these properties—so different, variable, and changeable—must depend on some deeper and profounder qualities. That is the important point which we are to seize upon: whether the instability of the properties

of matter and all substances of nature can be changed by addition or subtraction to the elementary qualities, as these may be removed or supplied."

The properties of all matter were held to be shifting, negative things, like the colours which the artist uses; or like the clothes which put on and off, and thus determine the aspect of the person.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

These notions are perhaps the only possible ones at first, yet they were established thousands of years, and had borne no visible, practical fruit; they afforded no such thing as a step forward, and therefore admitted no progress. They began and ended in speculation, and the first progress was yet to be inaugurated, and real science was to come into existence.

But how? This is a very curious and interesting inquiry. All physical science is the result of observation and experiment—patient observation and laborious experiment. But how could science come into being while nothing was known of the arts, contrivances, and methods by which it might be created? This was the great difficulty—how the resources were to be equal to the emergency. What incentive could be found, with force enough to start the minds of men in a new direction?

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

It was nothing else than the love of riches, the passion for wealth. It was a belief in the *philosopher's stone*—by which all common metals might be transmuted into gold. And why not? Philosophy had taught for two thousand years that the properties of matter were transferable. "Certainly," said they, "if these properties are transferable, then let us transfer to silver the properties of gold. Somewhere hereabouts is a secret of boundless wealth; let us seek and find it."

This idea fired the imaginations of men, and drove them forth with unconquerable energy to the task of exploring the earth in all directions. It is impossible to conceive of an idea so calculated to arouse the minds of men, in those ignorant and barbarous days, as that of the philosopher's stone. It could not be disproved until nature had been ransacked up and down, through and through, in order to know that the philosopher's stone did not exist; and the earth must be overhauled in every direction, and all known substances—organic and inorganic—must be examined, analysed, and experimented upon.

"The thing," said they, "must be possible; the secret is only hidden away in the recesses of nature, to be discovered as the magnificent reward of zeal, enthusiasm, and research."

But the omnipotence of the idea is not yet fully disclosed. If the metals may thus be transformed to gold, who shall limit the power of the transforming agent? and might not sickness, disease, pain, and weakness, be transformed into robust health? The philosopher's stone becomes the universal medicine, and even decrepitude and old age change to fresh and blooming youth!

All this was earnestly, intensely, and most religiously believed.

Such was the locomotive attached to the train of human progress; the track, to be sure, was not laid, the route determined on, nor the engineer forthcoming. All was darkness and mystery. Nevertheless, some two or three hundred years after the Christian era, we find the engine in readiness, the steam up, and driven by the most energetic of human passions—on over mountains and vales, over rocks and stones, with many a crash and rebound, it makes the long run of fifteen hundred years, emerging at last into the light and glory of our modern civilisation.

But, leaving alchemy, science may be regarded as establishing its great principles at the close of the last century; yet, long after this time, the ancient belief of the transmutation of metals was hardly shaken. It was a subject of discussion after the age of chemical experiences had discovered that each element has its fixed and unalterable properties. We can hardly conceive now how intimately the old notion was associated with old thought. The doctrine of intellectual identities was pretty generally received by the acceptance of Dr. Dalton's atomic theory at the beginning of the present century.

PROGRESS OF INQUIRY.

But the progress of inquiry has developed some unexpected and curious things within the last few years, which have a little startled our philosophers, and made it necessary for them essentially to modify their views of the nature of elements; for, although each element is preserved in its identity, it, on the other hand, almost seems as if they were restless and impatient of the restriction, and bound to have compensation by changing among themselves into a variety of phases. We no longer know where the chemical element is; the true physiognomy is concealed, the personality is obscure, and the changing properties are only successive disguises, which hide the real individuality.

This doubleness or tripleness of variety is termed "allotropy," the word allotropic meaning simply "another state." The word explains nothing, and the phenomena are dark and mysterious; attention was called to it by old Berzelius, of Switzerland. But we are not dealing with empty facts, or the mere barren curiosities of science, for the new phenomena have vital bearings on our physical economy, together with the otherwise unexplained mysteries of our complex and wonderful nature. To understand this, we must first examine the wonderful laws of the constitution of man. The body of a grown man presents the same aspect for a long period of time, with the exception of a few furrows in the face; the adult man does not seem to change for nearly half a hundred years.

THE GROWTH AND DECAY OF THE BODY.

But this is all apparent, for in reality there has been a rapid change, and from the earliest moment an incessant renewal of all the corporeal parts. A waterfall is permanent, but who does not know it is merely an abiding form, and is made up of watery particles in a state of swift transition? The flame of a lamp presents to us the same appearance, but its constancy of aspect is caused by a ceaseless and orderly change in the place or condition of the chemical atoms, which carry on combustion. Just so with man, when he appears an unchanging being, with an unvarying form, yet his constituent particles are for ever changing. Few persons have any conception of the rate at which changes are made in the body. An adult man requires eight hundred pounds of food to eight hundred pounds of gases. The living organisation of man thus partakes of transformation; the heart beats sixty or seventy times a minute, sending forward the whole amount of blood; the system in two minutes and a half, or twenty times a minute, then making a movement of one thousand or one thousand two hundred pounds of blood in twenty-four hours. Thomas Parr lived one hundred and fifty years, during which time he probably ate eight hundred tons of food and drank sixty tons of water; and if all the blood which passed through his heart could have been accumulated and measured at one time, forming a procession of the vehicles conveying it, each carrying a ton, such a procession would have attained the enormous length of two thousand miles. Now all this is for a purpose. The living being is a representation of change on a prodigious scale; the life, activity, susceptibility of all the multiform endowments of the bodily organism depend upon this internal transformation. All parts perish in exercise, and perish at a rate in proportion to the degree of the exercise. There are half a thousand muscles that minister to our purposes, and as each directly springs forth to do our work, hosts of their particles die. So, too, with the nerve course; strains of music pass into the sensorium; but the auditory nerve must perish, that we may revel in the delights of harmony. The impress of a beautiful scene falls upon the eye, but the nerve of the retina dies in transferring the impression of the picture upon the mind. So, too, by every emotion of the brain itself, we dissolve certain particles in the process of intellectualisation—myriads of cerebral atoms expire. Jeremy Taylor foreshadowed a great truth when he said:—

"While we think a thought we die."

Modern science amends the statement, and tells you that "because we think a thought we die."

It is said, with reference to the casualties to which man is everywhere exposed, that "In the midst of life we are in death;" but, physiologically, it is a still profounder truth, that we begin to die the moment we begin to live. And the death of the old implies the birth of the new: parts perish and are reconstructed, nutrition follows decomposition, and thus destruction and renovation are inseparably connected—are the standing terms of the vital equation.

And the mechanism of this life-medium, the blood—a ruby liquid, as it appears to the eye—by the magic of the microscope is revealed to contain a vast number of little cells or globules, so minute that five thousand of them would be required to cover the head of a small pin; yet these little bodies each seem to be an independent individual, a complex organised being, which runs a definite career—is born, grows, performs its offices, and dies with a history, just like the most perfect being.

THE ELEMENTS OF NATURE.

But what awful contrasts do the extremes of the universe present! While the real history of the celestial orbs involves durations so stupendous that they are taken as the fittest symbols of eternity, on the other hand, physiologists tell us that the little circlets of blood-drops are so transient, that twenty million of them perish at every beat of the pulse. Now, in all this remarkable facility of change, this celerity of movement, this harmonious complexity of vital transition, what would be the natural result? Clearly a large number of elements endowed with a rich variety of properties had been prepared to build up the structures of the animal kingdom. With process so multifarious and orderly, with such precise and perfect working of the whole scheme, ought we not to expect the intervention of a multitude of agencies? Yet this plausible supposition is completely reversed by the facts of the sixty elements which comprise the world around us, and which are employed in the organic world. Of all these only four comprise the bulk of all living substances; and it is they which are mainly engaged in carrying forward these transformations of the body—they take a leading and principal share in carrying the living phenomena of our globe. The nearer we approach, we see the wonderful combinations and permutations of only four elements in the organisation of all matter. What can be more amazing than that the movement of the divine harmonies—this incarnate music of creation, the very song of the morning stars, that is swelling the anthem of life, exhaustless to the end, the very symphony and diapason of God—should be included in the scale of four notes! Is it not one of those transcendent miracles of being that overwhelms the mind with never-ending astonishment?

And of these four principles, thus elected to rule the scale, the highest in the hierarchy of elements, what can be said? Much of surpassing interest. Three of them are invisible gases—real and ponderable; yet no eye has ever beheld them: they move along the border where the material world seems to fade away into the spirit land.

HYDROGEN.

First, then, is hydrogen—rarest and most ethereal of bases, the highest wind of the earth. Gravity—the arch magician,

throned in the centre of the physical realms, ruling the courses of pervading atoms and swelling storms—lays his potent wand lightest on her of all his subjects. Her established home is in the world of waters, yet she revels in the fire and swells the fierce rising flame; and her principle is, upward for ever.

NITROGEN.

Next, nitrogen, an ungainly element, apparently unsocial and indifferent to the claims of society, and declining all advance to conversation. But, beware! that is scarcely what she means. She is a dangerous and wicked coquette. She pretends to fly that she may be pursued; but woe to the successful wooer, and alas for the house into which she enters! There is treachery behind that serene placidity. Trust not that quick, lukewarm manner, that peaceful look; there is temper—fierce, implacable temper—there; and she is fickle as the wind. Persuaded to enter, she leaves the structure a heap of ruins. Where dissolution is, there is she most active. She is a certain destroyer, and as the fabric goes down in death, she leaps forth to a new and resurrected life. She is omnipresent in all explosive fulminates and in gunpowder; and the spark of fire is the key that opens her dungeon. Her carnival is the field of slaughter, and her motto is, *inconstant for ever*.

OXYGEN.

Last of the sisterhood, oxygen comes—widest distributed of all elements. Commissioned by the Creator far back in the beginning as ruler vice-royal of chaos, she is appointed to universal command of the elementary forces, with power to treat with and reduce from the chaotic to the orderly the condition of the world. She holds the globe in her embrace; her destiny is to seize upon and conquer all things to herself. Everywhere she is at work, active in every change; hastening one race to decay, so that another may spring into life—the genius of every conflagration, ever warring and subduing, her motto is, *conquest for ever*. These three elements or gases exist in almost all the twenty-eight or thirty gases known; most of which abandon their forms and change, but these never. They have been subjected to tremendous tests—experiments; many thousand pounds of pressure to the square inch have failed to make them yield. Yet, in the vegetable leaf, these three pure, invisible essences are joined to a fourth—a hard, opaque, and refractory solid; that is carbon, a fixed base. It is the foundation of living structures, a solid nucleus, around which these ethereal airs are gathered and condensed in graceful life. Who can behold this mysterious power, and not discern the wisdom and goodness of God as displayed in creation?

CARBON.

And is this the only base upon which the highest living substances are built up? Is this chemical harmony, to which I have alluded, produced on so few notes, without either flats or sharps? Certainly not. The foundations of life's changes, they are widened and made pliable by the principle of allotropism, or of variety of forms. This very carbon, which is the very hardest element known, has yet a variety of allotropic disguises, and plays quite a round of characters in the chemical drama. Thus, we have charcoal, plumbago, anthracite, and lamp-black; these are all distinct and marked forms of carbon, separated further from each other than many metals, and varying in their electricity, chemical and molecular forces. But are these sooty physiognomies to be exhibited ever? By no means. As the poor, despised coloured family may yet emerge transformed into angels of light, so our shrouded and muffled friend King Coal, or whoever he may be, drops his ebony features and bursts upon us the prince of gems, the brilliant, incomparable diamond—another of the forms of carbon! What different relations to light! While the dull charcoal covers up and almost excludes every ray of light, the flashing diamond is brilliant with light. And their relations to heat are also different; the diamond is incombustible, while charcoal burns easily; and lamp-black, another form of carbon, is so combustible that it may take fire spontaneously in the open air.

Now, we are not for a moment permitted to doubt that the elements carry their properties into the living organism. This mysterious allotropic elasticity is so formed upon them for real purposes, and we cannot explain the facts of the living system without taking it into account. Oxygen is carried into all parts of the body, and throughout its textures; and while some parts are abandoned to its action, others are saved; that which is ready is seized, but that which is not ready remains unacted upon—the selective power is exercised: some particles are taken, and others left. We may not explain how this is, but we remember that carbon has five or six phases of action, vibrating from the combustible lamp-black to the incombustible diamond.

Oxygen itself has its double; the passive or peaceful state may instantly be exalted into extraordinary intensity of effect. Carbon may enter the system in one way as lamp-black, and perhaps in another as anthracite, and perhaps still another as a diamond, and the power contained in various substances exalts common oxygen into ozone; and there is no reason to doubt that the conditions by which this change is effected may constantly occur within the vital domain.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE Christian's work is too curious to be done well between sleeping and waking; and too important to be done ill and slumbered over, no matter how. He had need to be awake that walks upon the brink of a deep river, or brow of a steep hill. The Christian's path is so narrow, and the danger is so great, that it calls for both a nimble eye to discern and a steady eye to direct; but a sleepy eye can do neither.

Short Arrows.

TROUBLESOME CHILDREN.—When you get tired of their noise, just think what the change would be should it come to a total silence. Nature makes a provision for strengthening the children's lungs by exercise. Babies cannot laugh so as to get much exercise in this way, but we never heard of one that could not cry. Crying, shouting, screaming, are Nature's lung-exercise; and if you do not wish for it in the parlour, pray have a place devoted to it, and do not debar the girls from it, with the notion that it is improper for them to laugh, jump, cry, scream, and run races in the open air. Our eye alights just now upon the following touching little scrap, written by a labourer, whose child had been killed by the falling of a beam:—

"Sweet, laughing child! the cottage door
Stands free and open now;
But, oh! its sunshine glids no more
The gladness of thy brow!
Thy merry step hath passed away,
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.
Thy mother by the fireside sits
And listens for thy call;
And slowly, slowly as she knits,
Her quiet tears downfall.
Her little handering thing is gone,
And undisturbed the may work on."

USED.—Once we marked the plan of a discourse with large letters: *Used*. As we did so we thought of the Recording Angel, who had written over that hour, in which the plan was made a medium of instruction (as we hope), *Used*. So, we thought, this angel will write over every hour, day, week, month, and year of our lives, *Used*. But how? Alas! the Judge will decide. Is an hour pleasantly passed necessarily used aright? Is a day in which we have been successful in carrying out our plans, necessarily used aright? To use this world as not abusing it, is to live so that when our Lord cometh he shall receive his own with usury. *Used*. Are all sermons written and preached such as the people can use, or can make to fit practical life? Are all sermons such as the Spirit can use? Christ's Sermon on the Mount was a sermon that was used, is used, and will be used until time shall end. But how many persons go to the house of God intending so to hear the word as to make use of it in the future? To use is life; to abuse is death. And when a person dies, how seldom can it be written on his tombstone, "He used the means of grace, and did not abuse them!" *Used* or abused will be the never-dying echo of the whole life of man in eternity. "Well done," or "depart," will be Heaven's response.

MAY AND MAY NOT.—There are many good people who are most anxious to teach their children aright. They are crowding their daily path with prohibitions, but seldom hold out a hand to help them, or point out to them the steps they may safely take. And while they are always teaching them that they must not break the Sabbath, wiser parents are teaching their children how they may keep it pleasantly and profitably. The Sabbath is to the former a day on which they must not play with their balls, carts, and so on; a day on which they must not work in the garden, must not read their story-books. To the latter, it is a day on which they may sing hymns with mother; on which they may hear father read stories out of the Bible as long as they please; on which they may seek out answers to questions, and have longer talks with father and mother about all their little trials and faults; on which they may get more comfort and help than on any other day of the week. To them it is a day of privileges; to the others, a day of prohibitions.

BACCHUS.

LAUGHING, wreath-crowned, car-borne Bacchus,

Thou'rt a myth—a sculptured lie;
Foul Intemperance hath no garland;

In his breath the leaves would die.

And in place of festal chariot,

Lo! his triumph-car, the hearse!

While—for bacchanals—behind it

Sob the victims of his curse.

In his temple, decked with ivy,

Stood, of old, the fabled god.

At his feasts, o'er the true *Demon*,

Wreaths of Bohan-Upas ned;

And the floor of his dark palace

Is with human corpses piled;

Brother slain by drunken brother,

Bloated sire and famished child.

In the cup his hand upreareth,

Sothes and bubbles liquid flame;

And around him, wild to drink it,

Through the staggering slaves of shame.

To the waving of his thyrsus

Maudlin Idioty beats time;

While stern Justice from his footstool

Drags the servitors of Crime.

And the lips of the blasphemer,

Wet with poison, chant his praise;

Even genius, god-like genius!

In his court the madman plays.

The beloved, the brave, the noble,

At his foul feet prostrate fall,

And with thrice-accursed libations,

Drown their hopes, their health, their all!

Shall his reign then be eternal,

This dark Moloch of the world?

Shall his sceptre ne'er be broken,

Nor his leprous banner furled?

Oh! let Manhood rise, God-strengthened,

A great mission to fulfil,

And smite down the fearful tempter

With the trenchant sword of Will!

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

LET the duties, the exercises, the services of God's holy Sabbath be always held by you sacred and indispensable. Let no interests, no temptations or avocations, betray you into a neglect of, or trifling with that glorious, that blessed institution; and may you always punctually attend His public worship.

Be careful that a daily intercourse be kept up between God and your own soul, by prayer, supplication, and praise. Let no engagements or attachments, however necessary or however dear, cause you to neglect this most essential business; nor ever content yourself until you have reason to believe that you are, in the Scriptural sense, a new creature.

Avoid vicious and evil company at all times and in all places, more especially such as make a mock at sin, and who jest with the sacred things of God and religion. In general, be cautious how you cultivate an acquaintance with any person whose principles or practices have a tendency to lead you off from those pure doctrines in which you have been carefully educated, and which you will prize more and more as you shall be enabled to contemplate them oftener and understand them better.

In the prosecution of business, of whatever kind you may be engaged in, exercise the utmost care, fidelity, secrecy, punctuality, and diligence. These will insure you respect and confidence with those with whom you may be connected, and at the same time cannot fail to establish a calmness and serenity in your own breast, which neither riches nor honours without them can communicate.

Let the companions of your leisure hours be few, but well chosen; and let your friendships be guarded, but sacred. Be extremely careful *whom* and *how* you admit to an intimacy; but when you have found a real friend, prize him more than silver, and value him as the finest gold. Be exceedingly careful, at all times, to say and do nothing which may wound his feelings, or alienate his affections; nor do you hearken to any reports, or easily take up any opinions against him, which may tend to mar your connection, or disunite your minds. Make every sacrifice to preserve a friend who evinces himself sincere; nor do less to break off from one who, having deceived you by a false profession, had endangered your interest, reputation, and happiness.

The writer of the above advice was unfortunately killed the day after writing this letter to his son.

WORDS OF COMFORT.

"I AM afraid," said a pious curate to his worthy rector, "you are very much fatigued?"

"I am," was the reply; "and I shall be thankful to get home. But what was your reason for the inquiry?"

"I thought possibly you might be able to call upon poor Widow Cowell on your way home. It is not much out of your way."

"It is not much out of my way, certainly; but if I were to call, I am so exhausted, I could not talk with the worthy creature."

"Never mind that. I do not wish you to talk; only, just as you pass her door, to lift up the latch, and say, 'Mrs. Cowell, Mrs. Cowell, how do you do to-night?—Good-bye; and then pass on. You need not go in.'"

"Now, my friend," said the rector, "pray tell me how that can do the poor old soul any good?"

"I will show you how I think it may do good: That poor old widow suffers greatly; her trials, both bodily and mental, are very heavy, and possibly, as night draws on, she begins to think of her privations and of her varied afflictions, and how few persons there are now to care for her; and, though a truly devout woman, her thoughts may assume a gloomy cast, and she may fear passing a distressing night, and begin to feel sad and discomforted. At this stage in her thoughts, she hears her latch raised, and a friendly voice say, in a kind tone, 'Mrs. Cowell, how are you to-night?' and all is silent. 'Bless me, says the old lady, 'who can that be? How strange, whoever it was, that he did not come in! Oh, now I know who it was—I know by his voice.' It was my dear, kind pastor, Dr. M——. Well, how funny that he did not come in! Dear Doctor! Let me consider—when did I last hear him? I remember now—and, ah! I remember well, too, what he said, and I can repeat his text. Let me see—what was it? I have it. He said, 'Casting all your care upon Him, for he careth for you.' What a comfort that is to have a Saviour who will bear our troubles! I am sure he has often borne mine, or I must have sunk under them. Bless his holy name, he never fails any that put their trust in him! I often think what mercies we enjoy, and how many, many blessings we have to be thankful for! 'Casting all your care upon Him, for he careth for you.' Her thoughts have taken a different turn; and, in place of a depressed state and a sad night, she falls asleep with her heart full of love to God for his mercies. I do not tell you that she will say those words, but some such effect may be produced."

"If, my good friend, one half of the benefit is realised, by creating a pleasing train of thought, I shall be repaid for my fatigue. I will call."

MAN AND HIS SAVIOUR.

A VERY old German author discourses thus tenderly of Christ:—"My soul is like a hungry and thirsty child, and I need his love and consolations for my refreshment; I am a wandering and lost sheep, and I need him as a good and faithful shepherd; my soul is like a frightened dove pursued by the hawk, and I need his wounds for a refuge; I am a feeble vine, and I need his cross to lay hold of and wind myself about; I am a sinner, and I need his righteousness; I am naked and bare, and need his holiness and innocence for a covering; I am in trouble and alarm, and I need his solace; I am ignorant, and I need his teaching; simple and foolish, and I need the guidance of his Holy Spirit."

"In no situation, and at no time, can I do without him. Do I pray? he must prompt and intercede for me. Am I arraigned by Satan at the divine tribunal? he must be my advocate. Am I in affliction? he must be my helper. Am I persecuted by the world? he must defend me. When I am forsaken, he must be my support; when dying, my life; when mouldering in the grave, my resurrection. Well, then, I will rather part with all the world, and all that it contains, than with thee, my Saviour; and, God be thanked, I know that thou art not too willing to do without me. Thou art rich, and I am poor; thou hast righteousness, and I sin; thou hast oil and wine, and I wounds; thou hast cordials and refreshments, and I hunger and thirst. Use me, then, my Saviour, for whatever purpose and in whatever way thou mayest require. Here is my poor heart, an empty vessel; fill it with thy grace. Here is my sinful and troubled soul, quicken and refresh it with thy love. Take my heart for thine abode; my mouth to spread the glory of thy name; my love, and all my powers, for the advancement of thy honour and the service of thy believing people. And never suffer the steadfastness and confidence of my faith to abate, that so at all times I may be enabled from the heart to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

IN TIME OF SICKNESS.

DARKER, darker, make Thy frown!
Lower, lower, press me down!
The cause I know, I know the end,
In sorrow Thou art still my friend!
Sin the cause—Oh, hateful cause!
Sin against Love's gentle laws;
The end, deliverance from its sting,
And glory to our conquering King!
Let fiercer storms then vex my soul!
Let broader billows o'er me roll!
Do all Thy will; Thou canst intend
None but a good and glorious end!
There was a time, when every woe
I dreaded as my soul's worst foe;
Sorrow now I deem a sign
That Jesus and his life are mine!

Then spare not, spare not, gracious God!
To use affliction's chastening rod;
I feel my need. Oh! well I know,
Thine mercy dealt in every blow!
I fear Thee not with slavish fear;
Thy very stripes to me are dear!
Dearer far than smiles would be
From any other Lord than Thee.
Let all Thy pleasure then be done—
Perfect the work Thou hast begun:
If by suffering, welcome pain!
By Thee inflicted, it is gain!
It is gain, though quick the smart;
It wounds at once and heals the heart!—
Wounds but to heal. Oh, welcome pain!
By Thee inflicted, it is gain!
What gain, no tongue can tell us now;
We can but faintly guess. To know,
Would be to taste the cup of love
That waits the glorified above!

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

SOME few years since, says a foreign journal, an East Indian trader was attacked while trading in the Indian Ocean by a piratical schooner, and the attack being sudden and unlooked-for, the merchantman fell an easy prey into the hands of the pirates. The captain and several of the crew were slain during the conflict, and the rest being gagged and heavily ironed, were laid in the pirates' boats for removal to their own vessel, and the murderous gang proceeded to the ship's cabin, intending there to complete the work of destruction, and see of what treasure they could possess themselves.

As they descended the companion way they heard a soft voice, evidently engaged in supplication; and the chief, directing his followers to halt at the entrance, went noiselessly forward to ascertain whence the voice proceeded. Bending low to avoid observance, he peeped into a door that stood ajar, and there knelt a fair young woman, with a beautiful boy at her side, one arm clasped caressingly around the child, and the other raised in earnest supplication. "O God of all mercy," said the beseeching voice, as the face of fearful agony met the pirate's view, "save the life of my child, if such be thy holy will; but rather let him perish now by the assassin's knife, than fall a living prey into such hands, to be trained up to a life of sin and infamy. Let him die now, if such be thy decree; but, oh! let him not live to dishonour thee, and perish at last eternally." The voice ceased, choked

with tears of agony, and there stood the pirate transfixed to the spot by the tumult of his own emotions. In imagination he was again a child; his own pious mother's prayers and instructions, for long years forgotten, rose before him, and God's Spirit sent such an arrow of conviction to his heart, that instead of carrying out his murderous designs, he sank upon his knees and cried out for mercy. After assuring the lady that no harm should be done her, he hastened to the deck, unbound the captive crew, and restoring them to their ship, returned with his men to their own. Shortly afterwards he surrendered himself to the British East India Government; but so great was the remorse he suffered for his past crimes, that before his trial came on he was attacked with fever, that in a few days proved fatal. Before his death he made a full confession of the crimes of his past life, manifesting the deepest penitence in view of his guilt, and he expired humbly trusting in Jesus for mercy and acceptance with him. Thus were his pious mother's prayers answered at last, and her erring child saved, as we may trust, even at the eleventh hour.

TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

To one who is in harmony with nature, objects the most trivial afford a pleasing and profitable subject of contemplation. I was struck with this recently, while passing the day with a young friend who seemed to have a heart overflowing with love to Jesus.

She directed my attention to an onion that she had found in the kitchen closet. "At first," said Mary, "I thought the old onion in the bottom of the basket was nothing but a mass of corruption. But, on examination, I saw that a germ of life had started from its extremity, absorbing all the air and moisture; and as the little germ increased in strength, in the same proportion the onion had decayed. By placing it carefully in the ground," she said, "I have no doubt that it will soon become a goodly plant. Then I thought of this frail, dying body, that will soon be laid aside to decay, like the dried coating of that onion. And I rejoiced that when the Christian shall put off this tabernacle of the flesh, the immortal spirit shall then be transplanted to the garden of the Lord."

This suggested a profitable train of thought to my own mind, and I remembered the words of the apostle, "For this cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things that are not seen are eternal." (2 Cor. iv. 16—18.)

AN INCIDENT AT NIAGARA.

A GOOD many years since a steamboat was accustomed to make daily trips between Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The nearest point to which she could approach the mighty cataract was Chippewa Creek, about ten miles distant, on the Canada side. One day there was a pleasure excursion, and several hundred men, women, and children, went down from Buffalo. After spending the day in all sorts of amusements—in looking upon the falls—admiring the rainbow—passing under Table Rock and behind the falling water, they gathered themselves on board of the boat, towards night, to return to their homes. By some miscalculation of the engineer, sufficient steam had not been generated, and when, after passing out of the creek, the boat met the strong, rapid current of the river, instead of going forward, she was slowly, slowly borne backward toward the dreadful cataract. The people on board, as may well be imagined, became instantly alarmed. The colour fled from their cheeks—they stood in speechless horror—the roar of the cataract sounded fearfully distinct in their ears, as slowly, slowly, they were still borne back toward it. At length the engineer bethought him of the oil with which he lubricated his machinery. He threw it into the furnace—the flames blazed up more intensely—steam was generated more rapidly—the wheels moved around with increased velocity—there was a pause, as the Titan forces were contending for the mastery. A moment more, and there was an upward movement. Now slowly, slowly, the boat passed against the current. In a short time the point of danger was passed, and a long, heavy sigh of relief broke from the bosom of every one on board.

A venerable, grey-haired man there was among them. He lifted his hat from his head, and said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "The Lord has delivered us; great is the name of the Lord. Let us pray." And down upon the deck knelt the multitude, while the heartfelt offering of thanksgiving went up to God, who had wrought for them so great a salvation. But it did not end here. The feeling which had been awakened by the near approach of death did not, with all, pass away when the danger was over, as is too often the case. Even there, on the brink of that awful precipice, many found their Saviour. A revival followed in the church to which a large number of them belonged—it was a Sabbath-school excursion—and many found peace in believing. One, a man of large wealth, dedicated much of it to God in the building of a church, as a memorial of his gratitude for being snatched from destruction, both in this life and the life to come. Thus God got unto himself glory from the carelessness—as we term it—of that engineer, through which the lives of hundreds were for the moment imperilled. He chose this way to work out his gracious purposes toward that people.

Hints' Department.

HINTS.

THE weather being unfavourable, the family did not assemble until they met at the breakfast table, when the father observed, "I was later than usual in my return home last evening. I was engaged to spend a little time with an excellent man, my neighbour, and there I had the good fortune to meet with my old friend, Dr. Latitat. This gentleman, in years gone by, held the honourable position of editor of one of the most influential of our periodicals. His amazing amount of information, his kind-heartedness, and his official position, obtained for him a large circle of acquaintance; and when conversing with him I may truly say, if clocks remind us of time, well-informed men cause us to forget it."

"Could you not, this morning, make the doctor's remarks the subject of discussion? I have no doubt," said the mother, "we shall all be benefited by the observations of a man of experience."

"It is only, my dear, the worthy doctor that can do justice to himself; I dare not attempt it. I might give you the words, but not the tone, and look, and manner, which impart zest to the subject, be it grave, or be it serious. I have yet to learn the art of transferring sparkling and effervescent wine from one vessel to another without injury. But there were some hints which he kindly gave to a young gentleman, that may be useful to ourselves."

"Then, papa," said Willie, "as variety is charming, let our subject to-day be—

HINTS.

and you shall be the speaker." To which proposition all agreed.

"I assent, with this understanding, that we are to continue our usual discussions on other days."

"In repeating these HINTS, I ought to observe that my good friend, when speaking to young persons, often adopts a quaint mode of expression, by which his remarks are retained, whereas, if they were more sedately expressed, they might be forgotten, as men forget a dream."

"The doctor was speaking of his former labours, and some one remarked that letter-writing was an enormous tax upon the time of busy men; he exclaimed, 'Letters! my dear sir, I used to say to my friends, When I am dead, write upon my tomb, "killed by the penny post." I am, it is true, alive to this day; but what would have become of me, if it had been my misfortune to be a lord chancellor? It so happened that I was a great admirer of the chancellor of my day, and his lordship, amidst a thousand better claims upon his time, was good enough to favour me with his notice, and I sometimes obtained a little knowledge of the labours of these suffering men, and I arrived at this conclusion—if idleness desires a comfortable abode, she will never find it near the woolsack. From one example, judge of many. Take the correspondence of a lord chancellor. The illustrious person to whom I alluded, from his high and influential position, could, of course, do many things, but the public always interpreted many things to mean every thing, possible and impossible, in his department, and out of it; therefore, great men known to everybody would write, and little men known to no one would do the same; good men, and good-for-little men, would all apply to him, forgetting that, although the chancellor might possess an iron constitution, he certainly did not possess days with more than the usual number of hours. What was the result? The early post brought to "Ermine House" a pile of letters; two hours after arrived another cargo; at ten o'clock, the "worthy man" proceeded to his judicial duties in court, and a goodly quantity of letters awaited him; when the court broke up, there were the letters that had accumulated during the time the court was sitting. On his lordship's return, another armful awaited his attention, which had arrived during the morning, and to these were to be added the small play of letters sent every half-hour by special messengers. In the evening, the presence of this legal dignitary was required in the House of Lords; of course, no approach to the woolsack but through a pile of letters; a few more must be gathered up when the debate closed, and, as the exhausted peer again entered "Ermine House," another handful of letters would assail him. The writers all expected their letters to be read; all looked for answers, and a vast number looked for something else. I admit our chancellors appear not to be constituted like other mortals, but human power, like time, has its limit. What is the result? Of necessity, the letters undergo a condensing process, which, alas! crushes all the flowers of rhetoric and the flowing periods; terse, well-expressed, and easily-read epistles may, perchance, escape; with respect to the rest, a score or two at a time may find their contents cleverly compressed into a half-sheet of note paper, written on the top of a hat by one of the secretaries, and to save every moment, this epitome would be written in the carriage, as the chancellor migrated from one scene of labour to another. This great man, besides his law patronage, has about 800 livings in his gift, and of course 5,000 persons anxious to obtain them for themselves or for their friends, and reams of paper are spent in eloquent pleading; all which eloquence possibly ends thus: "The Rev. W—A— asks for the living of B—; he sends fifty testimonials, all good, and offers to send one hundred and fifty more. He is recommended by Lords C— and D—, and Mr. E—, the member for the borough." The secretaries are able men and gentlemen, and do wonders with their materials; but a little reflection would tell the writers, if they wish their letters to be read, they must express themselves in the fewest words that can possibly convey their meaning."

"Well," said Walter, "if this be the fate of letters inflicted upon great men, I shall consider my Lord Bacon's definition of eloquence as the best definition of a good letter—'Thoughts packed closely.' Long, prosy letters ought to be classed under the head of 'Cruelty to animals.'"

"In the course of the evening the doctor addressed himself to a young man of more than ordinary attainments. 'A little bird has whispered to me,' he said, 'something about your labours, and the happy result of those labours. It is very probable that you will some day or other desire to give expression to your sentiments through the medium of the leading periodicals. I anticipate for you a favourable reception, but pray have mercy on the editors; their toils are often enormous, and one-half of this toil is created by the unintentional acts of their contributors.'"

"Sir," said the young man, 'you gratify me by your favourable expectation, and you will render me a personal kindness by making me acquainted with these evils. The amount of ability I may display in my writing will be too small to admit of any deduction arising from blunders. Pray speak to me as if I were a direful offender.'"

"I take you at your word," said the doctor, 'and should the public ever know what I am now whispering to you, I shall preserve many persons from annoyance, and many an editor from an unenviable state of perturbation. These are my hints:—

"If you write upon a subject upon which a hundred men already have written, your own good sense will tell you that no editor can give it a place in his periodical unless you present your subject in a novel point of view, or adduce applicable arguments hitherto unemployed, or commend your production by the powers of imagination and the vigour of your composition."

"If you are writing upon some event pertaining to Queen Anne or to George the First, it is rarely needful to go back to the creation, or to make mention of those respectable persons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Let your writings be *ad rem*. Stick to your subject, or to change the simile, when you are sporting, fire on your own grounds, and do not wander over other men's manors."

"If, for any offence you may hereafter commit, you should be given up by the Fates to write poetry, do not seek to make others sharers in your punishment by desiring them to read it. Bad prose is very trying; bad poetry is worse. Poetry may have merit, and yet not be good enough for publication. Poets are born, not bred, and it is only the poetry of poetic minds that commands attention. There are abundance of "nonsense verses" besides those produced daily at Eton and Harrow."

"When engaged in writing for the printer, do not be under the delusion that writing-paper costs three shillings a sheet, in place of three sheets for a penny. You may imagine that only simpletons fall into this error, but I assure you amazingly sensible men are guilty of strange freaks in this paper business. Pope, we are told, wrote his poems on the backs of old letters. Fielding, after expending a guinea during the carousals of the evening, in an economical spirit would write his productions on the scraps of paper in which his tobacco had been encased. When you write, you may rely upon this fact—you are not using the last sheet of paper in the kingdom; therefore write only on one side, leave a margin for emendations, and write so as to leave a space between the lines to dot an *i*, or to cross a *t*, should such be needful. At this moment I have in my possession a letter written by James Montgomery, the poet; it is large folio, written on four sides, and there is forced into that letter matter enough to fill a pamphlet. We forgive Montgomery anything, but all men are not Montgomerys."

"Let me also observe, in reference to the handwriting: write badly if you like, but pray write legibly. A celebrated barrister indulged in three kinds of writing—one kind that he could read himself, one that his clerk could read, and a third that no man on earth could read. Please not to select the third style. It is not gratifying to an editor pressed for time to open a manuscript and find the handwriting like the tracings of a spider who had escaped from the ink-bottle. Some years since, it was settled at the Post-office that so many strokes one way and so many dashes another way meant "Curtis;" and as such it passed, for no one could undertake to say this hieroglyphic was not Curtis. One man baffled all readers by his signature, which could only be compared to a very crooked corkscrew. At length it was discovered that he discarded the horizontal mode of signature, and invented the perpendicular. I have been at times obliged to cut out a signature, or an address, and affix it to an envelope, confiding in Post-office instinct. You will perhaps say to me, "But how did you dispose of the productions that were thus written?" My answer is—I breathed a wish for the improvement of the writers, and a vision passed before my mind of the housemaid and the trunk-maker, and the manuscripts disappeared. As a political economist, I rank these things under the head of "unproductive labour."

"To give you," said the doctor, turning to us, 'an idea of the injury men inflict upon themselves by adopting a mode of writing that no one can read:—

An officer wrote to a person of high rank and influence, soliciting an appointment which had recently become vacant. The peer to whom the letter was addressed was anxious to promote the wishes of his friend, but by no possibility could he make out what those wishes were. The receiver of the letter fled to the ladies of the household. No aid could they render. All were vexed at so much loss of time, and grieved that they could not benefit the man whom they wished to serve."

When the explanations arrived the appointment was gone, and since that time the officer has lost his illustrious patron."

"It is great rudeness to give pain to others by illegible writing; but there is this satisfaction—illegible writing mostly pays the penalty."

A lady addressed an epistle to the Queen Dowager, in something approaching to a hundred lines, and these minutely and wretchedly written. The result was a reply that did not occupy half a line, and which might have been expressed by a little word of only two letters."

"When, my friend, you write for publication, if you prefer a skewer, borrow a skewer and use it, but do not write with a needle! Editors have eyes, and good eyes, but I know not any who keep microscopes."

"Remember, also, the laws of chemistry. No bottle of ink that you can purchase for sixpence will retain its vigour when increased by a gallon of liquid, nor will it admit of dilution for the fortieth time. It would provoke the very meekest of men to be obliged to spell out a manuscript of which scarcely a letter can be seen, to say nothing of the injustice done to a production by thus straining out the words and phrases."

"Then, sir," said the young man, 'if I lose sight of these precautions, I shall probably lose sight of my manuscript?'

"I fear," replied the doctor, 'that would be the unavoidable penalty; I dare not say the undeserved.'

"At this period the conversation became general, and, in the course of the evening, our host was speaking of the difficulty which young men experience in finding suitable occupations."

"My advice to a young man," said the doctor, 'would be, if you have the world before you, and are to be the architect of your own fortune, cultivate some one attainment to a high degree; mediocre attainments will not pay. If it be a man's lot to black shoes, if he can black them better, black them quicker, and black them cheaper than other men, he will secure employment. Talent, like fallow, will always find a market; but, remember, it must be talent. There are some men in the world who are like wheelbarrows—only go on as far as you push them; if you cease to push, they cease to progress. How few of us can help these helpless men!'

"Let me show you how men profit who have attained to excellence even in one department of science or of literature."

A friend of mine, in years gone by, had to pass an examination, and his reading could not be brought to bear upon the topics. Luckily the examiners requested his opinion upon a subject, and this opinion was to be expressed at length and in Latin. From that moment the young fellow felt that he was safe, Latin was his stronghold, and at the close of the examination he was informed that his Latin was truly Ciceronian. In a few weeks he obtained an appointment which was followed by another that placed him above the turmoil and anxieties of life, so far as the "ways and means" are concerned, and this prosperity he enjoyed for nearly thirty years."

"Take another instance:—

An older friend had made a mistake—he had married without an income, and then discovered that domestic affection, though beyond all price, is not appreciated by the baker, and is held in slight esteem by landlords and tax-gatherers. The poor man's finances had dwindled to one shilling, when, passing a book-stall, he invested half his funds—namely, sixpence—in the purchase of an old book. This book suggested an idea to a man who knew how to embody his thoughts, and whose style of writing would command attention. Want sharpened his wit, and the hope of reward sweetened labour. He wrote an article and published it for one shilling; it attracted notice, and led to a literary appointment of £800 a year, which he retained for many years."

"Another case occurred—only this man was not suffering from contracted income. He wrote a pamphlet on some subject connected with political economy, and thereby obtained a post of £1,200 a year."

"A gentleman who is now looked up to as of high authority in his profession, and held in great esteem, is indebted, under Providence, to his available talent in one particular department for the position he now occupies."

"I would advise a young fellow who had a head on his shoulders and something in it, to bear in mind that every man has a talent, and therefore to find out his own talent or his half talent as speedily as possible; and when he has found out wherein it lies, to cultivate it diligently, and this will be to him to sail with the wind and the tide. I would recommend him to choose, every year, a subject for spare moments—to have the means of studying that subject always at hand, and to continue the study during the leisure moments for one year, and at the end of a year to select another, and to follow the same system. If the first year had been devoted, we will suppose, to Italian, let the next be to Spanish, another year to botany, another to geology, another to short-hand. These supernumeraries to his general education will one day do him service, and will aid him in finding out his favourite study. Any one of these, thoroughly attained, will secure an income, and when Louis Philippe could speak of himself as having been compelled at one period to live upon tennepence a day, and declared that he had often polished his own boots, we must see the importance of being superior to the changes of fortune."

"I am sure, sir," said Walter, "we are greatly obliged to you for enabling us to become wise through the medium of another man's wisdom."

"Papa," cried Willie, "I thank you; I have lent you both my ears."

"Come and take a walk with me, as it is now fine, and obligingly make as good use of your eyes as you assure me you have done with your ears. Willie and I say good morning. Remember to be prepared for to-morrow's subject."

* Manuscripts forwarded for the consideration of the Editor should be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to "JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.," with the endorsement "QUIVER" in the corner of the envelope or cover. The name and address of the writer should be appended to each manuscript. Readers of THE QUIVER of every denomination are invited to send for the Editor's perusal any biographical sketches, or narratives, or anecdotes of real life, well authenticated, which they may have the opportunity of furnishing, and which they may consider suitable for publication in its pages.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, except under peculiar circumstances. As contributions suitable for insertion in THE QUIVER are usually short, the writers will have no difficulty in keeping copies.

MONTHLY PARTS.—Monthly Parts of THE QUIVER are issued in a Coloured Wrapper, price 5d. and 6d.

THE QUIVER is registered for transmission abroad.

The Right of Translation of the articles in THE QUIVER is reserved.

NOTICE.—THE QUIVER WILL BE PUBLISHED IN LONDON EVERY WEDNESDAY; THE SEVENTH NUMBER WILL, THEREFORE, BE READY ON OCTOBER 16TH.



LONDON, OCTOBER 12.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

THERE are hopes which, for various reasons, and good reasons, are feeble and faint, having little life or power. We cannot stop to speak of them now, but hasten to testify our agreement with the apostle, that the Christian's hope should be a "lively hope"—that there should be in it animation, ardour, power.

1. Because it has its origin in Him who is the Life of the universe. "Who hath begotten us again unto a lively hope." The living God is its author. Born of such a parentage, the Christian hope is unworthy of its noble origin, if it is not instinct with life.

2. Because of the object on which it fastens, it should be a lively hope. It anticipates good, and that on a boundless scale. If the good in view were small, temporary, and unsubstantial, then hope would be in harmony, if it were of little vigour or power. But Christian hope embraces the infinite blessedness of God's eternal friendship—an everlasting home in the presence of the Lamb—the eternal indwelling of the Holy Comforter—communion and fellowship with all the high and holy intelligences of heaven—and the endless development of the soul's noble powers in the study and ever-growing knowledge and enjoyment of God. What can set a human soul on fire if these things cannot? What can give life to hope, if it cannot be given by such anticipations? What hope has so much to inspire it as the Christian's? It is doing wrong not to have the most animating and joyful hope, since God offers such sublime objects to our contemplation to inspire it.

3. The Christian's hope should be full of life and power, because it is sure to exert so happy an influence over every other part of his character. Hope gives courage to the soldier, zeal to the labourer, industry to the mechanic, animation and ardour to all the activities of life. Faintness of hope causes faintness everywhere, and the fervour of hope gives animation to every human endeavour.

So it is with Christian hope. If it have life and power, it will infuse life and power into every grace and duty of the Christian. Prayer grows more fervent, love to souls more ardent, self-denial more welcome and easy, temptation will be more boldly and sternly resisted, and trial and sorrow more cheerfully sustained. A lively hope will make the soul lively, animated, vigorous, and joyful, amid all the duties and scenes of the Christian's life. This is the kind of hope that "purifieth the soul," and "maketh it not ashamed," nor discouraged, nor faint, nor backward anywhere; but bold, earnest, and happy everywhere, and in every duty, as it hastens on to the final consummation of hope in glory.

Therefore it is sad to see the Christian's hope faint and feeble.

1. Because other men's hopes are not so, where there is not a thousandth part to animate them that there is to animate the Christian. Worldly men's objects are small, the Christian's of boundless greatness—their crown corruptible, the Christian's incorruptible—their reward the vanishing bubbles of earthly good—the Christian's reward an "exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

2. The Christian's feeble hope inflicts injury upon himself and upon the cause of piety. He is a loser in honour, in usefulness, in spiritual joy and spiritual pro-

gress, and Zion a loser by all the failures in promoting her welfare, which his hope occasions.

A LIVELY HOPE! Christian! can you be content in the shame, and wrong, and harm of having any other?

"THE WAY OF CAIN."

To an extent, perhaps, not generally recognised, the early narratives of Scripture embody (though it be but in the germ) the principles on which both God and man have acted, from the time that Adam and Eve first tenanted the garden. The familiar account of the sacrifice of Cain and Abel will afford an illustration of this statement. "If thou doest well," or as it is rendered in the Septuagint, "if thou offer correctly, shalt thou not have the excellency?" (marg.) and if thou doest not well, a sin-offering lieth at the door; and his (Abel's) desire shall be subject unto thee, and thou shalt rule over him." Such are the words of remonstrance with which the wrathful rebel Cain was first appealed to by his Maker. A reference to the 11th of Hebrews leaves us in no uncertainty as to the nature and the measure of his guilt. As in the early narrative we read, "If thou offer correctly, shalt thou not have the excellency?" so, in the apostolic comment do we find the distinguishing feature of Abel's "more excellent sacrifice" to be, that it was offered in faith. "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh." The testimony of the Book of Genesis and the Epistle to the Hebrews is, therefore, alike to this effect, that the nature of the offering expressed the faith of the offerer, or the lack of it respectively.

That this belief was not a mere recognition of the claims of Jehovah as Creator, is evident on the surface, for Cain brings an offering which, in his judgment, was "pleasant to the eyes." The only alternative would appear to be, that faith was in exercise in the one case, with regard to a communication made by the Almighty to these sons of fallen parents, and was not exercised in the other. Such a communication we meet with in immediate connection with the fall; and though couched in figurative language, and recorded to have been primarily addressed to the great Author of Evil himself, no Christian reader of the Bible will for a moment doubt that its purport was understood by those it immediately concerned, no less than by ourselves—that it revealed nothing less than the wondrous purpose of God, "that through death his Son should destroy him that had (then gained) the power of death, that is, the devil." Such we take to be the testimony by which righteous Abel, being dead, yet speaketh. What, then, was the peculiar character of the sin of Cain—in that he "offered not correctly?" It may be said, we think, to be fourfold. 1. He disbelieved the gracious promise of deliverance by means of "the woman's seed." 2. He repudiated the malediction denounced against the earth, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake." 3. He ignored the fact that his father and himself were involved in this curse. 4. He brought "of the fruit of the (cursed) ground an offering unto Jehovah"—he brought an offering which failed to recognise the fact of the fall, and the antidote which was in store, through the rich mercy of God.

Presenting himself thus presumptuously before the Lord, in wilful defiance of his divine decree, he reaps the due reward of his deeds; he is banished, as a polluted being, from the presence of Infinite Holiness; his tainted offering is rejected with himself. Abel's offering, on the other hand, but echoed the sentence of Jehovah—"he also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof;" he brought that which spoke of spotless perfection in connection with death, in the future provision of God, and, at the same time, bore testimony to his own deserts. This we believe to be the teaching of that sacrificial act, by which "he being dead yet speaketh."

The subsequent history of our race develops but the counterpart of the course thus taken by one of its earliest progenitors. What is the "prayer" of the Pharisee but "the way of Cain" in principle? "God—not 'my God,' much less 'my Father'—God, I thank thee that I am not as other men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess." The Pharisee, in bringing his thank-offering, his self-denial, and his "tithes" before the Lord, is, like Cain of old, but offering that which is "pleasant to the (blinded) eye" of nature; while the publican, on the other hand, takes his place, as it were, by Abel's altar, and acknowledges that his hope consists not in what himself is, but in what God is, on his behalf. "Standing afar off, he would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me, a sinner." Whether we look at Jew or Gentile, in ancient or modern times, we see men actuated by precisely the same principles in every direction. The Pagan, with his prayer-wheel and self-inflicted torture, differs only in act from the self-satisfied Pharisee with his "thanks" and "fasts;" they occupy similar ground

before God. We need but to glance at the professing churches of Christ, in our own day, to ascertain whether or not the leaven of this principle has found admittance there. Few readers will require to be reminded that a recent ebullition of philosophy, falsely so called, derives its origin from a principle no less remote than that of the first murderer. May these writers, through the compassion of God, escape the denunciation recorded by an inspired author: "Woe unto them! for they have gone in the way of Cain, and ran greedily after the error of Balaam for reward, and perished in the gainsaying of Core."

Scripture Explained.

"And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder."—Isa. xlii. 22.

THE allusion here made is at once explained by the fact that it is the custom in the East for people to carry their key on their shoulder. The handle is generally made of brass, though sometimes of silver, and is often nicely worked in a device of filigree. The corner of a handkerchief is tied to the ring; the key is then placed on the shoulder, and the handkerchief hangs down in front. At other times they have a bunch of large keys, and then they have half on one side of the shoulder, and half on the other. For a man thus to march along, with a large key on his shoulder, shows at once that he is a person of consequence. Hence the expressions: "Raman is in great favour with the Modelar, for he now carries the key." "Whose key have you got on your shoulder?" "The key of the house of David" was to be on the shoulder of Eliakim, who was a type of him who had "the government upon his shoulder; the Messiah, the Prince of Peace."

"He that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction."—Prov. xvi. 19.

MATTHEW HENRY gives the general bearing of this passage when he says, "Those that are ambitious and aspiring expose themselves to a great deal of trouble, such as many times ends in their ruin. He that exalteth his gate builds a stately house, at least a fine frontispiece, that he may overtop and outshine his neighbours; he seeks his own destruction, and takes a deal of pains to ruin himself; he makes his gate so large, that his house and estate go out at it." The moral here suggested is, that extravagance leads to ruin; or it may be, that the most humble are the most safe. It is the practice of the Arabs to ride on horseback into the houses of those they intend to plunder, and hence the doors are designedly built low to prevent the intrusion. Thus a French Abbé, describing his admission into a monastery near Jerusalem, says, "The passage is so low, that it will scarcely admit a horse, and it is shut by a gate of iron, strongly secured in the inside. As soon as we entered, it was again made fast with various bolts and bars of iron, a precaution extremely necessary in a desert place, exposed to the incursions and insolent attacks of the Arabs." Among the Persians, too, the same defensive measures are employed, in order "to hinder the servants of the great from entering it on horseback, which, when any act of oppression is going on, they would make no scruple to do." "The habitation of a man in power is known by his gate," says Morier, "which is generally elevated in proportion to the vanity of its owner." Hence we see that "he that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction."

"He speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers."—Prov. vi. 13.

IN the East sandals are not worn in-doors, so that the feet are exposed. When guests wish quietly to address one another, they convey the intimation by the feet and toes. If a person wishes to leave a room in company with another, he raises one of his feet; and should the other refuse, he also raises a foot, and then suddenly puts it down on the ground. "He teacheth with his fingers." When merchants wish to make a bargain in the presence of others, without making known their terms, they sit on the ground, have a piece of cloth thrown over the lap, and then put each a hand under, and thus speak with their fingers! When Brahmans convey religious mysteries to their disciples, they teach with their fingers, their hands being concealed in the folds of their robes. The gesticulations of foreigners, who employ their eyes, hands, shoulders, and feet to convey their meaning, are very expressive.

SUCCESS IN LIFE—HOW TO GAIN IT.

III.

ANOTHER element of success in life is intelligence.

There are persons, perhaps, who may be ready to stop here and say, "Ah! then it is useless for me to aim at success. I am naturally dull." And a good many more readers will be likely to exclaim, "Well, I have that element of success, at all events, for something tells me that I am a genius!"

Now I will just remark, first, that it is a good deal easier to say that something is impossible than it is to set about and do it; and second, that a man may be heir to plenty of money, and yet not have a shilling in his pocket to buy him a dinner.

To prevent mistakes, let me say at the outset that intelligence, in the sense in which the word is here used, is partly a gift, but much more an acquirement. Children of intelligent parents usually come into the world with an intellectual capacity which may be developed by education into high

intelligence. As a general rule, the best educated man is the most intelligent. We all know, of course, that education does not consist merely in going to school. It lasts through life. Not until a man dies is his school work ended, and then, indeed, you may write upon his tombstone, EDUCATED. But I am speaking now of the kind of education to be derived from books.

It rests, then, a good deal with a man's parents and with himself whether or not he is possessed of sufficient intelligence to make his way in the world. A good schooling is better every way than a fortune; but failing this, a resolute student may become his own schoolmaster. Has he the will? that is the main point. Some men are fond of lamenting lost opportunities, but they cannot sum them up till they add to them the last and perhaps the largest item—the time spent in lamentation. You, my friend, choose a manlier course. The past is gone. Do something, I do not say in the time to come, for that is no man's property, but in the time that is, in the immediate now. That is the only time for work.

Some persons may be ready to plead poverty and other adverse circumstances by way of excuse for failing to cultivate the mind. Well, these may be very great difficulties, and I should be sorry to underrate them, but they have been overcome again and again by persons who had none of the advantages which the humblest Englishman of our day possesses. Captain Cook, the celebrated navigator, began life as a cabin boy, and Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher and statesman, as a printer's apprentice. Lord Eldon, late Lord Chancellor of England, was the son of a coal merchant; Chief Justice Tenterden of a penny barber; and Ferguson, the philosopher, of a working weaver. Heyne, the German scholiast, was born in a peasant's hut; and Burns, the bard of Scotland, followed the plough. Chatterton, probably, died of starvation; and Johnson, Goldsmith, Crabbe, Coleridge, and Keats—and how many more eminent men since their day?—felt the pressure of poverty; but adverse circumstances did not keep them down, and certainly need not keep down any young man who has the privilege of living in our own times.

The money cost of education, as you know, has been steadily growing less since the invention of printing, and now the materials may be had for next to nothing. In London, at certain institutions, young men may get book learning of most kinds without paying a penny even for the books. In many country towns and villages there are evening classes kept up by some Christian men, and the charge of admission is small. Then books, and instructive periodicals, and newspapers are so cheap as to be within every one's means. For these reasons, among others, it is of no use for any reader of these articles to excuse his want of success by the plea that he is "naturally dull." We are all "naturally" many things, which would be our ruin, if we were content to remain in our natural state.

But the person with a genius is, if possible, more difficult to deal with. There are very many young men and women who secretly think they are persons of genius, and they expect that their talents will, somehow or other, pull them through all difficulties, and insure their success in life. On the first point it is barely possible that they may be right, but on the second they are assuredly wrong.

When I went to school there was a boy who used to be always at play in the evening when I was learning my lessons. I do not mean to convey, as you may suppose, that he was a bad boy and I was a good one; but merely that he was a good deal the cleverer of the two. In fact, he could pick up in half an hour a lesson which cost most of us a whole evening's labour, and we dull fellows, I am afraid, rather envied him. We knew that he was a boy of genius, and though, somehow, he did not stand so high in the school as might have been expected, we all felt sure that he would one day be a great man. It is many years since that time, and there are some names before the public which I recognise as those of old school-fellows, but, strange to say, our Genius has never been heard of. The plodding boys at school were the only ones who got on in the larger school of the world.

The successful men of all ages have worked hard. Cicero and Demosthenes were diligent students; so was Sir William Jones, the Oriental scholar; Sir Isaac Newton, the distinguished philosopher; Michael Angelo, one of the greatest names in art; Handel and Haydn, the eminent musicians. But it is unnecessary to multiply examples. We must cultivate our powers if we would have them to do us real service, and there is no healthy mind so dull that it will not amply repay cultivation.

And here I reach a point of the highest importance to every young man, and that point is the necessity of religion to give a right direction to the cultivated intellect. An educated mind, unsanctified by the Spirit of God, is no guarantee of success, even in the worldliest sense. It is but an increased power for evil, and most of us probably know instances in which it has served to hurry its possessor into total ruin. But the faith of the Christian adds a degree of strength to the mind which it can obtain from no other source, and which fits it, as nothing else can, to pass with safety and success through the struggles of life.

Moreover, there is nothing which tends so much to develop and to elevate the mind as does true religion. This must necessarily be the case. For what is true religion but a walking with God, a state of communion with the Father of spirits?

He that so loveth you as to have prepared for you the glorious kingdom, cannot but intend to keep you safe by the way. But strength is not promised to-day for the trials of to-morrow.

The Half-hour Bible Class.

IV.—HISTORY OF JOSEPH (Continued).

You will remember that we promised to continue the history of Joseph in this our fourth lesson. We have seen that Jacob, not very wisely, made a pet or favourite of his son Joseph; that he listened to his reports touching the life and conduct of his brothers, and thus provoked the jealousy and ill-will of his other sons. We have seen how Joseph thus became each day more hateful in the eyes of his brothers, and how they viewed everything which he said or did in the worst possible light. We have seen, when Joseph came with a frank and open heart, and told them his dream, how indignant they became, and how their souls burned with revenge; what expedients they adopted to get rid of this object of their hatred; how they first meditated murder, and were only prevented from imbruing their hands in their brother's blood by the kindly interposition of Reuben, whose whole nature revolted from such a deed; how they afterwards agreed to throw him into a pit, and then leave him to all the thousand chances of life and death; how on seeing a caravan of Midianite travellers and merchants approaching, it occurred to Judah that it would be better to sell Joseph into slavery, than to leave him to die or be destroyed in the pit; how they sold him to these Midianites for the paltry sum of twenty pieces of silver, and went back to their father with a lie in their right hand. Joseph was sold as a slave, and the Midianites took him into Egypt, where, by a wonderful series of providential arrangements, he became the future saviour of that country, as well as the support and the stay of his father's house.

To bring the second and third scenes in the life of Joseph before us, let us take the words which we find recorded in Genesis xli. 38—45; and now read them:—

"And Pharaoh said unto his servants, Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?"

"And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art:

"Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou.

"And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt.

"And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck;

"And he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, Bow the knee: and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt.

"And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt.

"And Pharaoh called Joseph's name Zaphnath-paaneah; and he gave him to wife Asenath the daughter of Poti-pherah priest of On. And Joseph went out over all the land of Egypt."

Was Potiphar, who bought Joseph for a domestic slave or servant, a man of any note or influence in the land of Egypt?

"It is supposed that he commanded the royal guard, and therefore he was a man of no mean position."

We are told that from the time Joseph entered the service of Potiphar, everything in his master's house prospered; now what was the secret of this success?

"In chapter xxxix. 2, we are told, that 'the Lord was with Joseph,' and Joseph being faithful to the trust which Potiphar had committed to him, and diligent in the discharge of every duty, the blessing of God rested on all that he did, and so he prospered."

Joseph was entirely devoted to the interest of Potiphar, and Potiphar could not but entertain the highest regard for Joseph.

When an effort was made in the absence of his master to draw Joseph into sin, by what strength did he resist and overcome the temptation?

"We are told in chapter xxxix. 9, that he met the temptation with the reply, 'How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?' and because he loved God more than the pleasures of sin, God gave him grace to withstand the evil."

Very good. Now, here are three very important lessons, worthy of being remembered by you all:—

1. In whatever situation of life you are placed, be resolved to win for yourself a character for honesty and uprightness. Always place your master's interest above your own. This is the way to gain confidence and respect, honour and reward, and to rise to still greater influence.

2. You will, like Joseph, often be tempted; now the sin lies not in the temptation, but in yielding to it. Joseph overcame by the love of God in his heart. Take him as your pattern. In proportion as you love God, you will hate sin, and flee from it.

3. Whatever opinion others may form of you, never be indifferent to the testimony of your own conscience. This is next to the favour and approval of God. A guilty conscience converts a man into a coward; a good conscience clothes him with the might of a hero.

When Potiphar returned home, and his wife succeeded in making him believe that Joseph had been the

guilty party, how did Potiphar behave towards the youth, under whose hand everything in his house and in his field had so wonderfully succeeded?

"He not only threw him into prison, but there is reason to believe that he abandoned him to entire neglect."

It was a cold and comfortless place, that gaol into which Joseph was cast, but even there his virtues shone out in all their strength and loveliness. Nor let it ever be forgotten by you, that true excellence seldom goes unnoticed or unrewarded. However humble our condition, or mean our birth, a pure, upright, consistent character is sure to command and insure esteem.

Into what society was Joseph thrown in prison which led to his future elevation?

"Among his fellow-prisoners were the king's baker and butler, both of whom had a dream which they told to Joseph, and which he interpreted. One of these men was set free and restored to his former office in the royal household; and Pharaoh, his master, having had a dream which none of his priests or wise men could explain, his butler at once thought of Joseph, and of the power which he possessed of interpretation, and having named him to Pharaoh, this was the first in that wondrous series of events which led to his future elevation."

It has been said that a kindness which is truly a kindness, never yet found a bosom that was ungrateful. But, if so, the butler would have been actuated by a very different feeling in reference to Joseph.

If so, then he would not have been so long unmindful of Joseph, whom he had left behind him in the prison. There was nothing large or generous in the heart of the butler. His was a narrow, mean, selfish spirit. His bosom glowed with no warm, brotherly feeling. He was a man without sympathy and without soul—a character this, remember, ever to be despised and shunned. May it never be your character in youth or in manhood.

When Pharaoh sent for Joseph, under the impression that he had the power of interpretation, did Joseph allow the king to cherish the thought that he possessed any such power in himself?

"No; for at once he said to Pharaoh, 'It is not in me; God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace.'"

You thus see that Joseph made no vain, empty boast of the extraordinary gift which had been bestowed upon him, but looked up to God as the fountain of all wisdom, and gave him all the glory: so beautifully did his piety shine out, even in the presence of royalty. In him it was no pretence—no sham, but something genuine and true. And be assured there is nothing like acting a true part in life. Hypocrisy is always hateful, in whomsoever found, but most hateful in youth. Be true—true to yourselves and true to others, and you may then challenge the world.

In the counsel which Joseph gave to Pharaoh in reference to providing against the seven years' famine, what attributes of his character came more prominently into view?

"Prudence, wisdom, sound judgment, and the most marked disinterestedness on behalf of the people over whom he had been placed."

When the seven years of abundance had rolled away, and were followed by seven years of scantiness and scarceness, and the people were perishing for lack of bread, why did Joseph make the people pay for the very corn which he had formerly taken from them and laid up in such abundance in the royal stores throughout the land?

"Had he dealt it out in the form of charity, they would not have put the same value upon it; while its sale, according to the necessities of the individual or the family, and making it imperative that each one should pay for what he received, induced him to make the best and the most of his portion."

And in this line of action we have another instance of Joseph's enlightened wisdom and sound judgment.

Since the famine was not confined to Egypt, but pressed with equal severity upon the inhabitants of Canaan, how did Jacob come to know that corn could be obtained in Egypt?

"The intercourse between the two countries was not infrequent, and there can be no doubt that, in a time of almost universal famine, such a mode of procedure as that adopted by Joseph to meet the wants of the Egyptians would not fail to circulate and spread in other and surrounding regions. Nor does Jacob say more, in sending his sons to provide against death from starvation, than that he had heard there was corn in Egypt, and that it might be bought for money."

How are we to account for the part which Joseph now acted towards these his own brothers—for such he recognised them to be—and yet, on their telling him that they had come from the land of Canaan to buy corn, he feigned not to believe them, and charged them with being spies, who had come to search out the nakedness of the country?

"It was, no doubt, to put their principles and character to the test, and to discover whether any change for the better had come over their unruly spirits."

Yes; or it might be also to lead them to a deeper knowledge of their own heart, to force upon them the

memory of the past, to induce corresponding penitence, and then to seize upon the moment when their heart was subdued, and softened, and susceptible, to make himself known to them.

Why is the cup which was put into the mouth of Benjamin's sack called the cup by which Joseph divined?

"It is said that there was a species of pretended divination by cups practised by the Egyptians and other nations in the East; while the fact that Joseph professed to divine by his cup out of which he was wont to drink was nothing more than adapting himself to the ideas of the times and country in which he lived."

The learned authorities are greatly divided in their opinion on the subject of divination by cups. According to Eastern tradition, there was a cup which possessed the wonderful property of representing in it the whole world, and all the things which were there doing; it was said to have been found filled with the elixir of immortality, in digging the foundations of the ancient Persepolis. But, giving up the tradition, it is well-known that divination by cups is still pretended to by persons of rank and influence, when their aim is to produce alarm, or to extort some revelations, or to insure compliance and obedience from others; and it is just possible that this may have been the design of Joseph in the present expedient.

What was the final and striking incident which led Joseph to make himself known to his brethren?

"The noble, generous, disinterested conduct of Judah, who offered to give up his freedom, his family, and his very life for the ransom of his brother Benjamin, whom Joseph had detained. He cared not what might become of himself, if his brother were only set at liberty."

This manly conduct on the part of Judah was indeed too much for Joseph's loving heart, and having reassured his brethren that he was Joseph their brother, whom they had sold into Egypt, he desired them to hasten back to Canaan, inform Jacob that his son Joseph was still alive, and bring him back with them, and he would give them a possession in the land of Goshen, as there were still five years of famine to be endured, and it might press so heavily upon them as to reduce them to the lowest depth of poverty.

When Jacob was introduced by Joseph into the presence of Pharaoh, what was the one peculiar feature of his character which stood out most conspicuously?

"His simple and unaffected piety."

As they stood face to face, the royal man was far inferior to the man of God. The one, it is true, was surrounded by every form and variety of material, outward grandeur, but the other was possessed of every inward moral excellence. The one laid claim to an empire among men, the rights and the prerogatives of the other were laid in the kingdom of God.

Can it be said in any sense, that the life of Joseph was long?

"If 'that life be long which serves life's great end,' then his was truly a long life, though he did not reach the age of his father or his remotest ancestors."

How true it is that life is not to be counted by days, but by heart-throbs. A man may see a hundred years, and yet, during the whole of that time, may fail to live. If he did not fulfil the great end of his being, life is lost. Not so with Joseph. There was nothing little—nothing selfish in his character. He lived for others, and to do good was his fixed and lofty aim. It was this which made his life so conspicuous, and his death so happy; and he went down to his grave full of honour, where he now rests till that day when, with all the pious dead, he shall be raised in power and be clothed with glory.

The lessons to be learned from this life of Joseph are principally these:—

I. FILIAL LOVE AND REVERENCE. "Honour thy father and mother" is a Divine command, and has the promise of long life and length of days.

II. KIND AND GENEROUS CONDUCT AS A BROTHER. To make a brother or a sister happy, is something better than a throne or a crown.

III. FIRM AND UNYIELDING VIRTUE. No one is beyond the reach and the force of temptation, and our happiness lies in perseveringly resisting it.

IV. FIDELITY AND DEVOTEDNESS TO SERVICE. This is the path to promotion, honour, and happiness.

V. SIMPLE AND UNAFFECTED PIETY. His religion was not a creed, but a life; and so we must carry our piety into everything, and the light which cheers our steps here will brighten into heaven's unsetting, everlasting glory.

TO-MORROW is the day when idle men are willing to work, and foolish men intend to reform.

If you cannot go to God with a broken heart, go to him for one. The Holy Spirit breaks and binds up.

A BRILLIANT and distinguished man, on being advised by some Christian friends to seek God in prayer, replied, "I cannot pray: my mother never prayed."

ONE can no more judge of the true value of a man by the impression he makes upon the public, than we can tell whether the seal was brass or gold by which the stamp was made.

THE CHANNINGS:—A TALE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CLOISTER KEYS.

It was the twenty-second day of the month, and nearly a week subsequent to the date of the last chapter. Arthur Channing sat in his place at the cathedral organ, playing the psalm for the morning; for the hour was that of divine service. Mr. Channing had scarce need to enjoin him to lift up his heart with praise and thanksgiving in that sacred place, to those holy words: Arthur Channing's spirit was ever ready to bow in reverence, in prayer, to ascend in praise.

"Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious: and his mercy endureth for ever!"

The boy's whole heart went up with the words. He gave thanks: mercies had come upon him—upon his; and that great dread—which was turning his days to gall, his nights to sleeplessness—the arrest of Hamish, had not as yet been attempted. He felt it all as he sat there; and, in a softer voice, he echoed the melodious song of the choristers below, verse after verse, as each verse rose sweetly on the air, filling the aisles of the old cathedral: how that God delivers those who cry unto him—those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; those whose hearts fail through heaviness, who fall down, and there is none to help them—he brings them out of the darkness, and breaks their bonds in sunder. They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters, who see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep; whose hearts cower at the stormy rising of the waves, and in their agony of distress they cry unto him to help them; and he hears the cry, and delivers them. He stills the angry waves, and makes the storm a calm, and brings them into the haven where they would be; and then they are glad, because they are at rest.

"Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness: and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!"

"And again, when they are minished, and brought low: through oppression, through any plague, or trouble; though he suffer them to be evil intreated through tyrants: and let them wander out of the way in the wilderness; yet helpeth he the poor out of misery, and maketh him households like a flock of sheep."

"Whoso is wise will ponder these things: and they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

The refrain died away, the gentle sound of the echo died after it, and silence fell upon the cathedral. It was broken by the voice of the Reverend William Yorke, giving out the first lesson—a chapter in Jeremiah.

At the final conclusion of the service Arthur Channing quitted the college. In the cloisters he was overtaken by the choristers, who were hastening back to the school-room. At the same moment Ketch, the porter, passed, coming towards them from the south entrance of the cloisters. He touched his hat in his usual ungracious fashion to the dean and Dr. Gardner, who were turning into the chapter house, carrying their trenchers, and looked the other way as he passed the boys.

Arthur caught hold of Hurst. "Have you 'served out' old Ketch, as you threatened?" he laughingly asked.

"Hush!" whispered Hurst. "It has not come off yet. We had an idea that an inkling of it had got abroad, so we thought it best to keep quiet for a few nights, lest the Philistines should be on the watch; but the time is fixed now, and I can tell you that it is not a hundred nights off."

With a shower of mysterious nods and winks, Hurst rushed away, and bounded up the stairs to the school-room. Arthur returned to Mr. Galloway's.

"It's the awfulest shame!" burst forth Tom Channing that day at dinner (and allow me to remark, *en parenthèse*, that, in reading about school-boys, you must be content to accept their notions of grammar); and he brought the handle of his knife down upon the table in a passion.

"Thomas!" uttered Mr. Channing, in amazed reproof.

"Well, papa, and so it is! and the school's going pretty near mad over it!" returned Tom, turning his crimsoned face upon his father. "Would you believe that I and Huntley are to be passed over in the chance for the seniorship, and Yorke is to have it, without reference to merit?"

"No, I do not believe it, Tom," quietly replied Mr. Channing. "But, even were it true, it is no reason why you should burst out in that unseemly manner. Did you ever know a hot temper do good to its possessor?"

"I know I am hot-tempered," confessed Tom. "I cannot help it, papa; it was born with me."

"Many of our failings were born with us, my boy, as I have always understood; but still, they are to be subdued, and not indulged."

"Papa, you must acknowledge that it is a shame if Pye has promised the seniorship to Yorke, over my head and Huntley's," reiterated Tom, who was apt to speak as strongly as he thought. "If he gets the seniorship, the exhibition will follow, that is an understood thing. Would it be just?"

"Why are you saying this? What have you heard?"

"Well, it is a roundabout tale," answered Tom; "but the rumour in the school is this—and if it turns out to be true, Gerald Yorke will about get eaten up alive."

"Is that the rumour, Tom?" said Mrs. Channing.

Tom laughed, in spite of his anger. "I had not come to the rumour, mamma. Lady Augusta and Dr. Burrows are great friends, you know; and we hear that they have been salving over Pye."

"Gently, Tom!" put in Mr. Channing.

"Talking over Pye, then," corrected Tom, all impatience to proceed with his story; "and Pye has promised to promote Gerald Yorke to the seniorship. He—"

"Dr. Burrows is gone away again," interrupted Annabel. "I saw him go by to-day in his travelling carriage. Judy says he is gone to his rectory; some of the deanery servants told her so."

"You'll get something, Annabel, if you interrupt in that fashion," cried Tom. "Last Monday Dr. Burrows gave a dinner party. Pye was there, and Lady Augusta was there; and it was then they got Pye to promise it to Yorke."

"How is it known that they did?" asked Mr. Channing. "The boys all say it, papa. It was circulating through the school this morning like wild-fire."

"You will never take the prize for logic, Tom. How did the boys hear it, I ask?"

"Through Mr. Calcraft," replied Tom.

"Tom!"

"Mr. Ketch, then," said Tom, correcting himself as he had done previously. "Both names are a mile too good for him. Ketch came into contact with some of the boys this morning before ten o'clock school, and, of course, they went into a wordy war—which is nothing new. Huntley was the only senior present, and Ketch was insolent to him. One of the boys told Ketch that he would not dare to be so next year, if Huntley should be senior boy. Ketch sneered at that, and said Huntley never would be senior, nor Channing either, for it was already given to Yorke. The boys took his words up, ridiculing the notion of his knowing anything of the matter, and they did not spare their taunts. That roused his temper, and the old fellow let out all he knew. He said Lady Augusta Yorke was at Galloway's office yesterday, boasting about it before Jenkins."

"A roundabout tale, indeed!" remarked Mr. Channing; "and told in a somewhat roundabout fashion, Tom. I should not put faith in it. Did you hear anything of this, Arthur?"

"No, sir. I know that Lady Augusta called at the office yesterday afternoon while I was at college. I don't know anything more."

"Huntley intends to drop across Jenkins this afternoon, and question him," resumed Tom Channing. "There can't be any doubt that it was he who gave the information to Ketch. If Huntley finds that Lady Augusta did assert it, the school will take the affair up."

The boast amused Hamish. "In what manner will the school be pleased to 'take it up'?" questioned he. "Recommend the dean to hold Mr. Pye under surveillance? or send Lady Augusta a challenge?"

Tom Channing nodded his head mysteriously. "There is many a true word spoken in jest, Hamish. I don't know yet what we should do; we should do something. The school won't stand it tamely. The day for that one-sided sort of oppression has gone out with our grandmothers' fashions."

"It would be very wrong of the school to stand it," said Charley, throwing in his word. "If the honours are to go by speaking favour, and not by merit, where is the use of any of us putting out our metal? As well go in for idleness."

"You be quiet, Miss Charley! you juniors have nothing to do with it," were all the thanks the boy got from Tom.

Now, the facts really were very much as Tom Channing asserted; though whether, or how far, Mr. Pye had promised, and whether Lady Augusta's boast had been a vain one, was a matter of speculation. Neither could it be surmised the part, if any, played in it by Prebendary Burrows. It was certain that Lady Augusta had, on the previous day, boasted to Mr. Galloway, in his office, that her son was to have the seniorship; that Mr. Pye had promised it to her and Dr. Burrows, at the dinner party. She spoke of it without the least reserve, in a tone of much self-gratulation, and she laughingly told Jenkins, who was at his desk writing, that he might wish Gerald joy when he next saw him. Jenkins took it all in for truth; it may be questioned if Mr. Galloway did, for he knew that Lady Augusta did not always weigh her words before speaking.

In the evening—this same evening, mind, after the call at the office of Lady Augusta—Mr. Jenkins proceeded towards home when he left his work. He took the road through the cloisters. As he was passing the porter's lodge, who should he see in it but his father, old Jenkins, the bedesman, holding a gossip with Ketch; and they saw him. "If that ain't our Joe a going past!" exclaimed the bedesman.

Joe stepped in. He was proceeding to join in the converse, when a lot of the college boys tore along, hooting and shouting, and kicking a ball about. It was kicked into the lodge, and a few compliments were thrown at the boys by the porter, before they could get the ball out again. These compliments, you may be quite sure, the boys did not fail to return with interest: Tom Channing, in particular, being charmingly polite.

"And the saucy young beast 'll be the senior boy soon!" foamed Mr. Ketch, as the lot decamped. "I wish I could get him gagged, I do!"

"No, he will not," said Joe Jenkins, speaking impulsively in his superior knowledge; "Yorke is to be senior."

"How do you know that, Joe?" asked his father.

Joe replied by relating what he had heard said by Lady Augusta that afternoon. It did not conciliate the porter in the remotest degree: he was no more favourable to Gerald Yorke than he was to Tom Channing. Had he heard the school never was to have a senior again, or a junior either, that might have pleased him.

But, on the following morning, when he fell into dispute with the boys in the cloisters, he spoke out his information

in a spirit of triumph over Huntley. Bit by bit, angered by the boys' taunts, he repeated every word he had heard from Jenkins. The news, as it was busily circulated from one to the other, caused no slight hubbub in the school, and gave rise to that explosion of Tom Channing's at the dinner-table.

Huntley sought Jenkins, as he had said he would do, and received the confirmation of the report, so far as the man's knowledge went. But Jenkins was terribly vexed at the report having got abroad, through him. He determined to pay a visit to Mr. Ketch, and reproach him with his incaution.

Mr. Ketch sat in his lodge, taking his supper—bread and cheese, and a pint of ale procured at the nearest public house. Except in the light months of summer, it was his habit to close the cloister gates before supper time; but, as Mr. Ketch liked to take that meal early (eight o'clock), and as dusk, for at least four months in the year, obstinately persisted in putting itself off to a later hour, in spite of his growling, and as he might not shut up before dusk, he had no resource but to eat first and lock up afterwards. The "lodge" was a quaint abode, of one room only, built in an obscure nook of the cathedral, near the grand entrance. He was pursuing his meal after his own peculiar custom, eating, drinking, and grumbling.

"It's worse nor leather, this cheese! Selling it to a body for double-Gloucester! I'd like to double them as made it. Eightpence a pound!—and short weight besides! I wonder there ain't a law passed to keep the cost o' provisions down!"

A pause, given chiefly to grunting, and Mr. Ketch resumed:—

"This bread's rougher nor a bear's hide! Go and ask for new, and they palms you off with stale. They'll put a loaf a week old into the oven to hot it up again, and then sell it you for new! There ought to be a criminal code made for hanging bakers. They be all cheats. They mixes up alum, and bone-dust, and plaster of Paris, and—Drat that door! Who's a kicking at it now?"

Nobody was kicking. Somebody was civilly knocking. The door was pushed slightly open, and the inoffensive face of Mr. Joseph Jenkins appeared in the aperture.

"I say, Mr. Ketch," began he, in a mild tone of deprecation, "whatever is it that you have gone and done?"

"What d'ye mean?" growled old Ketch. "Is this a way to come and set upon a gentleman in his own house? Who taught you manners, Joe Jenkins?"

"You have been repeating what I mentioned last night, about Lady Augusta's son getting the seniorship," said Jenkins, coming in and closing the door.

"You did say it," retorted Mr. Ketch.

"I know I did; but I did not suppose you were going to repeat it again."

"If it was a secret, why didn't you say so?" asked Mr. Ketch, bestowing a few more hard words upon his cheese.

"It was not exactly a secret, or Lady Augusta would not have mentioned it before me," remonstrated Joe. "But it is not the proper thing for me to come out of Mr. Galloway's office, and talk of anything I may have heard said in it by his friends, and then for it to get round to his ears again! Put it to yourself, Mr. Ketch, and say whether you would like it."

"What did you talk of it for, then?" snarled Ketch, preparing to take a copious draught of ale.

"Because I thought you and father were safe. You might both have known better than to speak of it out of doors. There is sure to be a commotion over it."

"Miserable beer! they have took and brewed it out of ditchwater!"

"Young Mr. Huntley came to me to-day, to know the rights and the wrongs of it—as he said," continued Joseph. "He spoke to Mr. Galloway about it afterwards—though I must say he was kind enough not to bring in my name; only said, in a general way, that he had 'heard' it. He is an honourable young gentleman, is that Huntley. He vows the report shall be conveyed to the dean."

"Serve 'em right!" snapped the porter. "If the dean does his duty, he'll order a general flogging for the school, all round; it'll do 'em good."

"Galloway did not say much—except that he knew what he should do, were he Huntley's or Channing's father; which I took to mean that, in his opinion, there ought to be an inquiry instituted."

"And you know there ought," said Mr. Ketch.

"I know! I'm sure I don't know," was the mild answer. "It is not my place to reflect upon my superiors, Mr. Ketch—to say they should do this, or they should do that. I like to reverence them, and to keep a civil tongue in my head."

"Which is what you don't do. If I knowed who brewed this beer I'd enter a action again him, for putting in no malt. It's swipes; it ain't good wholesome beer!"

"I would not have had this get about for any money!" resumed Jenkins. "Neither you nor father shall ever catch me opening my lips again."

"Keep 'em shut, then!" growled old Ketch. "I wish them as made this bread had the eating of it! the world's full of nothing but thieves and pickpockets!"

Mr. Ketch leisurely finished his supper, and the two continued talking until dusk came on—nearly dark; for the porter, churl though he was, liked a visitor as well as anybody—possibly as a vent for his temper. He did not often get one who would stand it so meekly as Joe Jenkins. At length Mr. Jenkins lifted himself off the shut-up press bedstead on which he had been perched, and prepared to go.

"Come along of me while I lock up," said Ketch, somewhat less ungraciously than usual.

Mr. Jenkins hesitated. "My wife will be wondering what has become of me; she'll blow me up for keeping supper waiting," debated he, aloud. "But—well, I don't mind going with you this once for company's sake," he added, in his obliging yieldingness.

The large keys, two, one at each end of a string, were hung up just within the lodge door; they belonged to the two gates of the cloisters. Old Ketch took them down and went out with Jenkins, merely shutting his own door; he rarely fastened it, unless he was going some distance.

Very dark were the inclosed cloisters, as they entered by the west gate. It was later than the usual hour of closing, and it was, moreover, a gloomy evening, the sky overcast as with a pall. They went through the cloisters to the south gate, Ketch grumbling all the way. He locked it, and then turned back again.

Arrived about midway of the west quadrangle, the very darkest part in all the cloisters, and the most dreary, Jenkins suddenly startled his companion by declaring there was a light in the burial ground.

"Come along!" growled Ketch. "You'll say there's corpse candles there, next."

"It is but a little spark, like," said Jenkins, halting. "I should not wonder but it is one of them pretty, innocent glow-worms."

He leaned his arms upon the mullioned frame of the open gothic window, raised himself on tip-toe to get as complete a view as was practicable, and pushed his head out to reconnoitre the grave-yard. Mr. Ketch shuffled on; the keys, held somewhat loosely in his hand by the string, clanking together.

"Be you a going to stop there all night?" he called out, when he had gone a few paces, half turning round to speak.

At that moment a somewhat startling incident occurred. The keys were whisked out of Mr. Ketch's hand, and fell, or appeared to fall, with a clatter on the flags at his feet. He turned his anger upon Jenkins.

"Now then, you senseless calf! What did you do that for?"

"Did you speak?" asked Jenkins, taking his elbows from the distant window-frame, and approaching.

Mr. Ketch felt a little staggered. His belief had been that Jenkins had come up silently, and dashed the keys from his hand; but Jenkins, it appeared, had not left the window. However, like too many other cross-grained spirits, he persisted in venting the blame upon him.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, to play a old man such a trick?"

"I have played no trick," said Jenkins. "I thought I saw a glow-worm, and I stopped to look; but I couldn't see it again. There's no trick in that."

"Ugh!" cried the porter, in his wrath. "You took and clutched the keys from me, and throwed 'em on the ground! Pick 'em up!"

"Well, I never heard the like!" said Jenkins. "I was not within yards and yards of you. If you dropped the keys, it was no fault of mine." But, being a peaceably-inclined man, he stooped and found the keys.

The porter grunted. An inner current of conviction rose in his heart that he must undoubtedly have dropped them, though he could have declared at the time that they were mysteriously snatched from him. He seized the string, firmly now, and hobbled on to the west door, abusing Jenkins all the way.

They arrived at the west door, which was gained by a narrow, closed passage from the gate of entrance, as was the south door, in a similar manner; and there Mr. Ketch used his eyes and his tongue considerably, for the door, instead of being open, as he had left it, was shut and locked.

"What on earth has done this?" shrieked he.

"Done what?" asked Mr. Jenkins.

"Done what!" was the irascible echo. "Be you a fool, Joe Jenkins? Don't you see the door's fast?"

"Unfasten it," said Jenkins, sensibly.

Mr. Ketch proceeded to do so—at least, to apply one of the keys to the lock—with much fumbling. It apparently did not occur to him to wonder how the locking process could have been effected, considering that the key had been in his own possession.

Fumbling and fumbling, now with one key, now with the other, and then with critical feeling of the keys and their wards, the truth at length burst upon the unhappy man that the keys were not the right keys, and that he and Jenkins were—locked in! The perspiration broke out over him as large as peas.

"They must be the keys," remonstrated Mr. Jenkins.

"They are not the keys," shrieked Ketch. "D'ye think I don't know my own keys, now I come to feel 'em?"

"But they were your keys that fell down, and that I picked up," argued Jenkins, perfectly sure, in his own mind, that they could be no others. "There was not a fairy in the cloisters, to come and change them."

"Feel 'em!" roared Ketch, in his despair. "These be a couple of horrid, rusty old things, as can't have been in use since the cloisters was built. You have changed 'em, you have!" he sobbed, the notion taking possession of him forcibly.

"You are a-doing it to play me a infamous trick, and I'll have you up before the dean to-morrow! I'll shake the life out of you, I will!"

Laying summary hold of Mr. Jenkins, he began to shake him with all his feeble strength. The latter soon extricated himself, and he succeeded in impressing on the man the fallacy of his suspicion. "Don't I want to get home to my supper and my wife? Don't I tell you she'll set upon me like anything for keeping it waiting?" he meekly remonstrated.

"Do I want to be locked up in these unpleasant cloisters? Give me the keys, and let me try them."

Ketch, in sheer helplessness, was fain to comply. He resigned the keys to Jenkins, and Jenkins tried them; but he was none the nearer unlocking the gate. In their increasing perplexity, they resolved to return to the place in the quadrangle where the keys had fallen, a very forlorn suggestion proceeding from Mr. Jenkins that the right keys might be lying there still, and that this rusty pair might, by some curious and unaccountable chance, have been lying there also.

They commenced their search, disputing, the one hotly, the other temperately, as to which was the exact spot. With feet and hands they hunted as well as the dark would allow them: all in vain, and Ketch gave vent to a loud burst of feeling when he realised the fact, that they were positively locked up in the cloisters, beyond hope of succour, in the dark and lonely night.

CHAPTER XII.

A MISHAP TO THE BISHOP OF HELSTONLEIGH.

"FORDHAM, I wonder whether the cloisters are closed?"

"I will see, my lord."

The question came from the Bishop of Helstonleigh, who, as it fell out, had been to make an evening call upon the dean. The dean's servant was now conducting his lordship down the grand staircase, on his departure. In proceeding to the palace from the deanery, to go through the cloisters out off quite two-thirds of the distance.

Fordham quitted the hall, a lamp in his hand, and traversed sundry passages which brought him to the deanery garden. Crossing the garden, and treading another short passage, he came to the cloisters. The bishop had followed, lighted by Fordham, and talking affably. A very pleasant man was the Bishop of Helstonleigh, standing little upon forms and ceremonies. In frame he was nearly as active as a college boy.

"It is all right, I think, my lord," said Fordham. "I hear the porter's voice now in the cloisters."

"How dark it is!" exclaimed the bishop. "Ketch must be closing late to-night. What a noise he is making!"

In point of fact, Mr. Ketch had just arrived at that agreeable moment which concluded the last chapter—the conviction that no other keys were to be found, and that he and Jenkins were fast. The tone in which he was making his sentiments known upon the calamity was not a subdued one.

"Shall I light you round, my lord?"

"By no means—by no means. I shall be up with Ketch in a minute. He seems in a passion. Good night, Fordham."

"Good night to your lordship."

The servant went back to the deanery. The prelate groped his way round to the west quadrangle.

"Are you closing, Ketch?"

Mr. Ketch started as if he had been shot, and his noise dropped to a calm. Truth to say, his style of complaint had not been orthodox, not exactly suitable to the ears of his bishop. He and Jenkins both recognised the voice, and bowed low, dark though it was.

"What is the matter, Ketch? You are making enough noise."

"Matter, my lord!" groaned Ketch. "Here's matter enough to make a saint—saving your lordship's presence—forget his prayers. We be locked up in the cloisters."

"Locked up!" repeated the bishop. "What do you mean? Who is with you?"

"It is me, my lord," said Jenkins, meekly, answering for himself; "Joseph Jenkins, my lord, at Mr. Galloway's. I came in with the porter just for company, my lord, when he came to lock up, and we have somehow got locked in."

The bishop demanded an explanation. It was not very easily afforded. Ketch and Jenkins talked one against the other, and when the bishop did at length get to comprehend the tale, he scarcely gave credence to it.

"It is an incomprehensible story, Ketch, that you should drop your keys, and they should get changed for others as they lay on the flags. Are you sure you brought out the right keys?"

"My lord, I couldn't bring out any others," returned Ketch, in a tone that longed to betray its resentment, and would have betrayed it to anybody but a bishop. "I haven't got no others to bring, my lord. Them two keys hangs up on the nail always, and there ain't another key besides in the house, save the door key."

"Some one must have changed them previously—must have hung up these in their places," remarked the bishop.

"But, my lord, it couldn't be, I say," reiterated old Ketch, nearly shrieking. "I know the keys just as well as I know my own hands, and they was the right keys that I brought out. The best proof, my lord, is, that I locked the south door fast enough; and how could I have done that with these wretched old rusty things?"

"The keys must be on the flags still," said his lordship.

"That is the only conclusion I can come to, my lord," mildly put in Jenkins. "But we cannot find them."

"And meanwhile we are locked in for the night, and here's his right reverend lordship, the bishop, locked in with us!" danced old Ketch, nearly beside himself with anger. "Of course, it wouldn't matter for me and Jenkins; speaking in comparison, we are nobody; but it is a shameful indignity for my lord."

"We must try and get out, Ketch," said his lordship, in a tone that sounded as if he were more inclined to laugh than cry. "I will go back to the deanery."

Away went the bishop, as quickly as the gloom allowed him, and away went the other two in his wake. Arrived at the passage which led from the cloisters to the deanery

garden, they groped their way to its end—only to find the door closed and locked.

"Well, this is a pleasant situation!" exclaimed the bishop, his tone betraying amusement as well as annoyance; and, with his own prelatial hands, he pummelled at the door, and shouted out with his own prelatial voice. When the bishop was tired, Jenkins and Ketch set on to pummel, and they pummelled till their knuckles were sore and their throats were hoarse. It was all quite in vain. The garden intervened between them and the deanery, and they could not be heard.

It certainly was a pretty situation, as the prelate remarked: the Right Reverend the Bishop of Helstonleigh, ranking about fifth, counting by precedence, on the episcopal bench, locked up ignominiously in the cloisters of Helstonleigh, with Ketch the porter and Jenkins the steward's clerk; likely, so far as appearances might be trusted, to have to pass the night there! The like had never yet been heard of.

The bishop went to the south gate, and tried the keys himself; the bishop went to the west gate, and tried them there; the bishop stamped about the west quadrangle, hoping to stamp upon the missing keys; but nothing came of it. Ketch and Jenkins attended him—Ketch grumbling in the most angry terms that he dared, Jenkins in humble silence.

"I really do not see what is to be done," debated the bishop, who, no doubt, wished himself well out of the dilemma, like any less exalted mortal would have done. "The doors leading into the college are sure to be closed."

"Quite sure," groaned Ketch.

"And to get into the college would not serve us, that I see," added the bishop. "We should be no better off there than here."

"Saving that we might ring the bell, my lord," suggested Jenkins, with deference.

They proceeded to the college gates. It was a forlorn hope, and one that did not serve them. The gates were locked, the doors closed behind them. No getting to the bell that way; it might as well have been a hundred miles off.

They traversed the cloisters again, and tried the door of the school-room. It was locked. Had it not been, the senior boy might have expected punishment from the head master. They tried the small door leading into the residence of Dr. Burrows—fast also; that abode just now was empty. The folding doors of the chapter-house were opened easily, and they entered. But what did it avail them? There was the large, round room, lined with its books, furnished with its immense table and easy chairs; but it was as much shut in from the hearing of the world outside as they were. The bishop came in contact with a chair, and sat down in it. Jenkins, who, as clerk to Mr. Galloway, the steward to the dean and chapter, was familiar with the chapter-house, felt his way to the spot where he knew matches were sometimes kept. He could not find any; it was the time of light evenings.

"There's just one chance, my lord," suggested Jenkins. "That the little, unused door at the corner of the cloisters, leading into the body of the cathedral, may not be locked."

"Precious careless of them sextons, if it is not!" granted Ketch.

"It is a door nobody ever thinks of going in at, my lord," returned Jenkins, as if he would apologise for the sexton's carelessness, should it be found unfastened. "If it is open, we might get to the bell."

"Them sextons, proud, stuck-up gentlemen, be made up of carelessness and anything else that's bad, they be!" groaned Ketch. "Holding up their heads above us porters!"

It was worth the trial. The bishop rose from the chair, and groped his way out of the chapter-house, the two others following.

"If it hadn't been for that Jenkins's folly, a-fancying he saw a light in the burying ground, and me turning round to order him to come on, it might not have happened," grumbled Ketch, as they wound round the cloisters.

"A light in the burial ground!" hastily repeated the bishop. "What light?"

"Oh, a corpse-candle, or some nonsense of that sort, he had got his mind running on, my lord. Half of the world is idiots, and Jenkins is the biggest of 'em."

"My lord," spoke poor Jenkins, deprecatingly, "I never had such a thought within me as that it was a 'corpse-candle.' I said I fancied it might be a glow-worm; and I believe it was one, my lord."

"A more sensible thought than the other," observed the prelate.

Luck at last! The door was found to be unlocked. It was a low, narrow door, only used on the very rare occasion of a funeral, and was situated in a shady, out-of-the-way nook, where nobody ever thought of looking. "Oh, come, this is something!" cried the bishop cheerily, as he stepped into the cathedral.

"And your lordship now sees what fine careless sextons we have got!" struck in Ketch.

"We must overlook their carelessness this time, in consideration of the service it renders us," said the bishop, in a kindly tone. "Take care of the pillars, Ketch."

"Thank ye, my lord. I'm a going along with my hands held out afore me, to save my head," returned Ketch.

Most likely the bishop and Jenkins were doing the same. Dextrously steering clear of the pillars, they emerged in the wide, open body of the cathedral, and bent their steps across it to the spot where hung the ropes of the bells.

The head sexton to the cathedral—whom you must not confound with a grave-digger, as you might an ordinary sexton; cathedral sextons being personages of more importance—was seated about this hour at supper in his home, close to the cathedral. Suddenly the deep-toned college bell boomed out, and the man started as if a gun had been fired at him.

"Why, that's the college bell!" he uttered to his family. And the family stared with open mouths, replying not.

The college bell it certainly was, and it was striking out sharp, irregular strokes, as though the ringer was not accustomed to his work. The sexton started up, in a state of the most amazed consternation.

"It is magic, it is nothing less—that the bell should be ringing out at this hour!" exclaimed he.

"Father," suggested a juvenile, finding his tongue, "perhaps somebody's got locked up in the college;" for which prevision he was rewarded with a stinging smack on the head.

"Take that, sir! D'ye think I don't know better than to lock folks up in the college? It was me, myself, as locked up this evening."

"No need to box him for that," resented the wife. "The bell is ringing, and I'll be bound the boy's right enough. One of them masons must have fell asleep in the day, and has just woke up to find himself shut in. Hope he likes his berth!"

Whatever it might be ringing the bell, whether magic or a mason, of course it must be seen to; and the sexton hastened out, the keys of the cathedral in his hand. He bent his steps towards the front entrance, passing the cloisters, which, as he knew, would be locked at that hour. "And that bear of a Ketch won't hurry himself to unlock them," soliloquised he.

He found the front gates surrounded. The bell had struck upon the wondering ears of many, living within the precincts of the cathedral, who flocked out to ascertain the reason. Amongst others, the college boys were coming up in troops.

"Now, good people, please, by your leave!" cried the sexton. "Let me get to the gates."

They made way for the man and his ponderous keys, and the ingress to the college was gained. The sexton was beginning a sharp reproof to the "mason," and the crowd preparing a chorus to it, when they were seized with consternation, and fell back on each other's toes. It was the Bishop of Helstonleigh, in his laced-up hat and apron, who walked forth.

The sexton humbly snatched off his hat; the college boys raised their trenchers.

"Thank you all for coming to the rescue," said the bishop, in a pleasant tone. "It was not an agreeable situation, to be locked in the cathedral."

"My lord," stammered the sexton, in awe-struck dread, as to whether he had unwittingly been the culprit, "how did your lordship get locked in?"

"That is what we must inquire into," replied the bishop.

The next to hobble out was Ketch. In his own fashion, almost ignoring the presence of the bishop, he made known the tale. It was received with disbelieving ridicule. The college boys especially cast mockery towards it, and began dancing a jig when the bishop's back was turned. "Let a couple of keys drop down, and, when picked up, you found them transmogrified into old, rusty machines, made in the year one!" cried Bywater. "That's very like a whale, Ketch!"

Ketch tore off to his lodge, as fast as his lumbago allowed him, calling upon the crowd to come and look at the nail where the keys always hung, save when in use, and holding out the rusty dissemblers for the public view, in a furious passion.

He dashed open the door. The college boys, pushing before the crowd, and following on the bishop's heels—who had probably his own reasons for wishing to see the solution of the affair—thronged into the lodge. "There's the nail, my lord, and there—"

Ketch stopped, dumbfounded. On the nail, hanging by the string, as quietly as if they had hung for ages, were the cloister keys. Ketch rubbed his eyes, and stared, and rubbed again. The bishop smiled.

"I told you, Ketch, I thought you must be mistaken, in supposing you brought the proper keys out."

Ketch burst into a sobbing wail of anger and deprecation. "He had took out the right keys, and Jenkins: could bear him out in the assertion. Some wicked trick had been played upon him, and the keys brought back during his absence and hung up on their hook! He'd lay his life it was the college boys!"

The bishop turned his eyes on those young gentlemen. But nothing could be more innocent than their countenances, as they stood before him in their trenchers—rather too innocent, perhaps; and the bishop's eyes twinkled, and a half smile crossed his lips, but he made no sign. Well would it be if all the clergy were as sweet-tempered as the Bishop of Helstonleigh!

"Well, Ketch, take care of your keys for the future," was all he said, as he walked away. "Good night, boys."

"Good night to your lordship," replied the boys, once more raising their trenchers; and the crowd, outside, respectfully saluted their prelate, who returned it in kind.

"What are you waiting for, Thorpe?" the bishop demanded, when he found the sexton was still at the great gates, holding them about an inch open.

"For Jenkins, my lord," was the reply. "Ketch said he was also locked in."

"Certainly he was," replied the bishop. "Has he not come forth?"

"That he has not, my lord. I have let nobody whatever out except your lordship and the porter. I have called out to him, but he does not answer, and does not come."

"He went up into the organ loft in search of a candle and matches," remarked the bishop. "You had better go after him, Thorpe. He may not know that the doors are open."

The bishop left, crossing over to the palace. Thorpe, calling one of the old bedesmen, some of whom had come up

then, left him in charge of the gate, and did as he was ordered. He descended the steps, passed through the wide doors, and groped his way in the dark towards the choir.

"Jenkins!"

There was no answer.

"Jenkins!" called out he again.

Still there was no answer, save the sound of the sexton's own voice as it echoed in the silence of the large edifice.

"Well, this is a odd go!" exclaimed Thorpe, as he leaned against a pillar and surveyed the darkness of the cathedral. "He can't have melted away into a ghost, or dropped down into the crypt among the coffins. Jenkins, I say!"

With a word of impatience at the continued silence, the sexton returned to the entrance gates. All that could be done was, to get a light and search for him.

They procured a lantern, Ketch ungraciously supplying it; and the sexton, taking two or three of the spectators with him, proceeded to the search. "He has gone to sleep in the organ loft, that is what he has done," cried Thorpe, making known what the bishop had said.

Alas! Jenkins had not gone to sleep. At the foot of the steps, leading to the organ loft, they came upon him. He was lying there insensible, blood oozing from a wound on the forehead. How had it come about? What had caused it?

Meanwhile, the college boys, after driving Mr. Ketch nearly wild with their jokes and ridicule, touching the mystery of the keys, were scared by the sudden appearance of the head master. They decamped as fast as their legs could carry them, bringing themselves to an anchor at a safe distance, under shade of the friendly elm trees. Bywater stuck his back against one, and his laughter came forth in peals. Some of the rest tried to stop it, whispering caution. "It's of no good talking, you fellows! I can't keep it in: I shall burst if I try. I have been at bursting point ever since I twitched the keys out of his hands in the cloisters, and threw the rusty ones down. You see I was right—that it was best for one of us to go in without our shoes, and to wait. If half a dozen had gone, we should never have got away unheard."

"I pretty nearly burst when I saw the bishop come out, instead of Ketch," cried Tod Yorke: "burst with fright."

"So did a few more of us," said Galloway. "I say, will there be a row?"

"Goodness knows! He is a kind old chap, is the bishop. Better for it to have been him than the dean."

"What was it Ketch said about Jenkins seeing a glow-worm?"

"Oh!" shrieked Bywater, holding his sides, "that was the best of all! I had got a lucifer out of my pocket, playing with it, while they went round to the south gate, and it suddenly struck fire. I threw it over to the burial ground: and that soft Jenkins took it for a glow-worm."

"It's a stunning go!" emphatically concluded Mr. Tod Yorke; "the best we have had this half, yet."

"Hush—sh—sh—sh!" whispered the boys under their breath. "There goes the master."

(To be continued.)

Progress of the Truth.

ITALY.

THE circulation of the Scriptures in Italy still continues. According to the *Evangeliste*, the British and Foreign Bible Society editions have been sold in considerable numbers by the agency of the Jews. At Rome they have sold thousands of New Testaments, and some of them have said to a Protestant pastor that they saw in that book the only efficacious remedy for Roman idolatry, and admitted that all forms of liberty are consequent upon its reception.

FLORENCE.—A correspondent of the *Temps*, writing from Florence, says, "The religious question at the present moment is at Florence one of peculiar interest. There has been established in the new quarter which extends towards the barriers of the Cascine a Protestant service, or rather, an evangelical evening school. Every evening, on returning from their promenades, the passers-by can hear the pastor read and expound the Bible. A small chapel has been erected for this purpose. The people throng to the place. The minister is no controversialist, he simply expounds the Scripture doctrine in an interesting manner. Conversions take place almost every week, which causes a great noise in the bishop world. The pulpits resound with anathemas; the pastor remains unmoved, and goes on with his evening school with a calmness and tranquillity of mind which equally strikes both his friends and the visitors. I go there sometimes as I return from the Cascine, and I assure you I can understand, to a certain extent, the uneasiness of the clergy." This testimony, from a man who evidently does not belong to the Protestant Church, has appeared to us well worth recording. Is it not a marvellous thing which our God has done for us, in opening for the free preaching of the Gospel a city where, a few days ago almost, the mere possession of a New Testament might conduct you to the galleys?

GERMANY.

MECKLENBURG.—The Mecklenburg general missionary and pastoral conferences have been this year held at Gadebusch. The attendance was not very large, owing to the remoteness of the place, but the meetings were none the less earnest and instructive. The devotional services

were conducted by the Rev. — Möhler, and a sermon was preached from Rev. iii. 19—23, by Professor Bachmann, of Rostock. The missionary, Inspector Hardeland, of Leipsic, gave an interesting account of the state and progress of the Lutheran missions in the East Indies. He also spoke upon the financial question with special reference to a mission college at Leipsic, on Lutheran principles. Superintendent Karsten, of Schwerin, followed, with some details of the inner or home mission, and dwelt particularly upon the house of rescue at Gehlsdorf, near Rostock. The next speaker was Superintendent Polstorff, of Güstrow, who called attention to the Mecklenburg fund for the relief of distressed Protestants. The pastoral conference of the following day was not open to the public, but only to ministers and preachers, and to them by tickets of admission; no report of its proceedings, therefore, have reached us.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE.—The friends of union between the Lutheran and Calvinistic communities lately held a meeting at the Hotel Schröden, in this city. The question which mainly occupied these present was how to secure a regular presbyterial organisation for the United Church, and how to preserve in the churches the right of election, which was endangered by the so-called Lutheran party. There were about a hundred persons present, including several influential laymen and ministers. A committee was appointed to take the matter in hand, and a resolution was adopted to hold a meeting at an early period upon the same subject at Oppenheim.

OLDENBURG.—The complaints of the clergy of this duchy, and especially of the evangelical preachers, as to the infringement of their rights and privileges by the law of 1849, still continue undiminished, and seem likely to continue, since these complaints are unheeded, and appeals are rejected.

STUTTGART.—The *Lien* says, "The principles of religious liberty are making their way in the world little by little, and we have now to record a new victory which they have gained. The chamber of deputies at Stuttgart has adopted, by eighty votes to one, a law which accords to Jews and those who follow any other dissident form of worship the same political rights as other citizens. Thus, as the *Presse* observes, in all Germany there is nowhere but Mecklenburg where religious equality is still unknown. We hope it will not long continue in its present vexatious course."

COBURG.—In the Duchy of Coburg it has hitherto been the practice of the Government to appoint pastors without consulting the wishes or opinions of the churches; but a recent decree of the Duke ordains that henceforth the churches shall be at liberty to nominate their own pastors.

BADEN.—It is well known that ministers of religion have suffered much from the official airs of the Government agents; we are, however, glad to learn that the Minister of the Interior for the Grand Duchy of Baden has recognised the necessity of sending a circular to all the *employés* of the Government, advising them to use politeness and respect in their correspondence with the clergy of all denominations.

HANOVER: GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS SOCIETY.—This Society, which lately held its eighteenth general assembly at Hanover, as already reported, announced an income of 157,628 *thalers* (£23,644). Thirty-four new branches, and twenty-seven ladies' associations had been formed during the year. Among these ladies' associations, one in Wallachia is especially referred to. The churches assisted have amounted to 559, including 1 in Africa, 4 in America, 2 in Belgium, 339 in Germany, 18 in France, 12 in Holland, 4 in Italy, 153 in the provinces of Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, Poland, Silesia, Croatia, &c.; 1 in Portugal, 7 in Switzerland, 11 in Turkey, the provinces on the Danube, and the Levant, &c. The ladies' associations have appropriated 15,627 *thalers* (£2,344). Fourteen churches, chapels, and other places of worship (*bethäuser*) have been inaugurated, and seven more churches remain to be consecrated; ten schools have been opened; two ministers' houses have been finished; the foundations of seven churches have been laid, besides those of a school and minister's house at Belgrade. Moreover, fifteen churches, and eight schools and ministers' houses are in course of erection. There have been many appeals for aid during the year. No fewer than 123 churches, 97 schools, and 61 ministers' residences have to be built; 137 churches are burdened with a debt of 200,000 *thalers* (£30,000); and the number of preachers and teachers who require assistance is not to be counted. Happily, with the enlargement of its operations, the Society records a corresponding increase in the sources of its income. The character and extent of its operations may be ascertained from the foregoing details.

SWITZERLAND.

FREIBURG.—The Roman Catholic *Piusverein*, an association for propagating Popery and counteracting Protestantism, lately held its fourth general assembly at Freiburg. Among the toasts which were given on the occasion was one which is significant, whether it be regarded mere bravado or not. It ran thus—"Geneva, the Protestant Rome, but soon to be the Catholic Rome of Switzerland!" At present, the population of Geneva consists of 36,000 Protestants, and 18,000 Catholics; but it must be admitted that the Protestants have been greatly divided. We hope the Evangelical Alliance will leave a hallowed influence.

GENEVA.—At the conferences of the Evangelical Alliance, 1,887 members were present. Of these, 1,240 were strangers, and the remainder Genevese. There were from 250 to 350 each, contributed by France, England, and Switzerland. About 100 came from Germany. The rest were from Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Austria, Poland, America, &c.

The number present was greater than at the previous conferences of London, Paris, and Berlin.

AUSTRIA.

EFFECTS OF LIBERTY.—Indications of a new life are apparent in various directions. Protestantism is lifting up its head in places where it was scarcely known to exist. Not only do we read of the erection or re-opening of places of worship, but of the regular organisation of the presbyteries in sundry parts. In Bohemia especially it is stated that the work progresses, and that, notwithstanding their poverty and other difficulties, the Protestant communities are hastening to avail themselves of the opportunities they now enjoy, and for which they do not fail to proclaim the praises of the Emperor. Twenty-eight special sermons are reported to have been preached at eight different places of worship. Ten of these sermons were in French, six in English, seven in German, three in Italian, one in Swedish, and one in Danish. Special prayer meetings were held every day at eight in the morning, in the chapel of the Pelisserie. Five friendly meetings for conversation and prayer were held in the open air in private grounds. There was one meeting for young men which was attended by more than six hundred. Various revival meetings were also held independently of the alliance, and it is reported, with happy results.

THE NEW PATENT.—The Vienna *Evangelical Sunday Messenger* has another article on the new constitution of the Austrian Protestant churches. This article is in the same hopeful spirit, and says that the days of sighing and lamentation are over. "We have obtained a firm and more legal position. The church law, so long kept back, is decreed and sealed. The Emperor has redeemed his word like a true man. An end has been put to all the feuds which have existed from the days of the Reformation to our own. The heavy burden which lay upon our heart, and so deeply wounded the Evangelical Church, is taken away by the patent of toleration of April 8, 1861. We have now a law, according to which we have to walk, and which our enemies cannot touch or break with impunity. Even in Tyrol, where it is not yet fully in operation, the hour is struck, and the clear-sighted and the unprejudiced will soon see and admit that the land and the people will suffer no harm from the Protestant law, however black that 'abomination of desolation' be painted. Moreover, we have a church constitution. Some foreign journals look with wishful eyes upon the freedom enjoyed now by us and our churches, in consequence of the memorable measures of April 8 and 9, 1861. In some journals the voice of warm enthusiasm expresses the hope that the way is now made plain by which a new and vigorous evangelical life may be awakened in our churches. We may be careful, and let us be careful to preserve the whole institution intact; but it will remain a dead letter if the Spirit of the Lord pervade it not."

TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The annual meeting of missionaries of the Turkish Empire was held a short time since at Constantinople. Many members were present on the occasion. Mr. Morgan gave some interesting details of the progress of missions in Turkey, in Asia, and especially in the southern part. The number of avowed Protestants is now 4,471. There are 23 places of worship, attended every Sunday by about 2,970 believers. The churches of Aintab and Marash prosper and rapidly develop. The last-named community, which is by no means rich, contributed no less than 7,950 piastres for different religious objects during the preceding year. Mr. Morgan stated, with much satisfaction, that instruction spreads more and more among the female population, and there are now many hundreds of them who can read and write.

HUNGARY.

SAROS-PATAK.—The *Saros-Pátaki-füzetek* gives a list of recent donations to the Protestant High School at Saros-Patak, amounting to 25,000 florins. Among the donors are Baron Vay, 2,000 florins; Madame Gyürky, 1,000 florins; Mr. Puky, 2,000 florins; Madame Pataki, 1,000 florins; and Madame Palózy Herváth, 10,000 florins.

BOHEMIA.

CARLSBAD.—The foundation stone of a new English chapel has been laid at Carlsbad. The Rev. R. W. Greaves, of Tooting, opened the proceedings by prayer. Sir Henry Bentinck followed with an address, in which he stated that £500 had been raised towards the cost of the erection through the generous zeal of the English visitors. There are still required £150, but it is quite hoped this will be speedily obtained. Various documents were placed in a cavity of the stone, and a plate placed over them. After the stone was laid with the usual ceremonies, further devotional exercises were conducted by Mr. Greaves and pastor Ketteneil. The substance of Sir H. Bentinck's address was translated into German by Dr. Mannl.

The Evangelical community of Rothenhaus-Görkau, in the north-west of Bohemia, at the foot of Mount Erzeberg, inaugurated its independent existence a year ago by the settlement of its first pastor for many a long year. It had been till then attached as a preaching station, or rather a mere annex of Haber, which is fourteen leagues away. The nearest church is at Teplitz, which is seven leagues distant. The members of the church amount to five hundred, residing in twenty-four villages and hamlets. In 1824 a wealthy Saxon emigrant opened a room for prayer,

which was continued till 1852, when preaching became regular. In 1858 the Protestants of the district provided a church-yard of their own. They now propose to erect for themselves a church, and have secured a piece of ground for 800 florins. To the church a school-house and parsonage are to be added, and it is calculated that the cost will amount to 14,000 florins, of which the people are so poor, that they can only promise 100 to 150 florins. The remainder will be obtained from others more rich in this world's wealth. The originator of the movement left about as much property as brings in sixty pounds a-year, and this goes to the support of the minister.

TAHITI.

The following account of Tahiti, from the correspondence of a foreign journal, will be read with interest:—

You remember probably what occurred during the years 1842, '43, and '44 in the Society Islands, and particularly that of Tahiti. The whole of Europe was agitated by these events, and never did King Louis Philippe fully recover from the crisis which he provoked. The inhabitants of Tahiti were almost all converted to Christianity; they possessed missionaries, churches, a regular worship, schools, and even a liberal political constitution. Their advance in civilisation was wonderfully rapid. This prosperity excited the jealousy of the Popish priests, who resolved to resort to arms in order to establish themselves in the islands of the Pacific, and, with the aid of Louis Philippe, or rather of Queen Maria Amelie, a French squadron penetrated to the island of Tahiti, threatening to bombard the city. This invasion greatly shocked the religious community of England, and war was upon the point of breaking out between the most powerful nations of Europe because of this little island situated at the other side of the globe. At length, Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot consented to make an arrangement; the missionary, Pritchard, who had been abused by the French officers, received an indemnity, and the protectorate of France was recognised by the Cabinet of St. James's.

The Roman Church hastened to send missionaries to Tahiti and the neighbourhood around, who neglected no means to obtain proselytes. But their promises and their threats produced little effect. In vain they offered bribes; in vain they expelled the English pastors under false pretences, and tried to dazzle the sight and the imagination of the natives by the showy pomp of their worship. The priests had found a people who possessed and read the Bible. The Tahitians, for the most part, remained firmly attached to the doctrines which they had been taught; and when they were deprived of their spiritual leaders, they chose evangelists from among their own people to preside over their worship, and to instruct their children.

Such is their condition at the present time. Tahiti and the small neighbouring islands contain a population of 14,000 or more souls. The number of communicants in the Protestant Church is about 2,300; a still larger number of Tahitians attend the evangelical Church without making any public profession of faith. The congregations are under the charge of native pastors, who are not learned men, but who are full of zeal and devotion. There are, further, six Popish priests, liberally paid from the treasury of France; they say mass before the troops in the garrison and some of the inhabitants of Tahiti, whom they have succeeded in proselytising.

Liberty of conscience and of worship is secured to all. This article is in conformity with the Constitution of the State. Besides, it would be impossible to pass acts of intolerance in this country. Rome knows that she must grant to others the rights that she claims for herself. Protestantism is recognised as the national religion—that is to say, all the inhabitants, without exception, are taxed for the Protestant worship and Protestant schools.

As to the political laws of Tahiti, they are worthy of notice and sympathy. Queen Pomare Valine is at the head of the State. She is about fifty years old, with a good intellect, and possessing the esteem of her subjects. She is the constitutional sovereign of the country, and administers public affairs, in connection with the French Imperial commissariat, or Commandant of the French Establishments in Oceania. Besides, there is a Legislative Assembly, composed of 145 members. The deputies are appointed for three years. Every body of 100 inhabitants chooses a representative. This Legislative Assembly holds its sittings annually, and they usually continue for a month. It appoints its own president, vice-president, and four secretaries. Two committees, one for the examination of laws and petitions, the other on finances, assemble regularly. The debates are published. What a strange and wonderful sight, to behold a people enjoying the privileges of a parliamentary government, who, scarcely a century ago, were plunged in all the horrors of Paganism, and offered human sacrifices to barbarous deities! The Bible preached by missionaries, and accompanied by the Spirit of God, has effected this great change. I do not pretend to say that all the Tahitians are good and moral men. Evil passions prevail there as elsewhere; but it must be acknowledged that the civilisation of this people has made almost fabulous progress, and the position which these once barbarised islanders now occupy—in a political, in a social, in a commercial, and, above all, in a religious point of view—furnishes an illustration that must afford pleasure to the merchant, the philanthropist, and to the Christian, of the pre-eminent and manifold advantages conferred upon a nation by the promulgation of those Christian principles which tend to banish ignorance, cruelty, and vice, and to establish truth, justice, and piety in the land; thus confirming the statement contained in Holy Writ, that "righteousness exalteth a nation."

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS ASSOCIATED WITH THE
CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

OCTOBER 6.

SAINT FAITH.—When Maximian, the Roman Emperor, passed the Alps and marched into Gaul, he determined to destroy every Christian therein, and commanded his whole army to take oaths of allegiance, and swear at the same time to assist him in the extirpation of Christianity in Gaul. Among them was a legion of soldiers, called the "Theban Legion," because the men had been raised in Thebais; they numbered 6,666 men, and were all Christians; they positively refused to take the oaths prescribed. This so enraged Maximian, that he ordered the legion to be decimated, that is, every tenth man to be taken and put to the sword. This cruel order was immediately put into execution; but the soldiers remained inflexible, when a second decimation took place, and still the men preserved their fortitude and their principles; but by the advice of their officers, they drew up a remonstrance to the Emperor, in which they told him that they were his subjects and his soldiers, but could not at the same time forget the Almighty; that they received their pay from him, and their existence from God. "While your commands," said they, "are not contradictory to those of our common Master, we shall always be ready to obey, as we have been hitherto; but when the orders of our prince and those of the Almighty differ, we must always obey the latter. Our arms are devoted to the Emperor's service, and shall be directed against his enemies, but we cannot submit to stain our hands with Christian blood; and how, indeed, could you, O Emperor! be sure of our allegiance and fidelity, should we violate our obligation to God, in whose service we were solemnly engaged before we entered the army? You command us to search out and destroy every Christian; it is not necessary to look any farther for persons of that denomination; we ourselves are such, and we glory in the name. We saw our companions fall, without any opposition or murmuring, and thought them happy in dying for the sake of Christ. Nothing shall make us lift up our hands against our sovereign; we had rather die wrongfully, and by that means preserve our innocence, than live under a load of guilt. Whatever you command, we are ready to suffer. We confess ourselves to be Christians, and therefore cannot persecute Christians, nor sacrifice to idols." This declaration enraged the emperor, and he commanded that the whole legion should be put to death, which was accordingly done by the other troops, who cut them to pieces with their swords. Then followed the persecution of the Christians everywhere. Tortures of all kinds were practised, to force them to renounce their faith, but the majority remained firm to their principles, and died as Christian martyrs. Amongst these was Saint Faith, a female, who lived at Aquitain, in France. Dacian was appointed to carry out the will of Maximian, in Gaul, and he desired to apprehend her, but she anticipated his purpose by surrendering herself a prisoner; and, being inflexible in her faith, was ordered to be broiled upon a gridiron, and then beheaded, which sentence was executed A.D. 287.

DR. WORTHINGTON, a learned and eminent Welsh divine, died at his vicarage in Llanrhayader, in Denbighshire, on the 6th October, 1778. He was a very pious man of primitive habits, and devoted the greater part of his income to charitable uses. When offered a living in addition to the one he then held, he persistently refused to accept it. He was a prolific writer, the principal productions of his pen being, "An Essay on Man's Redemption," &c.; "The Historical Sense of the Mosaic Account of the Fall;" "A Disquisition on the Lord's Supper;" and "The Evidences of Christianity," all of which were valuable contributions to the religious literature of that day.

OCTOBER 7.

JOHN GEORGE ZIMMERMAN, an eminent German physician, native of Hanover, died in 1795. He is now remembered principally as the author of a work on "Solitude," which has been translated into many languages. His father was a senator, and he caused his boy to be educated at home until the age of fourteen; after which the young Zimmerman attempted to study *belles lettres* and philosophy, both of which he eventually rejected in disgust. The death of his parents then occurring, he was at liberty to determine his own career, and he shortly after embraced the medical profession, in which he attained a high position, and was ultimately appointed Court Physician to King George I., at Hanover. When he first wrote the work on "Solitude," he was suffering from severe domestic troubles, his daughter having recently died, and his son being fast relapsing into confirmed idiocy. At that time he was probably not converted to God, and in the bitterness of his sorrow he naturally imagined that the secluded life of an anchorite, or monk, would prove an effectual relief to his heavily burdened heart. His subsequent experience and practice as a Christian, and the prominent position he took in the defence of Christianity against the new order of "Illuminati," which subsequently sprang up in Germany, produced a remarkable change in his views, and the after-editions of "Solitude," though exhibiting an occasional tone of distrust and doubt, yet evinced a much firmer reliance on Divine help than appeared in the original work. His disposition, however, was always more or less desponding and melancholy, and this was due no doubt in some degree to the bodily weakness with which he was afflicted.

OCTOBER 8.

THE FOURTH ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL AT CHALCEDON, held A.D. 451. This council was held for the purpose of

examining and legislating on the subject of the Eutychian and Nestorian heresies. Eutyches (a priest, and abbot in a monastery) acknowledged but one nature in our Lord Jesus Christ, and he was cited by Eusebius to appear before a council, consisting of thirty-three bishops and twenty-three abbots. Eutyches refused to retract his opinions, and he was therefore condemned and separated from the communion of the Church. This gave rise to so many disputations, that the Emperor Marcian, at the petition of the bishops, convoked an Œcumenical Council, as the only effective remedy for the evils under which the Church then laboured. The assembled ecclesiastics unanimously confirmed the deposition of Eutyches. The Nestorian heresy was next dealt with, which resulted in the deprivation and banishment of Nestorius, and the promulgation of the doctrines of the Trinity in Unity, and the indivisibility and equality of the manhood and Godhead of our Lord, as they are taught in his Word, and now understood throughout the Christian Church. This council, therefore, was, in reality, one of the most important of the councils of the early Church, and will necessarily rank as such in the mind of every Christian, from the inestimable worth of the principles there enunciated and established.

OCTOBER 9.

JUSTUS JONAS died, 1555. He was a learned coadjutor of Luther, and wrote, amongst other works, "The Defence of the Marriage of the Priests." He was born at Northausen, in Thuringia, where his father was chief magistrate. He first studied law, but afterwards applied himself to theology, when the light of the Gospel dawned upon him. He combined within himself the two characters of an able and sincere minister of Christ, and a clear-headed, well-educated citizen and politician. He aided Luther and Melancthon in the assembly at Marburg, and was subsequently associated with Melancthon at the Diet of Augsburg, in which he was one of the chief negotiators. In the year 1521, he sustained the triplicate office of pastor, principal, and professor at Wittenberg, and rendered valuable services to the cause of the Reformation in Thuringia, Misnia, and Saxony. After Luther's death, he took his place, as pastor of the church at Eislefeld, and terminated his career there in his 63rd year. He was the author of many theological treatises, and translated most of Luther's works into Latin. The first commencement held at Harvard College, Charlestown, America.

THE ORDER OF BISHOPS abolished in England, by an ordinance of Parliament in the year 1646. After the accession of Charles I., Laud having been raised to the primacy by the king, greatly exasperated the people by the introduction of Roman Catholic ceremonies into the Church, until the zeal of the Puritans was thoroughly awakened. Archbishop Laud succeeded in persuading the king to impose the Liturgy on Scotland, an attempt which speedily resulted in the overthrow of Episcopacy there. In England, the horrors and iniquities of the Star Chamber (which fills so dark a page in English history) were revived, and a new oath was framed by the king for administration to all members of the clerical body, by which they were made to acknowledge the king's supremacy in all things, and their entire submission to the dictum of the archbishop and his coadjutors. This proceeding so incensed the House of Commons as the representatives of the people, that they decreed, by a special ordinance, the abolition of the Episcopacy in England, and the summary removal of the bishops from their seats in the House of Lords. Thus commenced the civil war, which eventually proved so fatal to Charles I., and, for a time, to monarchical rule in England.

DAVID BRAINERD, a zealous, successful, and indefatigable missionary to the American Indians, died on October 9, 1747. He was one of the pioneers of Christianity amongst the Indian races of North America, and the happy results of his exertions may still be traced in the improved social and moral condition of many of the tribes (or rather remnants of tribes) which still exist. His father was member of Council in the colony of Connecticut, and died when his son was nine years of age. In 1739, the young David was sent to College; and in the latter end of 1743, was licensed to preach, and soon after appointed missionary to the Indians, and arrived at the scene of his future labours (Stockbridge) in April, 1743. He was now twenty-five; and his subsequent career, though extending over little more than four years, was characterised by unparalleled success. His only anxiety, while stricken down by affliction, was the spiritual welfare and Christian progress of his Indian converts. That he wore himself out in his holy work is certain; and his memory is cherished among the Indians to this day.

THE REV. RICHARD CUMBERLAND, an eminent divine of the Church of England, and subsequently Bishop of Peterborough, died on October 9, 1718, in the 87th year of his age. He was remarkable throughout his life for his diligent application to study, for his unaffected piety and unblemished probity, for his usefulness, industry, and devotion to his duties as a Christian minister, for his benevolence and self-denying habits; and for his argumentative skill, and erudition as a champion of Protestantism, and defence of Christianity against the attacks of sceptics and infidels. The biographers say of him that his most distinguishing characteristic, apart from his learning and general fitness for his position, was his extreme humility. He lived with the simplicity and plainness of a primitive bishop.

OCTOBER 10.

THE REV. JOHN POTTER, Archbishop of Canterbury, died in 1747. He enjoys a high reputation, in general as well as in theological literature, apart from his character as

a dignitary of the Church. His most important work was a "Discourse on Church Government," which he gave to the world in 1707. Throughout his life Archbishop Potter eschewed partisanship, and won to himself the respect and regard of all with whom he came in contact. In the high offices which he filled, he was instrumental in promoting to a considerable degree the interests of the Church and the general welfare of the community.

OCTOBER 11.

THE TITLE OF "DEFENDER OF THE FAITH."—In 1522 Leo X. issued a decree, conferring upon Henry VIII. *individually*, the above title. A brief relation of the reason why the title was conferred, and the circumstances attendant thereon, may prove interesting. Early in this year, the Diet of Worms and the bold challenge of Luther had set all Europe in a blaze; in other parts of Germany, the celebrated John of Leyden, Munzer, and others, had originated the Anabaptist doctrines, and the dominion and supremacy of the Pope was everywhere being disturbed. Henry VIII., it may be presumed, was no unobservant witness of these proceedings, for, submitting, as he did at that time, to Papal rule, he served, or attempted to serve, his master's cause, and to check the progress of Luther's doctrine by writing a Latin work, entitled "A Defence of the Seven Sacraments against Martin Luther." By the advice of Cardinal Wolsey, a copy of the book was presented to Pope Leo X., who, in grateful acknowledgment of the royal championship, bestowed upon Henry the title of "Fidei Defensor." This title was afterwards confirmed by Clement VII. Subsequently, however, on account of the change in Henry's bearing towards the papacy, the Pope deprived him of his newly acquired title, in the 35th year of his reign. However, the title was confirmed by Act of Parliament, and has since continued to be used by his successors. Chamberlayne says the title belonged to the kings of England before that time, and for proof thereof appeals to several charters granted to the University of Oxford.

ULRICUS ZWINGLIUS, or **ZWINGLE,** died in 1531. This eminent reformer and truly pious man was cotemporary with Luther, and occupied the same position (in regard to Protestantism) in the Swiss cantons, that Luther did in Germany. At ten years of age, Zwingle displayed such extraordinary talent, that the Dominicans endeavoured to persuade him to enter their convent. His father, however, opposed the project, and sent him to Vienna, where, for two years, he studied philosophy, and, for the ensuing few years, laboured so hard, that by the time he was twenty-two years of age, he obtained the degree of Master of Arts. He was now ordained priest, though the Bible was to him, as yet, a sealed book; and he seems to have clung to the errors of popery with tenacity, until, out of mere curiosity, he commenced the perusal of the writings of Wickliffe and the Bohemian reformers. The result was a total change in his views. He now took every opportunity to expose the erroneous teachings of the Romish church, and on one occasion, when indulgences were being sold, fearlessly proclaimed to the assembled thousands the glorious facts, that *without a change of heart none could be saved; that adoration of saints was idolatry; and that Jesus Christ was the only mediator between God and man.* Notwithstanding the violent opposition he encountered, Zwingle continued to proclaim the truth wherever he went. At length the commotion occasioned by this preaching was so great that a council of two hundred ecclesiastics was convened at Zurich. When the meeting was opened, no one was found willing or able to attack the reformer. Zwingle set the Bible before them, and challenged all present to make good their charge of heresy. He said that "fathers, councils, and popes, were all liable to error; the Bible alone was infallible." And, now, the reformers of Switzerland had to fight and take up the sword in defence of their religion and their native land; Zurich and several other cantons had declared against the spiritual authority of the Pope, and the Romish rulers were seeking Zwingle's life. On the 6th of October the Romish cantons took the field, and after five days' conflict, in which the Protestants were for a time vanquished, Zwingle was killed, while defending the cause of his country and of Protestantism. One of the opponents remarked, on seeing his dead body, "Whatever may have been thy faith, I am sure that thou wast always sincere, and that thou lovedst thy country. May God take thy soul to his mercy!"

THOMAS STACKHOUSE, a learned and pious clergyman of the Church of England, died, 1752. He was the first person who wrote extensive theological works for the booksellers, for the express purpose of sale among the less educated sections of the community. He continued a curate for the greater part of his life, and died in comparative poverty and destitution.

JOHN DE TROEZNON ZISKA, a famous Bohemian patriot, and general of the Hussites (so named after John Huss, the celebrated Reformer of Prague), died in 1424. Huss, it will be recollected, was one of the earliest martyrs for the Reformed Religion; he was publicly degraded from his priestly office, compelled to submit to the most horrible tortures, and afterwards burnt to death. But the fires which consumed the mortal remains of John Huss were the signal for a rising of the Hussites throughout Bohemia. Ziska, at the head of an immense force, destroyed monasteries, burned churches, and waged a furious and relentless war against the Roman Catholics, and though he was killed in the conflict between his own troops and the Imperial Guard, yet the war still continued until the Emperor agreed that no more monasteries should be built, that a general amnesty should be granted for all past disturbances, and that the University of Prague be reinstated in all its former privileges.

THE QUIVER.

ITALY OF THE FUTURE.

THE struggles of Italy to free herself from absolutism and a foreign yoke have been watched with unabated interest by the people of England. Such struggle has a deep moral interest, and all who love justice, freedom, and truth, must hope for the success of the cause in which Italy has been engaged. In this national contest, England has not directly interfered, but she has not been an unconcerned spectator. International law and established policy require that many interests should be equitably considered, and these must be looked upon in a comprehensive view. Thoughtful men will not fail to appreciate the policy of what is called non-interference; but the moral approbation and the heartfelt sympathy of our people have given to Italy a genuine support in the crisis through which she has been passing. The arms of France and the sympathy of England have been alike God's instruments in helping forward the work of Italian freedom. The latter instrument has this advantage that attends upon His worthy and willing agents; they have always the better blessing. The benefit of their aid is unalloyed by fraud or force, and they partake of the good which they have given. A free Italy will naturally be the friend of free England, in proportion as her freedom shall be guaranteed by moral advancement and religious truth.

To earnest men, anxious for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, the present condition and future prospects of Italy are deeply interesting. The free policy of Piedmont has opened a door into which we have been invited to enter, with the object of evangelising Italy; and the eye of impulsive zeal, scanning Italy from an English eminence, looks upon the fair land as already submissive to the lessons of a Scriptural faith. Let us view the matter soberly.

About three hundred years ago, the reign of our own Elizabeth was opened with a great reformation of the religion of the State. In the time of Henry VIII. England had fixed its relation to the Papacy by a legislative barrier against Papal interference with our national church. The religious orders, which had taken root in England as Papal incorporations, were suppressed, and the marriage law was so regulated that Papal dispensations were henceforth excluded from England. These were the preparatory public measures, which were followed up by the reformation of the national church; and all were provided for by the great act of the first year of the reign of Elizabeth.

Contemporaneous with this reformation in England was the meeting of the Council of Trent, by whose labours the system of the church of Rome was reconstructed, and sought to be stereotyped. The Protestant church asserted and maintained its independence; it submitted its doctrinal teaching to the test of the pure and open word of God; it purified the faith; it consecrated the right of private judgment. The Church of Rome, on the contrary, asserted and maintained its central supremacy over national churches, and under anathemas fixed the dogmas which were commanded to be taught for doctrines—these were accredited by the authority of the Church of Rome, which was not to be gainsaid. It corrupted the faith, it closed the Bible, and enlaved opinion. It denounced the right of private judgment as a sin against heaven. Now mark the consequences in each case. Three hundred years have elapsed. Meanwhile the Protestant Church has enlarged the outer court, whilst she has preserved and hallowed the inner shrine of her temple. She has now unequivocally recognised the great principle of religious liberty, and the inalienable rights of conscience, and thus has kept pace with the progress of freedom in this privileged land, where civil equality and religious liberty have become household words.

But what do we find in Italy? A Catholic people is there in conflict with the established ecclesiastical system. In the very seat of its highest authority this conflict is carried on; and those who best know the state of feeling at Rome, amongst the people and the working clergy of the city, are compelled to admit that the general, if not universal desire is to have the law of Piedmont and the king of Italy as the law and the king of the citizens of Rome. The present regime of the Papacy does not

and cannot consist with the growth of civil freedom. It is central and imperial, not national; it is corporate and absolute, not reconcilable with personal liberty nor with free progress.

It is not a little remarkable, that the period in which Sardinia has been prepared for taking the lead in the deliverance of Italy from its bondage, should have been characterised by a striking parallelism to the era of English liberation from Papal control, in the time of Henry VIII.

Sardinia has, in this period, won and asserted her national independence, and passed a law by which the interference of the Papacy is restrained. Another law has been passed for the Scriptural regulation of marriage, in accordance with the English table of degrees of affinity and consanguinity, and by which Papal dispensations have been excluded; and lastly, she has passed a law for the gradual suppression of the religious orders. These laws have been extended to their newly-acquired dominion and territory in Italy, and seem to meet with the general acceptance of the people as protective of the national independence, and of the rights of the laity against Papal and ecclesiastical encroachment.

Supposing that the kingdom of Italy were peaceably established, with these protective laws and this free policy, what should an Englishman further desire for Italy but a Reformed Church, with religious liberty and complete civil equality? These are blessings for which England cannot be too thankful to God: they have cost the blood of her patriots and martyrs, and their attainment has been a work of centuries. A Reformed Church requires an educated ministry, a free and intelligent people. It cannot trust to prejudices, however popular or traditional; it must attack its members by conviction and faith. In Italy there is not an educated clergy, nor are the people prepared for the sudden subversion of their ecclesiastical system. We must look at the state of things from an Italian point of view; we should try to put ourselves in the place of those noble-minded men who desire, in the best sense, the good of their country, in the present crisis of its destiny. There can be no doubt that there is in the people a growing dislike of priestly rule, and the earnest and general desire to keep the temporal sword in the hands of an independent laity. There will be an effort made, before long, to remove the "caste" distinction between the clergy and the laity; the law of celibacy will not be endured, and the Papal authority will soon be restricted to a spiritual jurisdiction only. But the dominion of Papacy has its roots too deep to be extirpated all at once by any movement amongst the people. The more educated and intelligent classes may be drawn off into religious indifference, but the great bulk of the people will adhere, in the main, to the rites and ceremonies of their ancient faith.

Italian statesmen profess to seek for a free Church in a free State. Let them have it, by all means; but this cannot be the Church of the Council of Trent. The Papal system claims, as of Divine right, a jurisdiction over all baptised persons—a state control which will not be abandoned, if it can by any effort be preserved. By slow, silent, but sure processes, truth and freedom work their way onward and upward. This is a gracious law of Divine appointment. The desire for civil freedom is such that allegiance to the Papacy in its plenitude of power cannot be maintained when the system is tottering to its foundation. It must give way at the last, or freedom must be driven back. The deep sense, the earnest spirit of nationality, indicates that the foundation of the system is on the sand, not upon a rock. When civil freedom is better consolidated, church reform will be demanded as a necessity by the laity. Already by some of the clergy this has been foreseen; and even at Naples, a memorial has been signed by a large number of the leading and the working clergy, asking of the King Victor Emmanuel to make provision for a reform of church discipline. In several places the Italian Clergy have been making anxious inquiry as to the Anglican ritual; they ask how it is that, whilst England secured her civil liberty, she preserved her national church; and they find that this has been brought about by having made God's Word the open test and standard of the teaching of the Church. He is a freeman whom the truth makes free. Protestant England appealed to the law and the testimony—the Holy Scriptures—of which the true church is not only to be the keeper, but the witness. Freedom and truth have thus

been kept together, and as the one has progressed, the other has expanded.

An instinctive feeling prevails, that the present restraint and the future removal of the Papacy are bound up with an efficient Church reform. The early churches anterior to the Papacy were independent, when they were of the people, rather than of the bishops. When thus constituted, the ministers were generally efficient and virtuous. But as the system became worldly, ambitious, and imperial, it grew into the Papacy, which has brought down many, many evils on devoted Italy. By this, tyranny was propped up, and the people degraded and enslaved, under the bondage of Papal Rome. "When Rome falls," said Father Paul Sarpi (meaning thereby, when the system of Papal and Jesuit policy at Rome comes to an end), "religion will reform itself."

The setting apart of Sardinia, her preparatory discipline, and her present attitude and influence, are very striking evidences of a Providential interference to work out a better future for Italy. Nor is it less remarkable that for so many centuries, in the valleys of Piedmont, the germs of a religion, simple and Scriptural, have, in despite of the Papacy, been preserved; and this is a heaven which may hereafter help the great work of Italian regeneration. But learning would seem to be needful, and zeal must be tempered with discretion. An improved clerical education, the circulation of an authorised edition of the Holy Scriptures, faithfully given in the language of the people, the abolition of clerical celibacy, these will lead on to a change of doctrine as to the Sacraments; and it will be found that the true worship of Him, who desires to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, and not otherwise, can be carried on by a mode of worship Scripturally reformed, in good faith, with pure and peaceable wisdom. The work has begun, and we must patiently wait on God to crown it with ultimate success. Indiscreet zeal sometimes retards the progress it labours to accelerate. In the towns in Italy, the masses of the people are found to congregate. In these may now be found for open public sale, the blessed book—the Holy Scriptures. Milan, Turin, and other towns, are supplied with valuable works which may help forward the movement. Classes meet regularly in Florence and elsewhere, for the reading of the Scriptures; congregations meet for prayer and exposition of God's Word, and in Naples a school has been founded on an approved Christian basis, for industrial, general, and religious instruction of poor children. This is now regularly attended by forty-five children, and is likely to be very successful, both in its own operations, and as a model which will probably be followed in other places. What has been thus set on foot is carried on mainly by British support, but by native agency. It is the grain of mustard seed.

It is plainly our duty to cheer on and contribute to the good work so auspiciously begun, but we are not the less bound to act with wisdom and discretion. Fanatical or impulsive interference is to be deprecated. Nature is conquered by obedience, and they who would mould Italian nature, must not be unmindful of the method by which our mastery over external nature has been extended since the time of Bacon. It was observed by the late Adolphe Monod to an English friend, that in the earlier period of his ministry, he thought no good could be done without great and general efforts, operations on a striking scale; but that he found at last the true method: just simply to spread Scriptural truth according to opportunity, great or small, not doubting but that God would bless and prosper every such effort, however humble. There is undoubtedly increased and increasing opportunity in Italy for spreading Scriptural truth, but it must not be supposed that because civil freedom has been so extended and so appreciated, that therefore Protestantism has spread amongst the people. It is, however, a clear gain to Italy to have ecclesiastical absolutism restrained and reduced. It is a great step in the right direction.

Richard Baxter says that he had at one time thought the errors of the Papists in the doctrines of faith were their most dangerous mistakes, but that he afterwards found them "in their Church tyranny, in the usurpations of their hierarchy and priesthood, under the name of spiritual authority exercising a temporal lordship; in their corruptions and abasement of God's worship; but, above all, in their systematic befriending of ignorance and vice." It is a further gain to Italy to have her statesmen proposing "a

free Church in a free State" as the programme of Italian policy, and an opening made for a gradual Church reform. Italy may thus follow, in some degree at least, in the wake of England, by completing the parallel which seems to have been so evidently begun by the Sardinian States. All exaggeration which exhausts sympathy in sentimentality is to be deprecated; but the sober reality, the plain truth, that we may help Italy in this her time of need, must not be overlooked. To do this well, it must be done wisely, in humble reliance on God's blessing, with faith and prayer. The time to favour her, her set time, is come at last.

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGES AND OF MAN. (Concluded.)

WHEN Mr. Crawford edited the men of science at Manchester with his theories about the origin of language, and the antiquity of man, he propounded very little that was new. Those who have read ancient Greek and Roman authors will remember much that closely resembles what we have now had proclaimed as the results of recent science. As Diodorus Siculus tells us in his first book (he lived about fifty years before Christ), some said that the first men were without social order, and lived like the brutes. They were scattered up and down, and fed on herbs and fruits, which grew wild. The fear of wild beasts led them to associate together for mutual aid. At that time their language was confused and without meaning, but they gradually acquired the faculty of articulate speech, the want of which had been supplied by certain sounds and signs. These rude groups scattered over the world gave rise to the different languages in existence, and were the origin of nations. They knew no useful arts, obtained their livelihood with difficulty, went unclothed, were ignorant of fire, and had no houses. Little by little, they emerged from this miserable condition. Similar accounts are to be found in other writers, but we have already given our reasons for abiding by the truth of the Biblical narrative.

Herodotus tells a story of an Egyptian king who was very anxious to know the original language of men, and which was the oldest nation. He therefore took two infants, which were excluded from human society, and not permitted to hear a word. After two years, it is reported that these children ran to their keeper uttering the word *becos*. Hereupon inquiry was made, and it was found that the Phrygians used this word for *bread*. Psameticus therefore concluded that this was a word of the primitive language, and that the Phrygians were the most ancient of nations. The probability is, that the children learned this word *bee* (as is a mere termination) from the goats among whom they were educated, as Clement of Alexandria long since conjectured. An Indian king mentioned by Purchas made a similar experiment with no better result. The wild boy found in the woods of Hanover, in the time of George I., was, to all intents and purposes, without the gift of speech. Poor Caspar Hauser, who was murdered in 1833, and who had been brought up in solitude, could speak but very little.

After all, we know next to nothing of the origin of language, besides what may be gathered from the Bible. It has been conjectured that originally words were very simple and uncompounded; that they consisted of one syllable only; that they were chiefly a few names for common things, and were all of one part of speech. This seems plausible enough, but with the Bible in our hands it is impossible to accept it. Therefore it seems necessary to admit that we are in ignorance on this matter, except so far as we are informed by the Scriptures. We have given our reasons for believing that man had a language from the beginning, and that for a long period that language was universal. We have shown that men of the highest reputation as philologists (Jacob Grimm, for example) maintain that all languages bear traces of a common origin, and therefore, that all nations are from one source.

And now as to diversities of language; how did they originate? We have seen what Mr. Crawford says, and that he merely repeats the opinions of some of the ancient writers of Greece and Rome. But neither he nor they can appeal to anything like an historical record, such as that which we have in Genesis. That record has been readily accepted by those who have known it. Thus Josephus says that God "caused a tumult among them by producing in them divers languages, and causing that through the multitude of those languages they should not be able to understand one another." Philo, the Jew, wrote a treatise on the "Confusion of Languages," but his love of allegory carries him away into strange fancies. For many centuries, Christian authors, whether they allegorised or not, do not seem to have doubted the narrative of Moses. In modern times, however, various writers, like Mr. Crawford, have called in question the accuracy of that record. Some of these have thought that all languages emanated from one by a slow and gradual process, throwing off branches and offshoots until the diversity we witness was attained. Others have thought that languages and men had different origins. Both agree in rejecting the idea of

such a confusion of tongues as we read of in Genesis. It must be admitted, however, even by these, that the *cause* assigned to this diversity in the Bible is adequate to the effect. That cause is a direct Divine interposition. Neither can it be denied that the *occasion* which gave rise to that interposition was one of immense importance, and one on which God might well mark his sense of the impiety and arrogance of men. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the causes to which they refer diversities of language would account for their origin, if the Bible did not stand in the way. It is also readily admitted that many languages have been formed since the days of Noah, and that language is continually changing in form. Then it is truly stated that some nations cannot easily pronounce some of the letters which other nations use, and that alterations of language are effected by a multitude of circumstances, which can partly be explained, and partly not.

It might be expected that there would be traditions extant of the dispersion of men and the confusion of tongues recorded in the book of Genesis; but there is very little which bears upon the subject. There is a near approach to a tradition of the Tower of Babel in the ancient myth of the Titans, who strove to invade heaven by piling mountains upon each other, and were cast down and scattered by Jupiter. The Chaldean writer, Berosus, says that after the deluge all men spoke the same language, and began to erect a tower which should reach to heaven; but the gods overthrew the tower, and confounded their language. Charlevoix relates that the Caracans (between China and Japan) believe that once all men spoke the same language, but their design of building a tower to get up to heaven caused the confusion of tongues. A similar legend is said to exist among the Chinese, as well as in Brazil and other parts of America. The Greeks had a fable according to which birds, beasts, and men once all spoke one language; but Saturn confounded their language, and thereby separated and scattered them. A Greek author, quoted by Jacob Bryant, gives a tradition of the confusion of tongues, which he says was preserved in an ancient temple of Egypt. This tradition declares that—

"When the tower
Rose to the skies upon Assyria's plain,
And all mankind one only language knew,
A dread commission from on high was given
To the fell whirlwinds, which, with dire alarm,
Beat on the tower, and to its base
Shook it convulsed. And now all intercourse,
By some occult and over-ruling power,
Ceased among men. By utterance they strove,
Perplexed and anxious, to disclose their mind,
But their lips failed them, and, in lieu of words,
Produced a painful, bubbling sound: the place
Was hence called Babel; by th' apostate crew
Named from th' event. Thus severed, far away
They sped, uncertain, into realms unknown;
Thus kingdoms rose, and the glad world was filled."

These traditions are not to be rejected as idle tales; however distorted their representations, many, and perhaps most of them, contain a substratum of truth. But this is not all; a miraculous origin of the confusion of tongues has been asserted by eminent writers on reasonable principles. We may pass over Origen and the Rabbins, who say that Moses must speak the truth, since neither good nor bad angels could perform so great a miracle. We may omit Ambrose, who says that men neither would nor could have brought such mischief on themselves. Nor need we stay to consider what later writers, like Buxtorf, Bochart, Walton, &c., have said about it, since they simply declare their faith in Moses, and are unable to advance independent reasons. We do not wonder that Mercer should say, "There is no reason to inquire too cautiously into this matter. It was effected instantly, in a way and manner which we can give no account of. We know of many things that they were done, but how they were done we cannot say. It is a matter of faith."

To our own minds it is clear enough that we must either admit the enormous antiquity of the human race, and place its origin in a period myriads of ages since, or we must admit the Biblical account of the origin of languages. Now there are no satisfactory evidences of man's existence during such an immense period. Those which are appealed to are either owing to mistaken identity or can be satisfactorily accounted for. The oldest known monument upon earth does not go back much further than Moses. The fossil remains of man found in various localities in no case belong to a distant geological period. The discovery by Mr. Horner of a piece of pottery near Memphis, thirty-nine feet below the surface, was supposed to prove that the Egyptians, or some race of men, existed in that country 11,517 years before Christ; but after all, its presence was easily accounted for. For some years past a great noise has been made about certain pieces of flint resembling axes, spear-heads, &c., found in different places, and especially in the beds of gravel between Amiens and Abbeville, in France. These flints lie as low as twelve or fourteen feet below the surface, in a formation of drift, lying above the chalk. The study of these things has been called *archæo-geology*; but the believer in the Bible need have

no fear of them, as we may some day show. There is, we think, nothing to disprove the general opinion, that man's residence in the world is comparatively recent, and that the Egyptian, Chaldean, Hindoo, and Chinese chronologies are absurdly inaccurate.

The investigation of languages led the eminent scholar, Abel Remusat, to affirm that "beyond the epoch when profane history ceases there was a confusion of tongues, which gave rise to them all, and which such vain attempts have been made to explain." The great Niebuhr lived to confess that all who believe in man's origin from a single stock "must suppose a miracle to account for the existence of idioms so different," and more to the same effect. Another distinguished ethnologist and linguist, Balbi, says that "no monument, either historical or astronomical, has yet been able to prove the books of Moses false;" and he adds that they agree in the most remarkable manner with the results arrived at by the most learned philologists. We could quote many other well-known names, but will rest satisfied with a single remark of the late Dr. Prichard:—"It seems incumbent on those who reject this passage of sacred history on the ground of its making a reference to a supernatural, and, as it may be termed, an unknown agency, to furnish us with some account of the first existence of our species which does not imply events at least equally miraculous." Here, then, for the present, we pause, and feel assured that no intelligent reader will hesitate whether he shall prefer Moses to Mr. Crawford.

THE ELEMENTS.—II. AN EXPERIMENT.

THE train of thought we have started in our former paper carries us to still larger and higher speculations. The universe, though boundless, is a rational and well-conducted scheme, and, in an ordinary range of thought, we regard our earth as an independent theatre of being, a world-of itself, containing its own springs of action and sources of power. When the astronomical fireworks are displayed at night, they may, indeed, be very pretty appendages, but hardly of any practical account, and rather a foreign affair. This is all a mistake. The fountain of terrestrial force, the base of the life organisation of the earth, is the sun. The sun-beam is the hand of God, working across the universe and combining the materials from which living things are formed. Not only is the sun, at the Divine bidding, our master-chemist, but he seems to have control of these curious allotropic phenomena—some portion of his rays appear, directly changing the elements to a different form. Another curious and startling action is afforded by a recent experiment in chemistry, showing that nitric acid, or aqua-fortis, is an extremely powerful, corrosive, oxydising agent, and is capable of dissolving most metals. Gold it does not dissolve or affect; and because gold is not thus tarnished by the air, or acted upon by oxygen, and seems to be exempt from the conditions of the inferior metals, it is called a royal metal—a noble metal. Silver, on the other hand, is dissolved by nitric acid; the acid combines with it, forming a compound known as nitrate of silver, part metallic, but the silver disappears, and the solution is as clear and transparent as water. By a proper method of transmutation, the silver may be separated and recovered; but it is considered a fixed property of silver always to dissolve in nitric acid.

Dr. Draper, in making his experiments, took a glass flask, two inches in diameter, containing nitric acid, diluted with its own bulk of water: the water was put in, not to diminish, but increase, the strength of the acid. Into the flask he then poured alternately small quantities of nitrate of silver and hydrochloric acid. This acid decomposes the nitrate of silver, forming an insoluble chloride of silver, which diffuses in minute particles through the flask as a milky precipitate. The conditions are now favourable for bringing the sunbeam into action upon it. Having got the silver into a shape to be acted upon—that is, combined with the chlorine and diffused through the flask—Dr. Draper arranged his twelve-inch burning lens so as to throw the centre of its brilliant light into the flask. The chemical action immediately commenced; the compound was decomposed, the chlorine set free, and the metal separated. He continued the exposure from eleven till one o'clock, which is equivalent to seventy-two hours; that is, by his concentrating glass he got seventy-two hours' action inside of two hours. In this way he got the metal free; but what was it? It went in chloride of silver; he got it free, but it could not be silver—at least, not ordinary silver—for it was liberated in the midst of nitric acid, and it did not dissolve. That which refuses to dissolve in nitric acid, whatever it may be, is not common silver; and, whatever it may be, it exhibits one of the properties of gold. Again, he burnished it in an agate mortar, when, lo! it did not give the true silver reflection and colour; it had a yellowish cast—another of the symptoms of gold. But, fortunately, or unfortunately, the metal did not remain in this condition; but it serves as an illustration of the power of the sun in effecting transmutation. Thus it would seem that the fabled powers ascribed of old to the philosopher's stone we finally realise as a property of light.

PHOSPHORUS.

Let me now introduce a different agent. About two hundred years ago an alchemist, while experimenting upon the properties of the human body, discovered a new and most remarkable substance. It possessed the marvellous property of shining by itself in the dark, and was hence

named phosphorus, or, the bearer of light. It took fire and burned furiously, exhaling a dense white cloud, which gathered like snow, but, unlike snow, hissing like red hot iron, and when brought into contact with the body, it produced blisters as if by the action of fire. The alchemists were transfixed with wonder. It was kept in glass vials filled with water, and in this way little bits of it were circulated about among the initiated. The alchemist was often startled in his laboratory at night by the lambent flame of this singular substance; and even yet, with all our knowledge, skill, and care, it is the terror of the laboratory, and there is scarcely a chemist who has not been, in some degree, a martyr to its fires. It has the most potent chemical affinities, and when exposed to the air it has a double action, one portion uniting with the oxygen, and forming phosphoric acid, and another portion entering the air and transforming it to ozone. It is a rapid poison, and many cases have been known where children have been poisoned by nibbling the ends of matches, and the workers in match manufactories are liable to have the bones of their jaws rotted away by the corrosive phosphoric vapour. Yet this element is an essential and constant ingredient of the living body. This might puzzle us, but we remember the different changes and mutations of the elements, and the difficulty disappears.

Phosphorus also illustrates this allotropic law; it has a six-fold mutation—six disguises which it may assume as circumstances may require—six suits which it may put on. We will confine our attention to two of these. First, is what is commonly seen, and what is called vitreous phosphorus. Then there is a red variety, which is a condition altogether opposite to the common glass-like sticks. So different is this red modification of phosphorus, that though it has been in the chemist's hands for nearly a century, it was only recently recognised as phosphorus. This is phosphorus in a placid and peaceful state. It varies from the common kind in that it does not shine in the dark, nor melt in boiling water. It exhales no vapour, and it does not change oxygen into ozone. It is chemically different from the other; it may be handled with impunity, and is not poisonous when administered in doses a hundred times greater than would be fatal with the common form. It is dormant, in a state of slumber; but still it is but the sleep of death. Try the virtue of fire upon it, and as it reaches the heat of five hundred degrees, the slumberer is aroused, and has become dangerous, and it is now necessary for the intruder to beware. And where is the sorcerer who can bind this furious creature? Again it is the sun. A thin layer of phosphorus is seized upon and exposed to the rays of the solar spectrum; in the violet region the active phosphorus is changed to a passive state again.

PHOSPHORUS IN THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

The crucible of the sun is the green vegetable leaf; the thousand rootlets of the plant gather up the chemical particles from the soil to be worked up in the factory above, and among others is the compound phosphorus. These are carried up the leaf by the sap, and decomposed by the sunbeam, and the phosphorus set free, turned into a passive state, and then laid up for the nutritive substances, destined for the food of man. Now, when in certain oily compounds it is introduced into the system, yet the arterial blood is not acted upon by it—it is neutral and inert.

Among the parts of the living organism the nervous system is the highest in the scale of importance, and that is the destination of this passive allotropic phosphorus. The ultimate nerve filaments are only half the thickness of the finest fibre spun by the silkworm; five thousand of them may be laid side by side in the breadth of an inch, and yet these wondrously thin threads constitute the telegraphic system of the body, and transmit the news in all directions, and in reality these little tubes or pipes are filled with this phosphorus. In the oily, pulpy part of the brains also, this phosphorus abounds, stored away in large proportions. There is one ounce to fifty ounces of brain; the average brain of a man weighs forty-five ounces, so there is nearly one ounce distributed throughout the cerebral region. I said the four organic elements were elevated to high honour, but in this elementary hierarchy phosphorus seem to have attained a still loftier distinction. It seems to be the last and most intimate link which connects the worlds of matter and of mind. It aids to carry forward our feeling, willing, and thinking operations. In the passive condition it waits to perform its grand functions at a proper signal, and, in the twinkling of an eye, it drops its impassive mask, and rushes forth impulsive to bring forth the words that breathe and the thoughts that burn. In all this we behold the wonder-working power of the Creator.

THE HUMAN BRAIN.

It is proper that phosphorus, upon which the human mind impresses itself, should owe its birth to the sun, and be rocked to sleep by the flowers. How mind and matter are joined we know not; it transcends the grasp of our faculties. So with mind and its instruments, how they are associated we do not know; we judge of their condition, and we may understand that they are proper matters of inquiry; but this has been found—that no intellectual operation can take place except it be attended with the oxydisation of phosphorus. I do not say that mental operations arise and originate in the changes of the brain; but that, in the action of the mind on the external world, these essential chemical changes do intervene. Yet it is in the consideration of these singular properties of matter that the mind unfolds to us the most august powers of contemplation that can engage the human thought. For what is so awful as those thoughts which concern the alliances of the spiritual with the material?

What part of the creation of God is to be approached with such awe and such solemn interest as the human brain? It is the crown of the universe; an institution of the Almighty for the management of the affairs of the world. In this narrow chamber what grand events transpire? Thoughts that have revolutionised the world originated here. Every achievement which shoots the world forward upon the line of progress originated here. Nay, did not all inventions and discoveries of arts and sciences, of literature and civilisation, come into existence first in the human brain?

It is customary to point to the heavens as the sublimest object that can engage human attention; and certainly the contemplation of its magnificent scenery must ever awaken the profoundest wonder. Those orbs sweeping out into the unknown and yet returning regularly through long celestial circuits; those gorgeous galaxies of stars swinging so deep in the abysses of space as not to be described except by a telescope—what are they but types of the Infinite, fit and fearful emblems of eternity? Yet I point you to an object grander far than all these, and which may kindle within your soul a more exalted order of emotions. It is the little organ in which that magnificent scheme is registered and in miniature reproduced. The cerebral matter receives the minute representation of that majestic universe. Those everlasting heavens, with all their magnificent distances, harmonies, and splendours, are duplicated in the brain of the astronomer—a faithful transcript is daguerreotyped on the tablets of his brain. We are told of the glory of the primitive creation, but what should we know of it, if it were not for this evidence of reality, and were it not recorded in this living alembic of thought? This human brain—it is, indeed, a laboratory of wonders—the master-piece of the Most High!

It is this which sheds a glory over man, for by the powers of the brain objects the most remote and diverse are brought into beautiful relation; the planetary movements, the growth of plants, and the thinking of a man, are all connected; and as we go on by faith we ourselves are not only united with the world that now is, but our purified and better nature shall become part of the new heavens and the new earth.

Eminent Christians.

DR. GEORGE WILSON, THE CHEMIST.

SCIENCE and Poetry have seldom gone hand in hand, though the wonders of the one are capable of description by the brilliance and beauty of the other; but men of science have rarely been poets, or able to adorn their teachings with eloquent expressions. Poets are more frequently men of fancy than of science, and do not possess sufficient acquaintance with Nature to embalm its sublime disclosures in undying verses. But there is no antagonism between science and poetry, and they have occasionally been united. HUGH MILLER threw the halo of genius around his description of the Old Red Sandstone, and the late Dr. GEORGE WILSON "illuminated the Book of Nature as they did the missals of old," while he described his favourite studies of chemistry and its allies. The first of these names is well known. The second but lately passed away. He was a great populariser of science, and clothed all his descriptions with the fascinations of poetry. "I would liken Science and Poetry," he said, "in their natural interdependence to those binary stars, often different in colour, which Herschel's telescope discovered to revolve round each other. . . . That star or sun, for it is both, with its cold, clear, white light, is SCIENCE; that other, with its gorgeous and ever-shifting hues and magnificent blaze, is POETRY. They revolve lovingly round each other in orbits of their own, pouring forth and drinking in the rays which they exchange; and they both also move round and shine towards that centre from which they came, even the throne of Him who is the Source of all truth and the Cause of all beauty."

Science and Religion have often been divorced. Some of the greatest names in natural philosophy have occupied the seats of the scoffers against the Volume of Revelation. This antagonism is less than it was, though it still exists. But there have been most eminent *sacras* in late years who have been sincere believers in the Gospel. They have harmonised the disrupted truths, and restored the symmetry of the temple of God. One of the most distinguished living Christian philosophers has said, "Science has a foundation, and so has religion; let them unite their foundations, and the basis will be broader, and they will be two compartments of one great fabric, reared to the glory of God. Let the one be the outer, and the other the inner court. In the one, let all look, and admire, and adore; and in the other, let them all have faith, kneel, and pray, and praise. Let the one be the sanctuary where human learning may present its richest incense as an offering to God; and the other, the holiest of all, separated from it by a veil, now rent in twain, and in which, on a blood-sprinkled mercy-seat, we pour out the love of a reconciled heart, and hear the oracles of the living God."

GEORGE WILSON* was born at Edinburgh, on the 21st February, 1818. He was one of twin brothers, whom God sent to gladden the hearts of parents whom he had more than once bereaved. The boys had that rare felicity, a godly and prudent mother, who left her benignant influence on all her family. It was her custom to visit every night the cot of her little boys, and utter beside them the patri-

archal benediction:—"The God which fed me all my life long unto this day; the angel that redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads." This was done so often and so long, that George remembered it as one of the most hallowed souvenirs of his infant years; and he once said to a friend, that he used to lie awake with his eyes shut, in order that he might watch for the words of his mother's blessing. Happy child to have such a mother's care!

The education of George Wilson was diligently promoted in a city where admirable facilities existed for it, and he early profited from his opportunities. At seven years of age, he could address rhyming epistles to his mother, and Latin letters to his elder sister. He had a great fondness for books, and would sit for hours poring over the plates and letterpress of a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "a book as big as himself," as his nurse declared. Natural history was early encouraged, and a love for animals met by the household menagerie of rabbits, white mice, and favourite dogs. The excursions on holidays around the environs of Edinburgh added greatly to the training of the young philosophers. Mrs. Wilson was anxious that her sons should love Nature as well as books.

After studying at the High School for some years, George was apprenticed in the laboratory of the Royal Infirmary. His time began in 1832. He was designed for the medical profession. He attended classes in the University for some branches, and in the Extra-Academical Medical School for others. When his apprenticeship ended in 1837, he was more free to pursue his inquiries into the natural sciences. He passed his examination for the College of Surgeons' degree on the 6th September, 1837.

During all those years of study, as indeed afterwards, he resided at home in the bosom of a Christian family. That domestic circle was large, for four orphan cousins were added to it, and it was often shaded by sickness and death. Birthdays brought sad reminiscences, as so many, who were once among them, were missed. But the trials deepened their parents' piety, and gave solemnity to the elastic spirit of George Wilson.

The winter of 1838-9 he spent in London, and attended the laboratory of Professor Graham, where he was associated with the now celebrated missionary traveller, Dr. Livingstone, then pursuing his medical studies. London presented many objects of attraction to his inquiring spirit; but he had to hurry home to Edinburgh, to pass his examination for his degree of M.D. This journey was hastened by the death of one of his cousins, who had been brought up with him. He graduated in June, 1839.

He was now anxious to get some position where he might lecture on chemistry; but an opening was not readily found. In 1840, on the departure of Dr. D. B. Reid from Edinburgh to London, he commenced to lecture in the Extra-Academical Medical School of his native city. A severe illness preceded his entrance upon this work, and left him an invalid during the whole of his public career.

Ardent in temperament, buoyant with youth, and elastic in body as in mind; with gay humour, keen repartee, flashing fancy, and profuse literary as well as scientific faculty, under the presidency of a clear judgment and a strong will, he seemed formed," says Dr. Cairns, "to cut his way to the rapid eminence and brilliant success after which he eagerly panted. A totally different path was marked out for him; and in this contrast lies the moral interest and pathos of his life." Disease had seriously set in upon his frame—so strong and healthy before. It was occasioned by a sprain on his foot, neglected, and injured during a long walk. "It was a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, but it was to darken all his life."

In 1842 a crisis came: his foot had to be cut off to save his life.

"I at once agreed," he afterwards wrote, "to submit to the operation, but asked a week to prepare for it—not with the slightest expectation that the disease would take a favourable turn in the interval, or that the anticipated horrors of the operation would become less appalling by reflection upon them: but simply because it was so probable that the operation would be followed by a fatal issue, that I wished to prepare for death and what lies beyond it whilst my faculties were clear and my emotions comparatively undisturbed; for I knew well that if the operation were speedily followed by death, I should be in a condition in the last degree unfavourable to making preparation for the great change."

This was a noble pause. He had been religiously educated, but he had not personally decided to follow Christ. He had, however, talked much on the subject with one then a student, now an eminent minister—the Rev. Dr. Cairns, of Berwick. Now came the period of decision. His sister says that during the week of delay, "a small Testament was his constant companion, and every available moment up to the coming of the surgeons was devoted to its perusal, like Bunyan's pilgrim, for 'LIFE, LIFE, ETERNAL LIFE.'" He sought and he found mercy, and in an accepted atonement realised a "trembling hope in Christ." "When I was recently struggling in a 'great fight of affliction,' body and soul racked and anguished, my life hanging in the balance, and eternity in prospect, I prayed to God for light and help, and my prayer was heard and answered." This was his believing testimony.

When the day arrived, he bore with much composure the loss of one of his feet. God in much loving-kindness spared his life, and he came forth from his chamber "with a spirit strengthened from heaven, to bear the life-long burden of a feeble body, and to accept life on the most disadvantageous terms, as a blessed and divine ministry." That period of amputation was ever to him most solemn. It was his birthday to God. "The season always comes back to me," he

* Memoir of George Wilson, M.D., Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh. By his sister, Jessie Aitken Wilson. Edinburgh: Edmonstone and Douglas, 1861.

said, "as a very solemn one; yet if, like Jacob, I halt as I walk, I trust that like him, I came out of that awful wrestling with a blessing I never received before; and you know that if I were to preach my own funeral sermon, I should prefer to all texts, 'It is better to enter halt into life, than having two feet to be cast into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched.'"

When he was recovered, he resumed his lectures. His prelections were very popular. He touched nothing that he did not adorn; hence, all who listened to him were delighted. He went through a great amount of work, considering his invalid state. In addition to his regular class, he sometimes taught a class in the School of Arts, though each effort was, as he said, "another nail in his coffin." He also lectured to the Edinburgh Veterinary College, and for a time had a weekly class of one hundred young ladies, at the Scottish Institution. Besides all these, he was still pursuing the researches on which his fame as a philosopher is built.

In 1844 he was baptised by immersion, by the Rev. Dr. Innes. His parents were Baptists, and he had not been baptised in infancy. At the time of his public profession, he had not decided opinions on the mode or subjects of this ordinance, but he afterwards adopted the views of his parents. He joined the church of the Rev. Dr. W. L. Alexander, to whom he was much attached.

From this period, the Christian presided over the chemist, and in all his conduct, Dr. Wilson revealed the beauty of the life of faith. It was his anxious desire to serve Christ, and he did so in a most influential though unobtrusive manner. On his students, his Christian example, and devout recognition of God, had great power. By means of the Medical Missionary Society, he had opportunities of making personal appeals to their hearts. He sometimes taught a Sabbath class. In 1852 he was requested by some young men to meet with them on Sabbath evenings. So long as he was able, this exercise was his joy.

In his public lectures and in his published books, he availed himself of his opportunity to do the work of the Lord. He occasionally lectured in school-rooms and the Philosophical Institution; and whatever was his subject, he not only described it with the pen of a poet and the accuracy of a philosopher, but he consecrated it to the Lord. If his theme were "the Chemistry of a Candle," he noticed all the references to candle or lamp in the Bible. If he discoursed on the senses, as may be seen in his "Five Gateways of Knowledge," he showed the highest office of eye and ear in relation to God and eternity. When he lectured on the graphic arts, he openly referred to the writing of God.

In the year 1855 he received from the Government the appointments of Professor of Technology and Regius Director of the Scottish Industrial Museum in the University of Edinburgh. He was peculiarly fitted for the office of expounding "Science in its Application to the Useful Arts," and entered upon his work *con amore*. Yet in writing to a medical friend he says, "As for the chair, I trust and pray that it will increase my power to serve my blessed Lord and Master."

He did not long enjoy his dignity. After beginning the session of 1859 with two lectures, he went to his bed of death. He knew chemistry could not help him then; but he had found the Divine elixir. The spiritual transmutation had been going on since 1842, and when the messenger came in 1859, he was ready for departure. He was at peace with God through faith in Christ, and entered into rest November 22nd, 1859.

Great was the mourning in both University and city of Edinburgh when the tidings spread that Professor Wilson was no more. While they gave him honourable burial, all felt they would not soon see his like again. But in hope they laid him in the grave—"the great laboratory whence alone the incorruptible, glorious, powerful, spiritual product of the resurrection can emerge." Joyful was the prospect of George Wilson's *Anastasia*.

Dr. Wilson's memoir of Dr. John Reid, of St. Andrews, is one of the best works to place in the hands of a young medical man. He wrote the life of the Hon. Henry Cavendish, for the society which bears the name of that eminent chemist, and he designed to have followed it up with a series of scientific biographies. In the *British Quarterly Review* he published sketches of Drs. Dalton, Wollaston, and Black, the Hon. Robert Boyle, and James Wilson, of Woodville. The life of Edward Forbes fell from his dying hand, and has since been published. To the *British Quarterly Review* he also contributed several articles, of which we may mention "The Chemistry of the Stars," and "Recent Scientific Ballooning;" and to the *Edinburgh Review* "Electricity and the Electric Telegraph." The various scientific journals of his day contain many of his contributions, and he published a work on "Colour Blindness," which contained some most remarkable discoveries. His "Five Gateways of Knowledge," which has been issued in a cheap form, were lectures to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, and are full of ripe science, poetic beauty, and Christian philosophy. Not a few poems, grave and gay, of very superior merit, came from his pen, and appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. In the November of his death an article from him was printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, on "Paper, Pen, and Ink." Its closing sentences evince its Christian baptism. "When Paper, Pen, and Ink have made the tour of the world, and have carried everywhere the acknowledgment of brotherhood between people and people, and man and man, and the song of Bethlehem, fulfilled to the full, has enlightened every intellect and softened every heart, their great mission will be ended. And let us not complain that our writing materials are one and all so frail and perish-

able, for God himself has been content to write his will on the fraillest things. Even his choicest graphic media are temporal and perishable. The stars of heaven are in our eyes the emblems of eternity, and they are the letters of God's alphabet of the universe, and we have counted them everlasting. Great astronomers of old have told us that the sidereal system could not stop, but must for ever go on printing in light its cyclical records of the firmament. But on our own day, and amongst ourselves, has arisen a philosopher to show us the result simply of physical forces working as we observe them do, that the lettered firmament of heaven will one day see all its scattered stars fall, like the ruined type-setting of a printer, into one mingled mass. Already the most distant stars, like the outermost sentinels of a flock of birds, have heard the signal of sunset and return, and have begun to gather closer together, and turn their faces homewards. Millions of years must elapse before that home is reached, and the end comes; but that end is sure. God alone is eternal, and they who through his gift are partakers of his immortality.

"It is wonderful to find a patient, mechanical philosopher, looking only to what his mathematics can deduce from the phenomena of physical science, using words which, without exaggeration, are exactly equivalent to these:—'Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of Thy hands; they shall perish, but Thou remainest, and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail.'

"If God's Paper, Pen, and Ink are thus perishable, shall we complain that ours do not endure? It is the writer that shall be immortal, not the writing."

Youths' Department.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

As usual, on a bright morning, the younger members of the family were assembled beneath a favourite wide-spreading tree that stood in the centre of the lawn, and the merry laugh and happy faces denoted minds at ease, and was one evidence of the happy result arising from the wise combination of method, sport, and labour.

"Good morning," said the father. "I just now heard a lady exclaim, 'Well done, Mr. Philosopher.' Pray, Maude, which of these gentlemen has won this honourable appellation?"

"Mr. Willie, my respected brother, papa. I was showing him my sketch of the gardener's cottage; and as it was a failure, I asked him, when he had done examining the drawing, to be so good as to destroy it. At this request the young gentleman became grandiloquent, and bowing, said, 'I wish my amiable sister to know that it is my duty, as papa would say, and that it is my pleasure, as I myself feel, to consult her wishes; but I regret to find her unreasonable.'"

"Under so grave a charge, what was your defence?"

"I suppose, Willie," I replied, "that we are all unreasonable, some time or other; but in what way have I displayed this infirmity?"

"You desired me," he said, "to destroy this paper, and, in so doing, you are asking me to do that which is impossible; for no one thing has been created, and no one thing has been destroyed, since the world was made."

"Well, papa," cried Willie, "I did say so to Maude, because somebody once said so to me; and I appeal to you; am I not right, papa?"

"Yes, my boy; for we may change the form, but we cannot destroy. If I drop a lump of sugar into a cup of tea, the sugar dissolves, but it is not destroyed; if I leave a piece of silver in a vessel filled with aquafortis, the silver disappears, but it is there; if I throw a sheet of paper into the fire, the fire consumes it, but I have only changed the form of the sugar, the silver, and the paper; they still exist. And if I call the chemist to our aid, he will bring back the sugar, and, by the addition of salt water, he will restore me the silver, and possibly, hereafter, he may be able to regain the paper. God alone possesses the power to create or to destroy; therefore, in acknowledgment of this exclusive power, we address the Almighty as the Creator; and the Hebrew word Almighty denotes the Destroyer."

"Then, as Mr. Willie is right, all that I can desire for him is that he may continue a philosopher 'so long as he shall live.'"

"A good wish, my friend, but not good enough; for, as the boy is superior to the child, the man to the boy, and the philosopher to the man, so the lowest Christian is superior to the highest philosopher."

"Although I have not the honour to be a philosopher," said Walter, "I admire the word, for it appears to blend humility with wisdom."

"Quite so; and that was the origin. Do you not remember this, Maude?"

"I am not sure that I do. I believe some admirer of an eminent teacher styled him a wise man, and he rejected the appellation, and begged to be regarded, not as a wise man, but as a lover of wisdom."

"Was not this eminent teacher Pythagoras?" said Walter.

"Yes, if we take Cicero as our authority."

"Papa, may I ask is that the respectable gentleman who gets so many of us young gentlemen into trouble?"

"In what way?"

"By the invention of the multiplication table."

"Yes, so it is said; and the grief extends, I fear, to young ladies also."

"Well, it doesn't perplex me much, that said table, though I should like things to come into the world already calculated; but never mind. Now, good people, if Maude calls me a philosopher—which I am too wise to think I deserve—let me give you some of my philosophy: not mine, though, by-the-bye; but here it is. Suppose it to be eighty yards from this tree to the tea-urn on the breakfast-table, and suppose we walk towards it forty yards in one minute, twenty yards in the second minute, and ten yards in the third, and so on, walking half as much in each succeeding minute; how is it that, if we were to walk for 10,000 years, or a thousand times 10,000 years, we should never reach the tea-urn?"

"Bravo! Well done, Willie. I hope you do not expect us to answer your question before we and the tea-urn have become good friends. It's all right; but how, in the name of Fortune, did you get hold of it?"

"Minnie, do you give up my question? Then I give you an easier one. Why is dear papa like an encyclopedia?"

"I have caught you," said Minnie. "Because we turn to him for whatever we want; and find it."

"If I am an encyclopedia—to use your complimentary language—I hope you will become a 'walking library.'"

"Then, papa, it must be a miniature edition, unless you mean that I am to be like the man we met in the village, who called himself a colporteur, and carried the books on his back."

"Willie, I wish you joy of your books," cried Walter; "and if you read them, do not put so many books on your head as not to leave room for your brains to stir."

"What say you to that, papa? Can I read too much?"

"It is wiser, my boy, to study much than to study many things. A little knowledge of many things tends to produce conceit, and often to bewilder. We may apply to literature and to science that which was applied to poetry:—

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain;
But drinking largely sobers us again."

"Maude! Maude!" cries Willie; "miracles have ceased, but wonders have not. Here is that revered daddy of mine, who advocates temperance, encouraging me to drink, and teaching me how to get sober again!"

"It is time, young Playful; that we all take to drinking; so away let us go."

"To what inn, papa?"

"To no inn but mine."

"Papa, as you are an innkeeper, may I give you a sign for your inn?"

"You may."

"It shall be the sign of 'The Tea-Urn and Toast-Rack.'"

"Be it so. Follow me, good people, and be sure not to follow Willie's proposed plan in walking; for, if you do, no mortal among you will ever taste another breakfast."

As they walked on, Maude was heard to say, in an undertone, "Walter, there's a good creature, do tell me what does Willie mean?"

He laughed and whispered, "It's out of your line; it is what is called in geometry by a very hard word—*asymptote*." Maude, lifting up her hands, cried, "Do you call that an explanation? I am no wiser than I was before. Oh, Willie, when you cease from fun and frolics, we shall be dull indeed! But make haste, dear; we have a beautiful subject this morning; you know, it is the Lord's Prayer."

The response he gave was to sing—

"Among the pitfalls in our way
The best of us walk blindly;
So, Maude, be wary, watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly."

"Mamma, we are ready," was very soon the remark. "Will you please to begin? The subject is the Lord's Prayer."

"Remember, that when we use this prayer, we draw near to God with God's own words."

"True, mamma," said Maude; "and I think we ought also to admire the prayer for its adaptation to our wants and to our infirmities."

"In what way, my dear?"

"Because it is so clear that all may understand it; so short that any may learn it; so full as to take in all our wants; and so exact as to show us what we are, and what we should be; and it shows us also what to do, and what to ask, and how to ask it."

"For that reason," replied Walter, "one of the early fathers, viz., Tertullian, speaks of the Lord's Prayer as 'an epitome of the Gospel.' St. Augustine calls it 'the Christian's condensed creed,' and Luther pronounces it to be 'the kernel of Christianity.'"

"I think the right use of the prayer brings the mind into a conformity with the mind of Christ," was the father's remark; "for the prayer opens by giving to God the title of 'Father'—the same title that Christ uses no fewer than sixteen times in his Sermon on the Mount."

"Did it ever occur to you, Walter, to consider the immense blessing conferred upon us by the use of figurative language in the Lord's Prayer?"

"No, sir, I cannot say that it has ever presented itself to my mind in that point of view."

"Papa," said Minnie, "explain this to me."

"With pleasure, my dear child, in this manner:—If you tell me 'God is a spirit,' my reply is, 'I believe it, but I do not understand it. I do not know what is a spirit;' but if you tell me that God is our Father, then you teach me what I do not know through the medium of what I do know. I know that it is the nature of a father to love his children, to watch over his children, to protect his children, to provide for his children, to rule his children, and, when they do wrong, to chastise his children—but to remember that they are his children still—and, when the evil is confessed and forsaken, to forgive his children. Also, if God be my Father, it is my duty to love him, to fear to offend him, to obey the rules appointed for the government of his household; it is my duty to look up to him with reverence and with gratitude; to prefer his will to my own; and to love that which he loves, and to detest that which he abhors; and it is my duty also to love, and to live in peace with, the other members of my Father's family. These things are taught me as implied lessons, and by the employment of figurative modes of speech."

"Do you remember, sir, an old divine says, 'The worst of men do not so much need our forgiveness as the best of men need the forgiveness of God?'"

"Yes; and St. Augustine presents this act of forbearance to our notice in forcible language. He represents God as addressing us:—'You, He says, 'are in my debt, because you have sinned against me; and you, in your turn, have your brother a debtor to you, because he has sinned against you. Well, as you act towards your debtor, so I act towards mine: that is, if you release him, then I release you; if you detain him, then I detain you. When you refuse to release another, you refuse to release your own self.'"

"This recalls to my mind the saying of a good old man: 'A Christian ought to give and to forgive, to bear and to forbear, and to spend and be spent in his Heavenly Father's service.'"

"Papa, will you kindly give us your comments on the whole, for ours only extend to parts of the prayer?"

"The Lord's Prayer places God before us all as our Father, giving and forgiving, guiding and guarding. In uttering this prayer, we profess to come before our God—"

1. As children ...	Our Father.
2. As worshippers ...	hallowed be thy name.
3. As subjects ...	thy kingdom come.
4. As servants ...	thy will be done.
5. As supplicants ...	give us.
6. As sinners ...	forgive us.
7. As weak and frail ...	lead us not into temptation.
8. As helpless in danger ...	deliver us from evil.
9. As fully trusting in him ...	for thine is the kingdom, and
all-sufficiency for time	the power, and the glory.
10. As confiding for eternity ...	for ever.
11. Amen, that is ...	so let it be.
12. Amen, that is ...	faithful and true;

for this word is supposed, by some, to be formed from the initial letters of the Hebrew sentence—'My Lord, the faithful King.'

"Maude, I wish you would give us your idea of the clause in the prayer, 'Deliver us from evil.'"

"I am not sure that my view is correct, but it is at your service:—"

"To my mind, the whole prayer denotes goodness on the one hand, and some opposing power on the other: that is to say, God, which denotes all goodness; and the devil, which denotes all that is evil. Scholars tell us that the sentence may be translated, 'Deliver us from the evil one;' that is, 'from SATAN;' and this view will aid us in every clause."

"Explain to us how you would apply it."

"In the Lord's Prayer, God's people pray to be delivered from this antagonistical power; for they know that Satan has wrested the government of the world from God's vicegerent, and that Satan is now called the prince of this world, to denote his dominions; the prince of the power of the air, to denote his abode; the prince of darkness, to denote the nature of his deeds; and the prince that ruleth in the hearts of the disobedient, to denote his subjects."

"From this usurpation they pray to be delivered, and plead—"

"Thou art our Father..."	... not Satan.
Hallowed be thy name	... not Satan's.
Thy kingdom come	... not Satan's to continue.
Thy will be done	... not Satan's.
Give us what is needful	... let us not look to Satan.
Forgive us	... for yielding to Satan.
Lead us not into temptation	... to be led astray by Satan.
Deliver us from evil	... from Satan, the evil one.
For thine is the kingdom	... not Satan's.
Thine is the power	... not Satan's.
Thine is the glory	... not Satan's.

And that for ever. Amen. { so may it be. Thou the true and faithful King."

"Thank you, Maude; I do not know that we can all subscribe to your view; but it possesses the merit of piety and beauty. Many years ago I met with a very beautiful comment, to this effect:—"

"In examining the Lord's Prayer, we ought to observe its nature, and its spirit. Look at its nature:—"

"It is *divine*. Christ himself has stamped the infallibility of heaven upon it."

"It is *comprehensive*. There cannot be mentioned a petition necessary for man that is not expressed or implied in this prayer:—Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our trespasses. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil."

"It is also *sublime*. Grandeur appears in its design. What is more ennobling than prayer? The loftiest place on earth for man is the footstool of Jehovah. The grandest posture is to fall down before Jehovah's throne. The grand-

deur of simplicity appears in its language. The grandeur of sublimity breathes in every sentence. Here are no swelling words of man's wisdom; here is nothing redundant, nothing deficient. It is the language of sublime devotion chastened by filial awe. Is it thus grand in language? So it is in the subjects expressed. In vain look we for sublimity where these are poor, but what vastness have we here!—God; the kingdom of God; angelic obedience; earth; the will of God, the only law of its one thousand millions of living men; evil, implying all that man can suffer or dread; deliverance from evil; the power; the glory; the eternity of God. Was ever so much comprehended before, or since, in so few words?"

"From observing the nature, or character of the prayer, let us consider—"

"Its SPIRIT—"	
It breathes a <i>filial</i> spirit	Father.
A <i>charitable</i> spirit	our Father.
A <i>reverential</i> spirit	hallowed be thy name.
A <i>missionary</i> spirit	thy kingdom come.
An <i>obedient</i> spirit	thy will be done in earth.
A <i>heavenly</i> spirit	as it is done in heaven.
A <i>dependent</i> spirit	give us this day our daily bread.
	and forgive us our trespasses,
A <i>forgiving</i> spirit	as we forgive them that trespass against us.
A <i>cautious</i> spirit	lead us not into temptation,
	but deliver us from evil.
A <i>confiding</i> and <i>adoring</i> spirit	for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory.

In other words, it breathes forth the spirit of prayer to God, acknowledging that his kingdom governs all, his power subdues all, and his glory is above all."

"Therefore it is inserted in every distinct part of the service of the Church of England, that by its perfection she may supply the defects of her own compositions by offering to God that which he himself dictated."

"I call to mind," said Walter, "a quotation from Tertullian, which my good old tutor once gave me."

How many doctrines are at once discharged in the use of the Lord's Prayer! The honouring of God, in the Father; the testimony of faith, in the name; the offering of obedience, in the will; the remembrance of hope, in the kingdom; the petition for life, in the bread; the confession of debts, in the prayer; the anxious care about temptation, in the call for defence."

"Good. We wait for your contribution, Minnie."

"I think much, papa, although I can say but little."

"Kindly think aloud; the thoughts of a pious mind are always acceptable."

"Then I would say, as God alone can teach us how he would be approached in prayer, I find my wishes expressed in these lines:—"

'O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray."

"If angelic obedience," said the mother, "is our standard, then it implies that God's 'will is to be done'—by all; at all times; in all things; with all our power, willingly, readily, and joyfully. In a word, actively, by doing, and passively, by submitting."

"I agree with your mamma, and would offer a remark:—God has retained his authority over all things, but apparently with one exception—man's free will, which appears necessary to constitute man a free agent, and, as such, a responsible being; but God has so ordained the order of things, that man can never know happiness until he is brought to give up his will to God, and in spirit to say, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' The prayer of the Christian is, 'Take my will, and make it thine;' and his language is—"

'When I disclose my wants in prayer,
May I my will resign;
And not a thought my bosom share,
That is not wholly thine."

"To speak in praise of the Lord's Prayer is like attempting to gild a sun-beam; still, as men of weak minds speak scoffingly, it is well to hear what men of vigorous minds say upon the subject."

"Dean Paley thus expresses himself:—"

For solemn thoughts, for fixing the attention on a few great points, for suitableness to every condition, for sufficiency, for conciseness without obscurity, for the weight and importance of its petitions, the Lord's Prayer is without an equal, and without a rival."

"Some of the old writers delighted," said Walter, "in making their condensed commentaries on this prayer."

"Quote one or two of them, Walter," said little Minnie, "just to oblige me; for you know I have not read as much as you have."

"Your wishes shall be law to me; they run thus:—'Our Father,

'By right of creation,
By bountiful Providence,
By merciful redemption,
By gracious adoption."

"Who art in heaven,

'The throne of thy glory,
The temple of thine angels,
The portion of thy children."

"And they piously stam up by adding, 'Amen.'"

'As it is in thy purposes,
As it is in thy promises,
So be it in our prayers, and
So shall it be to thy praise."

"Papa, instead of saying anything at present, please to

let me ask you a question. In the Lord's Prayer, we say, 'Our Father,' but St. Paul says, 'Abba, Father.' What is meant by the word 'Abba?'"

"Abba is said to be the Chaldee form of the Hebrew word denoting 'father.' It is a term of reverence, of love, and of submission, and was never permitted to be used by servants or slaves, when speaking to the head of the family, but was reserved for the exclusive use of the kindred. We are part of Christ's family—his sons and daughters—we are allowed to address God as 'Abba, Father.'"

"I recollect an anecdote bearing upon this name, and which tends to show the high privilege we enjoy in being allowed to say, 'Our Father' in our prayers."

A Jew went into a Persian temple, and saw there the holy fire. He said to the priest, "Do you pray to the fire?" "Not to the fire," answered the priest; "it is to us an emblem of the sun, and of its warmth and light."

Then said the Jew, "Do you honour the sun as your god? Do you not know that the sun is a creature of the Almighty?"

"We do know it," replied the priest; "but the material man needs material emblems, that he may comprehend the Most High; and is not the sun the image of the invisible, incomprehensible source of light who sustains and blesses all things?"

"Then," answered the Israelite, "how do your people distinguish the image from the reality? they already call the sun their god, and kneel before an earthly flame. You charm their outward sight, and blind their inward eye; and while you hold before them the earthly light, you take away from them the heavenly. Whereas, it is written, 'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image nor any likeness.'"

"How, then, do you represent the highest being?" asked the Persian.

The Jew answered, "We call him Jehovah Adonai, the self-existing God, who was, and is, and is to come."

"Your term is great and noble," said the Persian, "but it is terrible."

Then entered a Christian, and said, "We call him ABBA, FATHER."

The heathen and the Jew looked at each other with astonishment, and said, "Your term is the nearest and the loftiest; but who gave you the boldness so to name the Eternal?"

"He who is himself the Father has taught and commanded us when we pray to say, 'Our Father.'"

The fire-worshipper and the Jew retired, pondering in their hearts at the amazing honour conferred on men in being allowed to address God as "Our Father."

"Thank you, Maude, for your illustration. May we rightly prize our high privileges as Christians, and remember that the day will come, when, as a good man expresses it, 'all things will forsake us, except our God, our duty, and our prayers.' Therefore, I would say to you as Philip Henry said to his children—'Beware that you look well to your secret duty, namely, prayer; if this be neglected, the soul cannot prosper. A decay in piety may be generally traced to the closet door.'"

"As time runs out, we turn to you, mamma, for the closing remark."

"I cannot pretend to offer any worthy of so sacred a subject; but I will give you the beautiful remarks of an eminent Eastern scholar:—"

The first part of the prayer leads the soul upwards above the clouds, to the throne of the Almighty, and to Christ that sits at his right hand; but suddenly the soul is conscious that it is still enshrined in an earthly body, with earthly wants, which do not permit her to soar aloft, so she comes down from her exaltation, and prays for that body."

Thus the first part of the prayer contains the praises offered by angels and the heavenly host, and the second part the breathings of mortal men; but it does not, after all, stop there, for again it raises itself to the throne of heaven in these words, 'for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever;' and in that comprehensive word, "Amen," how the sinner pleads! for this is the expression of the slave in Turkistan. When he surrenders himself as a prisoner to him who makes him captive he exclaims, "AMMAN," which means "GIVE ME SAFETY." We find the soul concluding its prayer with a desire that God will give SAFETY through Christ, who is Yes and Amen."

"From these remarks," said the father, "we arrive at this conclusion, that in this prayer we ask for something more than the meat that perisheth. 'Man does not live by bread alone.' There is a meat to be eaten that the world knows not of. We, therefore, pray for food to sustain the hidden life of God in the soul. Whatever is needful for our support, our usefulness, and our comfort, we may ask for, and we do ask for in this prayer. All we want to fit us for the duties of time, and all we need to prepare us for the eternal world, we include when we say, 'GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.' Let us close our reflections in the words of pious Archbishop Secker:—"

May God give us grace to use our prayers in so right a manner that, from praying to him amidst the cares of this life, we may be taken, in his own good time, to praise him for ever amidst the joys of the world to come, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

A FIJIAN PRAYER.—The following is part of a prayer offered by a young native convert at family worship in Fiji:—"Thy gifts to us, O Lord, are very great. Thou hast given us thy Book, and teachers to make it plain. Thou givest thy Holy Spirit; but our foolishness is great in striving against him. Yet endure us, Lord, and give us power to do better, that we may not entirely quench thy Spirit. But, Lord, we are like papalagi (asks that some Fijians pretend to fill with oil), it is all water at the bottom, and a little oil at the top for the people to see; and in us the old spirit is at the bottom, and a little of the new at the top. But we know we cannot deceive thee, and thy long-suffering is great in that thou dost not destroy us. Thy love to us is a great fire, a bottomless ocean; our love to thee the tiniest spark, or a drop of rain."

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MONTHLY PARTS.—Monthly Parts of THE QUIVER are issued in a Coloured Wrapper, price 6d. and 6d.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19.

WAITING ON THE LORD.

AMONG the eloquent and glowing passages which abound in the prophecy of Isaiah, few are more beautiful than the one in which he celebrates the blessedness of waiting upon the Lord. After showing that an idol is nothing, and that in the Lord Jehovah there is everlasting strength, he says—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint." Two things are involved in waiting upon the Lord. There is, first, the idea of service rendered to him; and, secondly, a state of mind and heart such as David possessed when he said, "I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope." Angels and the spirits of just men made perfect, who serve God day and night in his temple, are waiting upon the Lord; and the saints on earth who are afflicted by disease, or pressed by infirmity till they are incapacitated for the active duties of religion, are doing substantially the same thing.

The Psalmist said of himself, "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning." We know how the sick and suffering, who are full of "tossings to and fro" wait for the light that shall chase away the darkness and gloom of the night; and we can conceive of the feelings of the shipwrecked mariner who has clung during the livelong night to some plank or broken spar, waiting and longing to see "upleaping in the east" the golden streaks of morning. So earnestly, more earnestly, even, do those who wait upon the Lord—who serve him as affectionate and dutiful children—desire his favour, and the joys of his salvation. But it is easier to describe this life of cheerful obedience and humble trust, than to find those who are willing to do God's will, and "hope, and quietly wait for his salvation." This world is very little given to waiting upon the Lord. There are multitudes of men who are practical atheists, "having no hope, and without God in the world." Others who honour the Lord with their lips, deny him in their lives. They walk after the desires of their hearts; live to please themselves, and serve the creature rather than the Creator. And, what seems strangest of all, they persist in this course long after they have learned that the soul, endowed with capacities for enjoying the supreme good, can be satisfied with nothing else. Having forsaken the fountain of living waters, they wander hungry and thirsty in the wilderness, and inquire, "Who will show us any good?" In the service of self, or of the gods of this world, men faint and are weary; and even the "young men utterly fail." But work for the Lord is life-giving, and with its performance there comes an increase of moral and spiritual power. Strength, and elevation of character are secured in waiting upon the Lord. The promise to such as

engage in this service is, that they shall renew their strength, and mount up with wings as eagles. This is in accordance with the law, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;" and is precisely the doctrine taught by our Saviour in the parable of the talents. There can be no growth in grace except we diligently use that which we have received. And the world is full of facts and analogies that strikingly illustrate this truth. The child learns to walk by making an effort to do so, when it can only run along a few steps at a time. The same child confined to its cradle for years, would then be hardly able to stand upon its feet. But the service of the Lord exalts as well as strengthens those who engage in it; and the promise of Holy Writ, given for our encouragement, should ever be held in remembrance as a motive to diligence in all Christian duties, that, They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

THE FIRST RESURRECTION.

"If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead."—Philippians iii. 11.

WE are too apt to be satisfied with the meaning apparent on the surface of Scripture, without inquiring further respecting the truth involved in it; and thus the passage in which our text stands is generally regarded only as an expression of St. Paul's striving to walk worthy of the Gospel which he was called to preach, to fight the good fight of faith, and to attain to the crown laid up for him in heaven. But if we consider the writings of St. Paul, we cannot suppose that he had any doubt concerning the resurrection, as he has plainly set forth that all shall rise again: "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive; but every man in his own order" (1 Cor. xv. 22, 23). The correct reading of the text is, "That I might attain to the resurrection *out from among the dead*," that is, to the first resurrection. The doctrine of the first resurrection has been much overlooked, but the early Christians well understood it. This is the resurrection unto which St. Paul desired to attain. This is the meaning of his words, "Every man in his own order." Concerning this resurrection it is written: "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power; but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years" (Rev. xx. 6).

This doctrine of the first resurrection is set forth also in Hebrews xi. 35, concerning the saints and martyrs of past ages: they "were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection." A better resurrection necessarily implies that there is more than one. Our Lord also taught the same truth when on the earth: "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live" (John v. 25). At this time only those among the dead who hear his voice arise. But in the same chapter (ver. 28, 29), he says, "Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

Thus did our Lord set forth that all who rise at the first resurrection rise to life and glory.

Let the Christian Church therefore now, like St. Paul, strive to attain to the first, the better, resurrection, and to live and reign with Christ when he cometh in his kingdom.

"WHY WILL YE DIE?"

My friend, "why will ye die?" This is a solemn question, and God requires you, if you are not a believer in his Son, to answer it. Should I ask the starving man this important question in regard to his temporal wants, his reply would be, "Because I have no food;" and when proffered to him, with what eagerness and gratitude would he accept it. But you are suffering for the "bread of eternal life," and a gracious God offers you that food which will satisfy the longings of the soul, and cause it to live for ever in eternal bliss. Why, then, will ye refuse this kind offer? Your happiness, your life, depend upon it; you must decide the question soon, or for ever perish. And perhaps this day may be the last time God will offer you the "bread of life." We know it is written, His Spirit will not always strive with man. The Lord says, To-day if ye will hear my voice, harden not your hearts. Why, then, refuse the offer of mercy, and peril your immortal soul? Is not thy soul worth far more than all earthly pleasure? Thy body must soon return to dust, but come to God in and through his Son, and thy soul will find eternal rest. Let me entreat thee to seek the Saviour. Remember the promise, "They that seek me early shall find me." Devote thy best years to the Saviour; come in middle age—come in old age, and ask the Lord to forgive the follies of a sinful life, that peradventure he may hear thy prayer, and save thy soul.

REPENTANCE AND REMORSE.

THERE is a wide difference between repentance and remorse. Both are excited by the remembrance of past actions which conscience condemns, and both are painful feelings. So much they have in common. But remorse respects only the past, while repentance includes the purpose of amendment for the future. He who repents, purposes not to repeat the guilty acts to which his repentance relates. Remorse is purely painful, while repentance, from the very fact just mentioned, that it includes the purposes of amendment, cannot be wholly disagreeable. Just as surely as the remembrance of the past fault is distressing, just so surely is the present consciousness of a better mind comforting and joyful. Remorse respects only ourselves, without any regard to the person against whom our fault has been committed. Repentance, in a Christian sense, includes sorrow in view of the act repented of, not merely as a wrong done by us, but as a wrong suffered by the injured person, whether that person be our fellow-creature or our Creator. Remorse is a part of the retribution for sin; repentance is a part of the remedy for it. Remorse is involuntary; repentance is voluntary. This is suggested by the derivation of the words. Remorse is the sin acting upon the sinner; repentance is the sinner reflecting upon the sin. In remorse, the guilty act, like a venomous reptile, turns back upon the actor, and darts his vengeful tooth into his soul, and tortures him with an acute pang. In repentance, the convinced sinner looks back with a deep, yet not unalloyed sorrow, upon his hated fault.

The repentance which Judas is said to have exercised (Matt. xxvii. 3), was rather remorse, or attrition, than true penitence. Indeed, the original word is not the same which is used to denote genuine, evangelical repentance. It is a word which is used in only four other places (Matt. xxi. 29, 32; 2 Cor. vii. 8; Heb. vii. 21), and does not necessarily express anything more than a feeling of dread, or concern, in view of the past. A derivative of this word is used in two places (Rom. xi. 29 and 2 Cor. vii. 10), in the first of which it is translated "without repentance," and in the second, "not to be repented of." "The gifts and calling of God," to which the epithet is applied in the first passage, are never subject to those changes which repentance implies. The "repentance unto salvation," referred to in the second passage, is not an act which will ever need to be renounced by him who exercises it.

THE COMET OF 1861.

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained: what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?"—Psalm viii. 3, 4.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—Prov. iv. 18.

WHENCE comest thou, pale pilgrim of the skies?
Thine errand what? and whither hence art bound?
The cynosure of man's inquiring eyes,
No sign thou makest, utterest no sound,

But silent speedest on thine unknown way,
Deck'd with thy plume of silver-tissued light;
Shrouded its wondrous grace from glare of day—
Its rays a keystone to the vault of night.

Strange voyager! o'er vacancy profound,
From Northern Bear to Southern Cross careering;
Or visiting the constellations round,
Through heaven's ecliptic all securely steering;

Wilt thou not tell us what is seen, what felt,
What done, in Venus, Mercury, and Mars?
On Jupiter, and under Saturn's belt,
And who the tenants of yon twinkling stars?

Is there elsewhere an earth like this, so deck'd
With beauty, yet with ruin scarr'd so sore—
Like some rich argosy, still whole, but wreck'd;
Angels admiring much, and pitying more?

In all thy travels, have thy radiant eyes
Yet lighted on a race so strange as ours;
Beings so gifted, and yet fall'n; so wise,
Yet so infatuate to abuse their powers!

Who love, yet fight; who laugh and weep by fits;
Are mortal, and yet heedless of death living!
Can reason, and yet drink away their wits,
Lost but for grace divine, yet unforgiving?

Thou dost not answer, art no thing of life;
Much less canst see, remember, or discourse.
Nought touches thee of man's sore live-long strife,
To know the better, and to do the worse.

Thou canst not, therefore dost not, disobey.
No incongruities of ours are thine;
As thou art launch'd, thou needs must wend thy way;
As is thy light, thou canst not choose but shine.

A nobler calling ours, to use aright
Senses, and reason, conscience, and a will;
Evil to hate, in good to take delight,
And willingly our Maker's laws fulfil.

In weakness, strengthen'd to resist, prevail
In heart more humble, as in progress high;
Trusting in Him, whose promise cannot fail,
Consistently to live, triumphant die.

Brighter than comet's train the Christian's graces,
Like finest gold in fiery trial proved;
By faith, and hope, and love, his course he traces
To heavens of bliss past comet's range removed.

Onward, God speed thee, pilgrim of the cross;
In this world's night, though making no display,
Thy path shall shine, all purg'd away thy dross,
Glowing in glory, through eternal day.

Our Pulpit.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—Heb. iv. 16.

To what does the word "therefore" refer in this text? Doubtless the full answer to this would take in the scope and design of the whole epistle, which is to set forth the pre-eminence of the Lord Jesus in his person above the angels of heaven—in his nature, as partaker of infinite and eternal Godhead; in his office, above all that appertaineth to an earthly priesthood; in his sacrifice, superior to all those preparatory oblations which, as making nothing perfect, have been suffered to pass away. But still, immediately and directly the apostle is moved to throw out this challenge in the contemplation of one aspect of Christ's work alone—namely, that which presents him to us as our ascended High Priest, passing into the heaven of heavens, there to receive homage from principalities, thrones, dominions, powers, and yet bearing with him the heart of his humanity, the tender-ness of his earthly life, the brother's power to feel for and compassionate a brother's weaknesses. "Seeing then that we have a great High Priest which is passed into the heavens"—not a High Priest which "cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin, let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

These words present to us naturally a threefold subject of inquiry: where we are to come, with what dispositions we are to come, what we are to ask when we come.

I.—Our first inquiry has respect to the place WHERE WE ARE TO COME. "Let us therefore come unto the throne of grace." Hardly can we suggest a more important inquiry for a convinced sinner than where God is to be found. Mark that language of Job under great spiritual depression, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even unto his seat. I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments." Here, then, is Job's desire granted. God is to be found—is to be reasoned with upon all matters that his children may wish to call upon him for; and the place where you will find him is the throne of grace.

See this illustrated in the case of Moses in the wilderness. He had dared to prefer the request to God, "I beseech thee show me thy glory." Did he expect to see the door opened into heaven? He might expect this, but see how his request is answered: "Thou hast asked to see my glory, I will make all my goodness to pass before thee." The realities of heaven are seen chiefly in grace, and love, and tenderness. "I sit on thrones; I rule amid the armies of heaven; my footstool is a platform of tributary and dependent worlds; but to them that would see my glory, it is enough that I make my name pass before them." "The Lord passed by before Moses, and proclaimed the glory of the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, and forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin."

It was a common thing with the Hebrews to speak of God as having two thrones, or rather a double throne—a throne of judgment and a throne of compassion. Here the intimation is that Christ our great High Priest is now gone into the holiest of all, to sprinkle its hallowed chambers with his own most precious blood; teaching us that just as God promised to meet Aaron and to commune with him from the typical throne of the ancient sanctuary, so should blessed manifestations of divine favour and acceptance be vouchsafed to those who, in the light of a more perfect ritual, come boldly to the throne of grace.

And why does the apostle call the Christian's mercy seat the throne of grace? First, because grace alone set up that throne. Nothing in man had any part in that Divine contrivance. It was planted in the counsels of grace; it was perfected through the instrumentalities of grace; it was designed for the manifestations and power of grace. There and there only does the infinite grace of God receive its most impressive and sublime display. You may behold the glory of God traced out on the tablets of material nature—the wisdom of God described in the developments of his providence—the goodness of God in giving us rain in its season, and filling our hearts with food and gladness—but the grace of God only can be reflected from the throne of mediation, in originating, contriving, and perfecting the work of man's salvation—love of sinners coming forth as from an everlasting fountain in the heart of God, and causing a stream of life and immortality to be shed over the face of a ruined world.

Further, the apostle calls our mercy seat a throne of grace, because grace is honoured by all the pardons that are dispensed therefrom. Everything God does for sinners—every link as he adds it on in the golden chain of our predestination, whether as choosing us in Christ, or regenerating us by the Word, or bestowing on us the gift of faith, or giving us a sanctified meekness for the saints' inheritance—everything is for one end, namely, that we should be to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath accepted us in the beloved.

II.—But we pass on to our second inquiry—IN WHAT FRAME OF SPIRIT ARE WE TO COME TO THIS THRONE OF GRACE? The apostle says we are to come boldly. It may help us to a better understanding of the word here employed if we consider some meanings of it which we are quite sure were not intended by the apostle. For instance, we may be sure he did not mean to encourage the boldness of indifference, as when men rush into the awful sanctuary of Divine presence without consideration or thought. Scrip-

ture always frowns back these irreverent approaches. "God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him." No, we must never forget that it is a throne we come to. We are to come boldly, but it is to a throne—very near, but to a throne; to make large suit, but it is to Him that sitteth on a throne. We are not made children that we should forget our reverence. Neither when telling us to come boldly to the throne of grace would the apostle mean that we should come peremptorily—dictating, as it were, to God of the matter of our petitions, as if in the unlimitedness of the command, "Ask, and ye shall receive," no reserve were left for the wisdom of a divine and purer choice. As against any form of peremptory or unqualified asking we have the example of our Divine Lord himself. He did not pray boldly in this sense; he left an ample margin for the wisdom of the Divine purposes. He seemed to admit as a possibility that, under the awful pressure of his incarnate agonies, he might be desirous of something which his Heavenly Father would not see expedient to grant. "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." The Redeemer does not say, "I will that this cup be taken away," but only "if it be possible"—if the removal of it may consist with the covenant of salvation—if I can see the bitterness removed, and my work uninjured whereby I am to save the world—"if it be possible."

But what, then, is the boldness here spoken of? First, it is the boldness of filial liberty, as distinguished from that servile frame of spirit which characterises man's approaches to God under the law. St. Paul, marking the difference of the two dispensations, observes, "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby ye cry 'Abba, father.'" We come with boldness now, because we are under the dispensation of the Spirit, and "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

But again, the boldness here spoken of is the boldness of faith—the boldness of assured trust—the lifting up of holy hands without wrath and doubting—a covenant laying hold of the promise in virtue of some foregone considerations which must make our petition speed. In this sense we have the apostle using the same word in Ephesians—"In whom we have boldness, and access with confidence, by the faith of him." This is a most assuring feature of our boldness in coming to a throne of grace, for it makes the acceptance of our prayers to stand, not on anything in the prayers themselves, in the fluency with which they are uttered, in the fervour with which they are breathed, or even in the comfort or elevation and peace with which they may be succeeded, but rather on our personal dependence upon Christ, as having our salvation in his hands. And we come boldly with this plea, because it is the commanded plea. "Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, he shall give it you." Brethren, never lose sight of this view of faith as the personal trust and dependence of the soul upon a personal Redeemer. It is to this state of mind that all the promises are made, as the turning-point of salvation, when the sinner, under a great apprehension of the desert of sin, and despairing of redemption from any other quarter, turns from all the broken reeds and false hopes of the deceived heart, and casts on Christ alone the entire burden of his endangered interests for eternity.

III.—We proceed to our last subject, or the ENDS TO BE SECURED IN COMING TO A THRONE OF GRACE. Two only are specified; but two thousand could not express more. Thus, one end is that we may obtain mercy. Now, all mercy supposes misery on the part of him who seeks it. He is deprived of some inestimable blessing, or he is under apprehension of some dreaded evil. Who sees not that this is the case of all men in their natural estate? What greater blessing to be in want of than the good will of him that dwelt in the bush?—what worse evil to be in dread of than the wages of unpardoned sin? Hence the object of all Scripture promises is to show us how we may obtain mercy. It is to bring Christ and the sinner together—the soul under sentence of death, and him that is the resurrection and the life.

But not for mercy alone do we come to the throne. We come also for grace to help in time of need. As a rule, mercy respects the past, grace respects the future. We need mercy for what we have been and what we are; we ask for grace as a security against what we might become, or what, through the frailty of our nature, we might hereafter do. But in the text you observe a particular form of grace is specified, namely grace in time of need. Brethren, try to realise this promise of a special grace adapted to a special need. It seems to bring before you the eye of heaven looking out for your occasion; and Jesus coming to the rescue at the very moment when a sudden temptation was becoming too much for your strength, or the fretting burden was beginning to be heavier than you could bear; when Satan was taking advantage of your accumulated suffering and sorrows; or when the withdrawn light of your heavenly Father's countenance was causing you to become weary and faint in your minds. We know that God is a great help at all times, but in trouble the Psalmist teaches us he is "a very present help." We may have great works to perform, or great trials to endure, or great difficulties to perplex, or great enemies to overcome, and it is the glory of our Jesus to appear for us then.

Such, then, brethren, are our encouragements to come to the throne of grace. With a primary reference, no doubt, to the means of devotion—to the hopes that should animate, the promises that should encourage, the urgent need that should stimulate the soul's highest powers at such times—the text may be taken as a yet larger invitation to every penitent and awakened sinner to come to Christ for pardon

and salvation. And to all such the text says, "Come boldly." Why boldly? Because he is all-sufficient who is seated on that throne. A complete ruin needs a complete Saviour—one who of God can be made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. Why boldly? Because Christ is as willing as he is able—as ready to welcome as he is mighty to save. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Brethren, all Scripture is founded upon this great truth, that any sinner, or the chief of sinners, may come boldly to the throne of grace. Those who would hedge up the resources of Divine grace under the constraints of any narrowed theological system understand not the comprehensive breadth of our Gospel philosophy. The context of the passage just quoted from John is very noteworthy; it is as if the last clause were intended to anticipate any apprehension of a limited or restricted blessing, which might arise on reading the first clause. "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." Aye, but who are they? Who shall presume to say whom the Father hath given unto Christ? Ask not. Thou dost not well to inquire concerning this. Listen to Christ's words that follow. "Him that cometh to me"—be he who he may, confess to what amount of guilt he may, approach me when he may—"I will in no wise cast out."

Why boldly? do you ask once more. I answer, Because the mercy, and grace, and salvation of Christ have all this special characteristic about them, that they are provisions for a time of need. Christ is not a Saviour at all if he be not a Saviour to the uttermost: it were to the peril of our souls, therefore, to draw an imaginary line over which this "uttermost" of Christ could not extend. Cain's sin was so much the greater because he said it could not be forgiven. Judas sinned awfully in betraying Christ: it may be questioned whether he did not sin even more in despairing of mercy afterwards. The sin of despair is the sin of all sins. It is equivalent to saying that God is not so merciful to save as Satan is merciless to destroy; that the powers of darkness can do what the powers of eternity cannot undo—in a word, that Christ either wields a powerless sceptre, or that his throne is not a throne of grace. Oh, if there be any consolation in Christ, if any comfort, if any fellowship of the Spirit—if there be virtue in infinite blood to cleanse, or power in infinite grace to restore—let us not yield to this spirit of unbelief, but "come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

THE CHANNINGS:—A TALE.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAD NANCE.

MR. GALLOWAY was in his office. Mr. Galloway was fuming and fretting at the non-arrival of his clerk, Mr. Jenkins. Mr. Jenkins was a punctual man; in fact, more than punctual: his proper time for arriving at the office was half-past nine; but the cathedral clock had rarely struck the quarter-past before Mr. Jenkins would be at his post. Things seem to go by contrary in this world: almost any other morning it would not have mattered a straw to Mr. Galloway whether Jenkins was a little after or a little before his time; but on this particular morning he had especial need of him, and had come himself to the office unusually early.

One-two; three-four! chimed the quarters of the cathedral. "There it goes—half-past nine!" ejaculated Mr. Galloway. "What does Jenkins mean by it? He knew he was wanted early."

A sharp knock at the office door, and there entered a little dark woman, in a black bonnet. She was Mr. Jenkins's better half, and exercised more than her share of domestic authority.

"Good morning, Mr. Galloway. A pretty business this is!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Mr. Galloway, surprised at the address. "Where's Jenkins?"

"Jenkins is in his bed with his head plastered up. He's the greatest booby living, and would positively have come here all the same, but I told him I'd strap him down with cords if he attempted it. A pretty object he'd have looked, staggering through the streets, with his head big enough for two, and held together with white plaster!"

"What has he done to his head?" wondered Mr. Galloway.

"Good gracious! have you not heard?" exclaimed the lady, whose mode of speech was rarely overburdened with polite words of compliment, though she meant no disrespect. "He got locked up in the cloisters last night with old Ketch and the bishop."

Mr. Galloway stared at her. He had been dining the previous evening, with some friends at the other end of the town, and knew nothing of the occurrence. Had he been within hearing when the college bell tolled out at night, he would have run to ascertain its cause as eagerly as any schoolboy. "Locked up in the cloisters with old Ketch and the bishop!" he repeated, in amazement. "I don't understand."

Mrs. Jenkins proceeded to enlighten him. She gave the explanation of the strange affair of the keys, as it had been given to her by the unlucky Joe. While telling it, Arthur Channing entered, and, almost immediately afterwards, Roland Yorke.

"The bishop, of all people!" uttered Mr. Galloway. "What an untoward thing for his lordship!"

"No more untoward for him than for others," retorted the lady. "It just serves Jenkins right. What business had he to go dancing through the cloisters with old Ketch and his keys?"

"But how did Jenkins get hurt?" asked Mr. Galloway, for that particular point had not yet been touched upon.

"He is the greatest fool going, is Jenkins," was the complimentary retort of Jenkins's wife. "After he had helped to ring out the bell, he must needs go poking and groping into the organ-loft hunting for matches, or some such insane rubbish. He might have known, had he possessed any sense, that candles and matches are not likely to be there in summer time! Why, if the organist wanted ever so much to stop in after dark, when the college is locked up for the night, he wouldn't be allowed to do it! It's only in winter, when he has to light a candle to get through the afternoon service, that they keep matches and dips up there."

"But about his head?" repeated Mr. Galloway, who was aware of the natural propensity of Mrs. Jenkins to wander from the point in discussion.

"Yes, about his head!" she wrathfully answered. "In attempting to descend the stairs again, he missed his footing, and pitched right down to the bottom of the flight. That's how his head came for it. He wants a nurse with him, does Jenkins, for he is no better than a child in leading strings."

"Is he much hurt?"

"And there he'd have him till morning, but for the bishop," resumed Mrs. Jenkins, paying no attention to the inquiry. "After his lordship got out, he, finding Jenkins did not come, told Thorpe to go and look for him in the organ-loft. Thorpe said he should have done nothing of the sort but for the bishop's order; he was just going to lock the great doors again, and there Jenkins would have been, fast! They found him lying at the foot of the stairs, just inside the choir gates, with no more life in him than there is in a dead man."

"I asked you whether he is seriously hurt, Mrs. Jenkins."

"Pretty well. He came to his senses as they were bringing him home, and somebody ran for Hurst the surgeon. He is better this morning."

"But not well enough to come to business?"

"Hurst told him if he worried himself with business, or anything else to-day, he'd get brain fever, as sure as a gun. He ordered him to stop in bed, and to keep quiet if he could."

"Of course he must do so," observed Mr. Galloway.

"There's no of course in it when men are the actors," dissented Mrs. Jenkins. "Hurst did well to say 'if he could,' when ordering him to keep quiet. I'd rather have an animal ill in the house than I'd have a man, they are ten times more reasonable. There has Jenkins been tormenting himself ever since seven o'clock this morning about coming here; he was wanted particularly, he said. 'Would you go if you were dead?' I asked him, and he stood it out that if he were dead it would be a different thing. 'Not different at all,' I said. A nice thing it would be to have to nurse him through a brain fever!"

"I am grieved that it should have happened," said Mr. Galloway, kindly. "Tell him from me, that we can manage very well without him. He must not venture here again until Mr. Hurst says he may come with safety."

"I should have told him that to pacify him, whether you had said it or not," candidly avowed Mrs. Jenkins. "And now I must go back home on the run. As good have no one to mind my shop as that young house-girl of ours. If a customer comes in for a pair of black stockings, she'll take and give 'em a white knitted nightcap! She's as deficient of common sense as Jenkins is. Your servant, sir. Good morning, young gentlemen!"

"Here, wait a minute," cried Mr. Galloway, as she was speeding off. "I cannot comprehend it at all. The keys could not have been changed as they lay on the flags."

"Neither can anybody else comprehend it," returned Mrs. Jenkins. "If Jenkins was not a sober man—and he had better let me catch him being anything else—I should say the two, him and Ketch, had had a drop too much. The bishop himself could make neither top nor tail of it. It'll teach Jenkins not to go gallivanting again after other folks' business!"

She finally turned away, and Mr. Galloway set himself to revolve the perplexing narrative. The more he thought, the less he was nearer doing so; like the bishop, he could make neither top nor tail of it. "It is entirely incredible!" he remarked to Arthur Channing, "unless Ketch took out the wrong keys!"

"And if he took out the wrong keys, how could he have locked the south door?" interrupted Roland Yorke. "I'd lay anybody five shillings that those mischievous scamps of college boys were at the bottom of it! I taxed Gerald with it, and he flew out at me for my pains. But the seniors may not have been in it. You should have heard the bell clank out last night, Mr. Galloway!"

"I suppose it brought out a few!" was Mr. Galloway's rejoinder.

"It did that," said Arthur Channing. "Myself for one. When I saw the bishop emerge from the college doors, I could scarcely believe my sight!"

"I'd have given half-a-crown to see him!" cried Roland Yorke. "If there's any fun going on, it is sure to be my fate to miss it! Cator was at my house, having a cigar with me; and, though we heard the bell, we did not disturb ourselves to see what it might mean."

"What is your opinion of last night's work, Arthur?" asked Mr. Galloway, returning to the point.

Arthur's opinion was a very decided one, but he did not choose to say so. The meeting with the college boys at their stealthy post in the cloisters when he and Hamish were passing through at dusk, a few nights previously, coupled with the hints then thrown out of the "setting out" of Ketch, could leave little doubt as to the culprits. Arthur returned an answer, couched in general terms.

"Could it have been the college boys, think you?" debated Mr. Galloway.

"Not being a college boy, I cannot speak positively, sir," he said, laughing. "Gaunt knows nothing of it. I met him as I was going home to breakfast from my early hour's work here, and he told me he did not. There would have been no harm done, after all, but for the accident to Jenkins."

"One of you gentlemen can just step in to see Jenkins in the course of the day, and reassure him that he is not wanted," said Mr. Galloway. "I know how necessary it is to keep the mind tranquil in any fear of brain affection."

No more was said, and the occupation of the day began. A busy day was that at Mr. Galloway's, much to the chagrin of Roland Yorke, who had an unconquerable objection to doing too much. He broke out into grumblings at Arthur, when the latter came running in from his duty at college.

"I'll tell you what it is, Channing; you ought not to have made the bargain to go to that bothering organ on busy days; and Galloway must have been out of his mind to let you make it. Look at the heaps of work there is to do!"

"I will soon make up for the lost hour," said Arthur, setting to with a will. "Where's Mr. Galloway?"

"Gone to the bank," grumbled Roland; "and I have had to answer a dozen callers-in at least, and do all my writing besides. I wonder what possessed Jenkins to go and knock his head to powder?"

Mr. Galloway shortly returned, and sat down to write. It was a thing he rarely did; he left writing to his clerks, unless it was the writing of letters. By one o'clock the chief portion of the work was done, and Mr. Roland Yorke's spirits recovered their elasticity. He went home then to dinner, as usual. Arthur preferred to remain at his post, and get on further, sending the housekeeper's little maid out for a twopenny roll, which he devoured as he wrote. He was of a remarkably conscientious nature, and deemed it only fair to sacrifice a little time in case of need, in return for the great favour which had been granted him by Mr. Galloway.

Most of the families who had sons in the college school dined at one o'clock, it being the most convenient hour for the boys. Hearty, growing youths are not satisfied with anything less substantial than a dinner in the middle of the day, and two dinners in a household tell upon the pocket. The Channings did not afford two, neither did Lady Augusta Yorke, so their hour was one o'clock.

"What a muff you must be to go without your dinner!" cried Roland Yorke to Arthur, when he returned at two o'clock. "I wouldn't."

"I have had my dinner," said Arthur.

"What did you have?" cried Roland, pricking up his ears. "Did Galloway send to the eating-house for roast ducks and green peas? That's what we had at home, and the peas were half boiled, and the ducks were scorched, and cooked without stuffing. A wretched set of incapables our house turns out! and my lady does not know how to alter it. You have actually finished that deed, Channing?"

"It is finished, you see. It is surprising how much one can do in a quiet hour! Not a soul has been in since you left."

"Is Galloway out?"

Arthur pointed with his pen to the door of Mr. Galloway's private room, to indicate that he was in it. "He is writing letters."

"I say, Channing, there's positively nothing left to do," went on Roland, casting his eyes over the desk. "Here are these leases, but they are not wanted till to-morrow. Who says we can't work in this office?"

Arthur laughed good-naturedly to think of the small amount out of that day's work which had fallen to the share of Roland.

Some time elapsed. Mr. Galloway came into their room from his own to consult a "Bradshaw" which lay on the shelf alongside Jenkins's desk. He held in his hand a very closely-written letter. It was of large, letter-paper size, and appeared to be filled on all its four sides. While he was looking at the book, the cathedral clock chimed out the three quarters past two, and the bell rang out for divine service.

"It never can be that time of day!" exclaimed Mr. Galloway, in consternation, as he took out his watch. "Sixteen minutes to three! and I am a minute slow! How has the time passed? I ought to have been at—"

Mr. Galloway brought his words to a stand-still, apparently too absorbed in the railway guide to conclude them. Roland Yorke, who had a free tongue, even with his master, filled up the pause.

"Were you going out, sir?"

"Is that any business of yours, Mr. Roland? Talking went fill in that case, sir."

"The lease is not in a hurry, sir," returned incoffing Roland. But he held his tongue then, and bent his head over his work.

Mr. Galloway dipped his pen in the ink, and copied something from Bradshaw into the closely-written letter, standing at Jenkins's desk to do it; then he passed the blotting-paper quickly over the words, and folded the letter.

"Channing," he said, speaking very hastily, "you will see a £20 bank-note on my desk, and the directed envelope of this letter; bring them here."

Arthur went, and brought forth the envelope and bank-note. Mr. Galloway doubled the note in four and slipped it between the folds of the letter, putting both in the envelope. He was hastening it down, when a loud noise and commotion was heard in the street. Curious as are said to be antiquated maidens, Mr. Galloway rushed to the window and threw it up, his two clerks attending in his wake.

Something very fine, in a white dress, and pink and scarlet flowers in her bonnetless head, as if attired for an evening party, was whirling round the middle of the road in circles: a tall woman, who must have been beautiful once. She appeared to be whirling somebody else with her, amid laughter and shrieks, and cries and groans from the whirlers and the gathering mob.

"It is Mad Nance!" uttered Mr. Galloway. "Poor thing! she really ought to be in confinement."

So everybody had said for a long while, but nobody bestirred themselves to place her in it. This unfortunate creature, Mad Nance, as she was called, was sufficiently harmless to be at large on sufferance, and sufficiently mad at times to put a street in an uproar. In her least sane moments she would appear, as now, in an old dimity white dress, scrupulously washed and ironed, and decorated with innumerable frills; some natural flowers, generally wild ones, in her hair. Dandelions were her favourites; she would make them into a wreath, and fasten it on, letting her entangled hair hang beneath. To-day she had contrived to pick up some geranium blossoms, scarlet and pink.

"Who is it that she has got hold of there?" exclaimed Mr. Galloway. "He does not seem to like it."

Arthur burst into laughter as loud as the woman's when he discovered that it was Harper, the lay clerk. This unlucky gentleman, who had been quietly and inoffensively proceeding up Close-street on his way to service in the cathedral, was seized upon by Mad Nance by the two hands. He was a thin, weak little man, a very red in her strong hands. She shrieked, she laughed, she danced, she flew with him round and round. He shrieked also, his hat off, and his breath gone; he talked, he raved, he remonstrated; I am very much afraid he swore. Mr. Galloway laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and Arthur also.

The crowd was parted by an authoritative hand, and the same hand, gentle now, laid its firmness upon the woman and released the prisoner. It was Hamish Channing who had come to the rescue, suppressing his mirth as he best could while he effected it.

"I'll have the law of her!" panted Harper, as he picked up his hat. "If there's justice to be got in Helstonleigh she shall suffer for this! It's a town's shame to let her go about, molesting peaceable wayfarers, and shaking the life out of them!"

Something at a distance appeared to attract the attention of the unhappy woman, and she flew away. Hamish and Mr. Harper were left alone in the street, the latter still exploding with wrath, and vowing all sorts of revenge.

"Put up with it quietly, Harper," advised Hamish. "She is like a little child, not accountable for her actions."

"That's just like you, Mr. Hamish Channing. If they took your head off, you'd put up with it! How would you like your hat flung away in the sight of a whole street?"

Hamish laughed, and said, "Here's your hat; not much damaged, apparently."

Mr. Harper, composing himself as he best could, continued his way to the cathedral, turning his hat about in his hand, and closely regarding it. Hamish stepped across to Mr. Galloway's, meeting that gentleman at the door.

"A good thing you came up as you did, Mr. Hamish. Harper will remember Mad Nance for a twelvemonth to come."

"I expect he will," replied Hamish, laughing still. Mr. Galloway laughed also, and walked hastily down the street.

CHAPTER XIV.

KEEPING OFFICE.

HAMISH entered the office. Arthur and Roland Yorke had their heads stretched out at the window, and did not hear his footsteps. He advanced quietly and brought his hands down hastily upon the shoulder of each. Roland started, and gave his head a knock against the window-frame.

"How you startle a fellow! I thought it was Mad Nance come in to seize hold of me."

"She has seized hold of enough for one day," said Hamish. "Harper will dream of her to-night."

"I thought Galloway would have gone into a fit, he laughed so," cried Arthur. "As to my sides, they'll ache for an hour."

Roland Yorke's lip curled with an angry expression. "My opinion coincides with Harper's," he said. "I think Mad Nance ought to be punished. We are none of us safe from her, if this is to be the game."

"If you punish her to-day, she would do the same again to-morrow, when the fit came over her," rejoined Hamish. "It is not often she breaks out like this. The only thing is, to steer clear of her."

"Hamish has a fellow feeling for that Mad Nance," mockingly spoke Roland Yorke.

"Yes, poor thing! for her story is a sad one. If the same grievous wrong were worked upon some of us, perhaps we might go mad and take to dancing for the benefit of the public. Talking of the public, Arthur," continued Hamish, turning to his brother, "what became of you at dinner-time? The mother was for setting the town-crier to work."

"I could not get home to-day. We have had double work to do, as Jenkins is away."

Hamish tilted himself on to the edge of Mr. Jenkins's desk, and took up the letter, apparently in abstraction, which Mr. Galloway had left there, ready for the post. "Mr. Robert Galloway, Sea-view Terrace, Ventnor, Isle of Wight," read he aloud. "That must be Mr. Galloway's cousin," he remarked; "the one who has got through so much money."

"Of course it is," answered Roland Yorke. "Galloway

pretty near keeps him, I know. There's a £20 bank-note going to him in that letter. Catch me doing it, if I were Galloway!"

"I wish it was going into my pocket instead," said Hamish, balancing the letter on his fingers, as if he wished to test its weight.

"I wish the clouds would drop sovereigns! But they don't come any the quicker for my wishing it," said Roland Yorke.

Hamish put the letter back from whence he had taken it, and jumped off the desk. "I must be walking," said he. "Stopping here will not do my work. If we—"

"By Jove! there's Knivett!" uttered Roland Yorke. "Where's he off to, so fast? I have something that I must tell him."

Snatching up his hat, Roland darted at full speed out of the office, in search of one who was running at full speed also down the street. Hamish looked out, amused, at the chase; Arthur, who had called after him in vain, seemed vexed. "Knivett is one of the fleetest runners in Helston-leigh," said Hamish. "Yorke will scarcely catch him up."

"I wish Yorke would allow himself a little thought, and not act upon impulse," exclaimed Arthur. "I cannot stop three minutes longer; and he knows that! I shall be late for college."

He was already preparing to go thither. Putting some papers in order upon his desk, and looking up others, he carried the letter for Ventnor into Mr. Galloway's private room, and put it into the letter rack. Two others, ready for the post, were lying there. Then he went to the front door to look out for Yorke. Yorke was not to be seen.

"What a thoughtless fellow he is!" exclaimed Arthur, in his vexation. "What is to be done? Hamish, you will have to stop here."

"Thank you! what else?" asked Hamish.

"I must be at college, whatever betide." Which was true; yet neither might the office be left vacant. Arthur grew a little flurried. "Do stay, Hamish. It will not hinder you five minutes, I dare say. Yorke is sure to be in."

Hamish came to the door, halting on its first step, and looking out over Arthur's shoulder. He drew his head in again with a sudden movement.

"Is not that old Hopper down there?" he asked below his breath, the tone sounding like one of fear.

Arthur turned his eyes on a shabby old man who was crossing the end of the street, and saw Hopper, the sheriff's officer. "Yes, why?"

"It is that old fellow who holds the writ. He may be on the watch for me now. I can't go out just yet, Arthur; I'll stay here till Yorke comes back."

He returned to the office, sat down, and leaned his brow upon his hand. A strange brow of care it was, just then, ill according with the gay face of Hamish Channing. Arthur, waiting for no second permission, flew towards the cathedral as fast as his long legs would carry him. The dean and chapter were preparing to leave the chapter house as he tore past it, through the cloisters. Three o'clock was striking. Arthur's heart and breath were alike panting when he gained the dark stairs. At that moment, to his excessive astonishment, the organ began to peal forth.

Seated at it was Mr. Williams; and a few words of explanation ensued. The organist said he should remain for the service, which rendered Arthur at liberty to go back again.

He was retracing his steps underneath the elm-trees in the Boundaries, at a less swift pace than he had recently passed them, when, in turning a corner, he came face to face with the sheriff's officer. Arthur, whose thoughts were at that moment fixed upon Hamish and his difficulties, started away from the man, in an impulse for which he could not have accounted.

"No need for you to be frightened of me, Mr. Arthur," said the man, who, in his more palmy days, before he learnt to take more drink than was good for him, had been a clerk in Mr. Channing's office. "I have got nothing about me that will bite you."

He laid a stress upon the "you" in both cases. Arthur understood only too well what was meant, though he would not appear to do so.

"Nor anybody else, either, I hope, Hopper. A warm day, is it not?"

Hopper drew close to Arthur, not looking at him, apparently examining with hands and eyes the trunk of the elm-tree underneath which they had halted. "You tell your brother not to put himself in my way," he said, in a low tone, his lips scarcely moving. "He is in a bit of trouble, as I suppose you know."

"Yes," breathed Arthur.

"Well, I don't want to serve the writ upon him; I won't serve it, unless he makes me, by throwing himself within length of my arm. If he sees me coming up one street, let him cut down another, into a shop, anywhere; I have got eyes that only see when I want 'em to. I come prowling about here once or twice a day for show, but I come at a time when I am pretty sure he can't be seen; just gone out, or just gone in. I'd rather not harm him."

"You are not so considerate to all," said Arthur, after a pause given to revolving the words, and to wonder whether they were spoken in good faith, or with some insidious purpose. He could not decide.

"No, I am not," pointedly returned Hopper in answer. "There are some that I look after as sharp as a ferret looks after a rat, but I'll never do that by any son of Mr. Channing's. I can't forget the old days, sir, when your father was kind to me; he stood by me longer than my own

friends did; but for him I should have starved in that long illness I had, when the office would have me no longer. Why don't Mr. Hamish settle this?" he abruptly added.

"I suppose he cannot," answered Arthur.

"It is but a bagatelle at the worst, and our folks would not have gone to extremities if he had shown only a disposition to settle. I am sure that if he would go to them now and pay down a £10 note, and say, 'You shall have the rest as I can get it,' they'd withdraw proceedings; ay, even for £5 I believe they would. Tell him to do it, Mr. Arthur; tell him I always know which way the wind blows with our people."

"I will tell him, but I fear he is very short of money just now. Five or ten pounds may be as impracticable to find sometimes as five or ten thousand."

"Better find it than that he should be locked up," said Hopper. "How would the office get on? Deprive him of the power of management, and it might cost Mr. Channing his place. What use is a man of when he's in prison? I was in that office for ten years, Mr. Arthur, and I know every trick and turn in it, though I have left it a good while. And now that I have just said this, I'll go on; and mind you tell him."

"Thank you," warmly replied Arthur.

"And when you have told him, please to forget that you have heard it. There's somebody's eyes peering at me over the deanery blinds. They may peer! I don't mind them; deaneries don't trouble themselves with sheriff's officers."

He glided away, and Arthur went straight to the office. Hamish was alone; he was seated at Mr. Jenkins's desk, writing a note.

"You here still, Hamish! Where's Yorke?"

"Echo answers where," replied Hamish, who appeared to have recovered his full flow of spirits. "I have seen nothing of him."

"That's Yorke all over! It is too bad."

"It would be, were this a busy afternoon with me. But what brings you back, Mr. Arthur? Have you left the organ to play itself?"

"Williams is taking it; he heard of Jenkins's accident, and thought I might not be able to get away from this office twice to-day, so he attended himself."

"Come, that's good-natured of Williams! A bargain's a bargain, and having made the bargain, of course it is your own look-out that you fulfil it. Yes, it was considerate of Williams."

"Considerate for himself," said Arthur; "he did not come down to give me holiday, but in the fear lest Mr. Galloway should prevent my attending. 'A pretty thing it would have been,' he said to me, 'had there been no organist this afternoon; it might have cost me my place.'"

"Moonshine!" said Hamish. "It might have cost him a word of reprimand, nothing more."

"Helstonleigh's dean is a strict one, remember. I told Williams he might always depend upon me."

"What should you have done, pray, had I not been here to turn office-keeper?" laughed Hamish.

"Of the two duties I must have obeyed the most important one. I should have locked the office up and given the key to the housekeeper till college was over, or till Yorke returned. He deserves something for this move. Has any one called?"

"No. Arthur, I have been making free with a sheet of paper and an envelope," said Hamish, completing the note he was writing. "I suppose I am welcome to it?"

"To ten, if you want them," returned Arthur. "To whom are you writing?"

"As if I should put you *au courant* of my love-letters!" gaily answered Hamish.

How could Hamish indulge in this careless gaiety with the sword hanging over his head? It was verily a puzzle to Arthur. A light, sunny nature was Hamish Channing's. This sobering blow which had fallen on it had probably not come before it was needed. Had his bark been sailing in waters perpetually smooth, he might have wasted his life, indolently basking on the calm, seductive waves. But the storm arose, the waves ran high, threatening to engulf him, and Hamish knew that his best energies must be put forth to surmount them. Never, never talk of troubles as dark, unmitigated evils: to the God-fearing, the God-trusting, they are fraught with hidden love.

"Hamish, were I threatened with evil, as you are, I could not be otherwise than oppressed and serious."

"Where would be the use of that?" cried gay Hamish.

"Care killed a cat. Look here, Arthur, you and your grave face! Did you ever know care do a fellow good? I never did; but a great deal of harm. I shall manage to scramble out of my pit somehow. You'll see." He put the note in his pocket, as he spoke, and took up his hat to depart.

"Stop an instant longer, Hamish. I have just met Hopper."

"He did not convert you into a writ-server, I hope? I don't think it would be a legal service."

"There you are, making joke of it again! Hamish, he has the writ, but he does not wish to serve it. You are to keep out of his way, he says, and he will not seek to put himself in yours. My father was kind to him in days gone by, and he remembers it now."

"He's a regular tramp! I'll send him half-a-crown in a parcel," exclaimed Hamish.

"I wish you would hear me out. He says a £10 note, perhaps a £5 note, paid on account, would induce 'his people'—I suppose you understand the phrase—to stay proceedings, and to give you time. He strongly advises it to be done. That's all."

Not only all Arthur had to say upon the point, but all he had time to say. At that moment the barouche of Lady

Augusta Yorke drove up to the door, and they both went out to it. Lady Augusta, her daughter Fanny, and Constance Channing were in it. She was on her way to attend a missionary meeting at the Guildhall, and had come to take up Roland, that he might escort her into the room.

"Roland is not to be found, Lady Augusta," said Hamish, raising his hat with one of his sunny smiles. "He darted off, it is impossible to say where, thereby making me a prisoner. My brother had to attend the cathedral, and there was nobody to keep office."

"Then I think I must also make a prisoner of you, Mr. Hamish Channing," graciously said Lady Augusta. "Will you accompany us?"

Hamish shook his head. "I wish I could; but I have already wasted more time than I ought to have done."

"It will not cost you five minutes more," urged Lady Augusta. "You shall only just take us into the hall; I will release you then, if you must be released. Three ladies never can go in alone—fancy how we should get stared at!"

Constance bent her pretty face forward. "Do, Hamish, if you can!"

He suffered himself to be persuaded, stepped into the barouche, and took his seat by Lady Augusta. As they drove away, Arthur thought the greatest ornament the carriage contained had been added to it in handsome Hamish.

A full hour Arthur worked on at his deeds and leases, and Yorke never returned. Mr. Galloway came in then. "Where's Yorke?" was his first question.

Arthur replied that he did not know; he had "stepped out" somewhere. Arthur Channing was not one to make mischief, or get another into trouble. Mr. Galloway asked no further; he probably inferred that Yorke had but just gone. He sat down at Jenkins's desk, and began to read over a lease.

"Can I have the stamps, sir, for this deed?" Arthur presently asked.

"They are not ready. Are the letters gone to the post?"

"Not yet, sir."

"You can take them, now, then. And, Arthur, suppose you step in, as you return, and see how Jenkins is."

"Very well, sir." He went into Mr. Galloway's room, and brought forth the three letters from the rack. "Is this one not to be sealed?" he inquired of Mr. Galloway, indicating the one directed to Ventnor, for it was Mr. Galloway's invariable custom to seal letters which contained money, after they had been fastened down with the gum. "It is a double surety," he would say.

"Ay, to be sure," replied Mr. Galloway. "I went off in a hurry and did not do it. Bring me the wax."

Arthur handed him the sealing-wax and a light. Mr. Galloway sealed the letter, stamping it with the seal hanging to his watch-chain. He then held out his hand for another of the letters, and sealed that. "And this one, also?" inquired Arthur, holding out the third.

"No. You can take them, now."

Arthur departed. A few paces from the door he met Roland Yorke, coming along in a white heat.

"Channing, I could not help it—I could not, upon my honour. I had to go somewhere with Knivett, and we were kept till now. Galloway's in an awful rage, I suppose?"

"He has only just come in. You had no right to play me this trick, Yorke. But for Hamish being there, I must have locked up the office. Don't you do it again, or Mr. Galloway may get to hear of it."

"It is all owing to that confounded Jenkins!" flashed Roland. "Why did he go and get his head smashed? You are a good fellow, Arthur. I'll do you a neighbourly turn, some time."

He sped into the office, and Arthur walked to the post with the letters. Coming back, he turned into Mrs. Jenkins's shop in the High Street.

Mrs. Jenkins was behind the counter. "Oh, go up! go up and see him!" she cried in a tone of suppressed passion. "His bed-room's front, up the two-pair flight. I'll take my affidavit that there have been fifty folks here this day to see him, if there has been one. You'll find other company up there!"

Arthur groped his way up the stairs; they were dark to his sight, coming in from the garish sunshine. He found the room indicated, and entered. Jenkins lay in his bed, his bandaged head upon the pillow, and, seated by his side, his apron falling, and his clerical hat held between his knees, was the Bishop of Helstonleigh.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY. — If we do but seriously believe the truth of the Gospel, and the truth of the life to come, the best things of this world will seem of small moment; and the worst things this world can inflict will appear too light to provoke us to impatience or discontent. He that hath everlasting glory in prospect will have a mind full of contentment in the darkest condition here.

OBEY, AND YOU SHALL KNOW. — Never was there a truer or more beautiful saying—as every Christian's experience will testify—than that of our Saviour: "If any man will do my will, he shall know of the doctrine." Obedience opens the heart to the Great Teacher, the Holy Spirit, and gives us a practical insight into former mysteries. Not only so, but we become keenly appreciative of the beauty and harmony of all God's plans, in nature as well as in grace. None can have so high an appreciation of the noble relations of this life, and of God's educational discipline to fit us for those relations, as the obedient, working Christian.

THE MORAVIANS.

SOME of the customs and services of the Moravians at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, are thus described by a recent visitor:—

There is one characteristic of the old Moravians, which has descended to their posterity, and that is, their love of music. Music, with them, is a passion. It is, as it were, the very atmosphere in which their feelings are awakened and expressed. For every mood of the heart, every emotion of the soul, and every impressive event, they have an appropriate harmony. The birth of their children is signalled by an anthem of joy, and some plaintive hymn soothes the departing soul. Song is the very voice of their faith, the utterance of their thanksgiving, and the wail of their intensest agony. Their church-service and festal rites are but a collection of sublime ritual melodies; and in the interchange of their social sympathies, in their gaieties and griefs, in the breathings of manly passion and the whisperings of maiden love, music is the chosen medium in which the emotions that swell and the feelings that subdue the heart find a fitting expression.

I was permitted lately to attend the love-feast of their Single Brethren. This beautiful and time-honoured festival is an outward demonstration of the affection and sympathy that unite these simple-hearted people. The sisters were attired in plain lace caps, the widows being designated by a white ribbon, the maidens by pink, and the married women by blue. The ceremonies consisted of the distribution of coffee and buns, and the performance of orchestral music, in which the sisters, the brethren, and the entire assembly alternately joined. There was not a silent voice or an unimpressed heart in that entire company. Those grand old melodies, which had come down to them rich with the memories of distant generations, softened, subdued, and swelled every heart. The aged even sang; and in their quivering lips and brimming eyes, one could see that the slumber of a thousand memories was broken, and the past was to them once more a reality. Pleasant to us were those venerable faces, eloquent with the light of heart-awakened memories. Sweet to us were those tremulous voices, breaking forth in the songs that were once music to their early years!

A LEAF FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

"On December 29th, 1860, she lay with her eyes closed and did not know me. I said, 'You know Jesus?' There was a light on her face, and she lifted up a finger, pointing upwards. I stooped down, and heard her murmur—'I love Him,' with an emphasis on both words which I shall never forget."

"I LOVE THE LORD."—PSALM CXVI. 1.

SHE lay with closed lids as sleeping,
Nor seemed to know me when I spoke;
"Till I inquired—"But you know JESUS?"
Ah! then her slumbering soul awoke;

And o'er her face a radiance falling,
Lit up each feature, as she raised
Her fragile finger, pointing upwards,
As tho' she saw Him while she gazed.

Stooping to catch the whispered murmurs
That parted her pale lips once more,
I heard the blessed words—"I love Him,"
To be remembered evermore.

She knew not me, for Heaven opened,
And what to her were earthly things?—
A hand Divine her tent was loosing,
And giving to its inmate wings.

Her thoughts were all of her Beloved—
Her one desire to hear him say,
In voiceless whispers to her spirit,
"Rise up, my love, and come away."*

The sun had set; o'er the latest shadow
Fell on her sleeping couch, and shed
The last faint touch of earthly darkness
That e'er should fall upon her head.

"A crown of life" and light awaited
Her ransomed brow in Jesu's hand;
Her feet the wilderness had traversed,
And stood upon "the border land."

But Jordan had for her no terror,
As—gazing on its further shore—
She spread her viewless wings to follow
Where her Beloved had gone before.

* Cant. ii. 10.

THE LAKE OF THE DEAD.

THIS is the name of a small but deep sheet of water, high up amid the snowy Alps. It is in the midst of the most drear and desolate of scenery, where everything is wild, though grand and imposing. This little lake is entirely surrounded by high mountains, whose summits are perpetually covered with snow. It is fed in the summer by the melting of the snows, and for the most part of the year it is perfectly sealed by the thick ice. It is only for a short season each year that its waters reflect the rays of the sun. In the midst of the summer no verdure cheers and enlivens its banks; all is sterile, save occasionally some little snow plant shoots up its modest and timid head. So perfectly do the mountains fold around it, that no wind disturbs the surface of its waters. They look stagnant by reason of their stillness, even when they throw, as from a mirror, the bright beams of the sun. This lake of the dead is on the summit of a lofty mountain, called the Mainwand, which is not less than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea; and yet mountains, in almost every variety of shape and grandeur, stretch themselves far up above the Mainwand, which stand

as eternal sentries around this strange little lake. But whence its name? Some tell us because of the deathlike dreariness of its location; or, because its waters are never disturbed by any wind that blows; but another reason is more probable. It is known that this was the theatre of one of the most desperate and bloody battles fought between the armies of the Austrians and the French, under the First Napoleon, in which the Austrians were defeated with heavy losses. The dead who had fallen in the battle were collected and cast into the deep waters of this lake. This was the place of their burial, and the great snow-white mountains are the monuments which now chronicle their deeds of desperate valour. Desperate it must have been, when armed bands engaged in deadly strife in such a place. It is amazing that armies could have surmounted the difficulties of this high pass, amid the narrow gorges of the snow mountains. But surmount them they did; and there they encountered each other; there the brave men fell; the pure snows were crimsoned with human blood; and this little lake, which, from the foundations of the world, had been unknown, now becomes the burial place of warriors, and is baptised in blood as the lake of the dead. The wintry winds howl their ceaseless dirges, and the summer traveller drops his tear in memory of those who died fiercely in this high, and lonely, and desolate place.

Germs of Thought.

QUARREL not with God's unfinished providences. God's mercies are like a large chain, every link leads to another; present mercies assure you of future ones.

THAT man cannot be upright before God, who is unjust in his dealings with men.

IT were to be wished that the enemies of religion would at least learn what it is before they oppose it.

A LITTLE wrong done to another is a great wrong done to ourselves.

ACCOUNT him thy real friend who desires thy good, rather than thy good-will.

VICE stings us, even in our pleasures; but virtue consoles us, even in our pains.

IT is easy to love our fellow-men. Do good to them, and you will be sure to love them.

IF any one speak evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

THE moment that anything assumes the shape of a duty, some persons feel themselves incapable of discharging it.

FANCY runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it.

A MOST ridiculous habit among some young people is the cultivation of melancholy as an interesting accomplishment.

THE triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving their highest lustre from the number of the saved, not of the slain.

THOSE are praiseworthy levellers who would raise the lowest part of society to the level of the highest.

APPOINTMENTS, once made, become debts. I have no right to throw away your time, if I do my own.

Progress of the Truth.

FRANCE.

THE opening of a new place of worship in a rural district of France is an event looked for with interest, and remembered with pleasure. A few weeks ago a new church was inaugurated at St. Germain le Prinçay, a village in La Vendée, a region from which the cruelties of the Revolution of the Edict of Nantes failed to extirpate Protestantism. Many strangers were present, and at mid-day the place was filled by an attentive audience, among whom were a number of Roman Catholics. Six pastors were there in their ministerial robes, and, as they took their places, the 134th Psalm was sung. Pastor Falle then read a portion of Scripture and the ten commandments, after which pastor Germain, president of the consistory of La Vendée, ascended the pulpit. He first placed the Bible upon the cushion, declaring it to be the basis of the Christian faith, and the foundation-stone of the Christian edifice. He next recounted the obstacles which had been encountered in the erection of the building, and how they had been overcome, after which he offered the prayer of dedication. Then pastor Vaurigaud delivered the opening discourse from Matthew v. 13. As, however, many had been unable to obtain entrance into the building, a second service was held, at which pastor Maffre preached. The next day another meeting was held, when the sermon was preached by M. Vaurigaud. The collections amounted to 278 francs (£11 sterling).

MEHUN SUR YEVRE is a village in the department of Cher, in the very centre of France, where the number of Protestants is exceedingly small. In this village a new chapel has been erected, and was recently opened. We are glad to report that the ground for this chapel was given by a liberal individual, and the erection was completed in a very short time, costing no more than £425. Of this sum, about one-half has been raised, and it is believed the remainder will be speedily provided.

ITALY.

Two students belonging to the Waldensian Theological Institution—namely, Alberto Revel and Giulio Jalla—have been ordained to the work of the ministry.

THE WALDENSES have an annual festival, of a religious character, upon the 15th of August, and held among the mountains. This year the celebration took place upon the so-called Vachère, and brought together some thousands of persons. In a religious point of view, this solemnity is said to be of real importance, and to have a happy influence in the district where it is held.

ANOTHER CLERICAL DECLARATION.—Some time since a body of clergy at Naples addressed to the Pope a declaration in favour of abandoning the temporal power. Since then all the clergy of Acquaviva have signed a document, in which they express their entire concurrence in the Naples manifesto. It is printed in one of the papers at Naples, and is remarkable for its enlightened as well as liberal sentiments.

THE RIGHT DIVINE.—The Pope's temporal power is assailed on all sides. In reference to its supposed Divine institution, and in illustration of the progress of sound principles, we read as follows in a continental paper:—"Pretended Divine institutions in the Church have been destroyed by time, repudiated by civilisation, or put an end to by the State. The right of judging the laity was of Divine institution, and it has been abolished. The immunity of the clergy was of Divine institution, and it has been abolished. The uncontrolled right to possess goods by mortmain was of Divine institution, and it has been abolished. The exemption of the clergy from taxes was of Divine institution, and it has been abolished. Tithes were a Divine institution, and they have been abolished. It is now declared that the temporal power is of right Divine, but it will fall like the rest, and our descendants will be astonished at the discussions it has caused."

THE Italian minister, Signor de Sanctis, lately forwarded a circular to the theological faculties of the kingdom to ask if the following propositions were heretical:—1. That the temporal power of the Pope is in reality an accident, and of human origin. 2. That if the spiritual power and religious liberty of the Pope are guaranteed, his temporal power may diminish and cease. 3. That in the present state of things there is no reason at all why the Pope's temporal power should continue any longer; and instead of being useful, it is injurious both to Church and State. 4. That the Pope ought not to refuse to treat with the Italian Government, and by such means to insure the easiest and freest exercise of his Catholic ministry. The University of Palermo at once declared that these propositions are not contrary to the faith. The University of Milan has returned a similar reply. Others were expected speedily to follow.

GERMANY.

IN THE GRAND DUCHY OF BADEN, at Offenburgh, there are a few Protestants, who are now endeavouring to procure funds for the erection of a place of worship. A Roman Catholic newspaper, published in the same place, has shown unwonted liberality; it has addressed to its readers and the Baden Catholics in general an earnest appeal in behalf of the Protestant minority, and, it would seem, not in vain; its very next issue contained a list of contributions from a number of Catholics in favour of the little Protestant Church at Offenburgh. Prejudice appears to be yielding in this lately bigoted locality.

WÜRTTEMBERG.—In this part of Germany the spirit of intolerance and exclusivism is still active towards the Dissenters. Some time since about a hundred of the clergy listened with patience and approval to a minister named Völter, who delivered a long address on this question—How we, as ministers, and having the care of souls, ought to act in relation to the agents of Methodism amongst us? In this address he sought to prove that Methodism was unevangelical, anti-church, and immoral. The charitable speaker was unanimously requested to give up his manuscript for publication! It appears that the Methodist brethren in Württemberg are in close relations with North America; that they are most fearless and indefatigable in preaching what they believe, and in declaiming against the formality and sins of the time; and that their efforts have been by no means without success. They have also started a periodical for the promulgation of their principles. We are glad to find that the Methodists, and we may add, the Baptists, in Württemberg hold on their way, notwithstanding the opposition they encounter.

AUSTRIA.

THE ULTRAMONTANE JOURNALS are very indignant at the favour shown to the Protestants by the Austrian Government. Not only has the Emperor contributed five hundred florins (about £40), towards the building of a church, but the municipal council of Vienna has voted fifty thousand florins (more than £4,000) for the erection of a Protestant seminary. Such acts encourage the Protestants of the most intolerant districts; and we hear that this is the case, even in the Tyrol. In the district of Vorarlberg many copies of a pamphlet on the religious question have been circulated. This publication attacks the famous proposal of the Bishop of Brixen, that no Protestants should be permitted to live in the province. The same pamphlet affirms that the concordat is the source of all the misfortunes of Austria.

SWITZERLAND.

BASEL.—A hall for the religious instruction and improvement of the working classes has been opened by an association lately formed for such purposes. Operations were to be commenced on the first Sunday in October, and among other things, were to include evening classes for youths,

conducted by unpaid teachers. The scheme is warmly recommended, and great things are hoped for as the result.

TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—At the recent annual meeting of the Bible Society the chair was taken by the English Ambassador. The report which was read proved that a considerable increase had taken place in the number of Bibles issued during the year. These have been circulated in all parts of the Turkish Empire. In Egypt, the receipts for copies of the Scriptures have amounted to somewhat more than 4,000 piastres, or over forty guineas. In one small village on the banks of the Nile, a missionary realised 400 piastres (four guineas) by the sale of the Scriptures. If these sums appear small, it must be remembered that not long since there was no demand for the Scriptures whatever. The president communicated to the meeting the gratifying intelligence that the Sultan had granted permission for Turkish Bibles to be printed at Constantinople. This circumstance is regarded as a new evidence of the spirit of tolerance towards Christians which has appeared to animate the Turkish Government for some time past.

INDIA.

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES have established a mission at Howi. This is a wild valley in the Himalaya, surrounded by enormous mountains covered with snow, and rising to a height of 20,000 feet. The district, which is almost unknown, lies at seventeen days' journey from Simla, which is visited once a year by one of the brethren, to obtain various necessaries for the next twelve months.

Literary Notices.

COTTON AND SLAVERY.

Journeys and Explorations in the Cotton Kingdom. A Traveller's Observations on Cotton and Slavery in the American Slave States. By FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1861.

THIS is a very lively and interesting work, and one which at this time is of great importance. The author maintains that there is no possibility of settling present differences and averting future evils but by bringing the Slave States back into the Union. Peace, progress, liberty, and happiness, in his view, depend upon this. The instant the first shot was fired, he says, "we knew that we had to subjugate slavery, or be subjugated by it!" And again, "From the St. Lawrence to the Mexican Gulf, freedom must everywhere give way to the necessities of slavery, or slavery must be accommodated to the necessary incidents of freedom!" It will be readily perceived by these expressions what are Mr. Olmsted's feelings; and he naturally asks whether the importance of cotton in the mercantile world is such as to secure its supremacy over all the principles of right and justice. A good supply of cotton is no doubt of immense value, but, in order to secure it, must we, dare we, favour the continuance of the brutal system of slavery? Mr. Olmsted does not believe that, even if the Southern States are rich, they must be powerful, and make the world not only feel their power, but respect them and their institutions. He adduces many facts in support of his views. For instance, "Taking infants, aged, invalid, and vicious and knavish slaves into account, the ordinary and average cost of a certain task of labour is more than double in Virginia what it is in the Free States adjoining." Again, he says that land, and nearly all other resources of wealth, are much less valuable in Virginia than in the adjoining Free States. The mass of the citizen class of Virginia, he tells us, are very poor—immeasurably poorer than in the adjoining Free States. Cotton is not grown everywhere in the South, he says; but on the contrary, there are immense tracts where none is produced, and misery prevails to a vast extent. The whites are of course better off than the blacks, but the description given of them is by no means flattering. Some of them rapidly acquire large fortunes, and readily give fourteen hundred dollars a head for slaves. The way in which these poor victims are sold, and often treated, is fit to make us ashamed of our brotherhood with the selfish tyrants who grind and oppress them. Not that they are all ill-treated, and always unhappy—far from it; but slaves they are, and they are body and soul in the hands of their masters. When those masters are sensual, brutish, and cruel by nature, it is easy to see what their slaves must endure.

In 1850 the total number of slaves engaged in cotton culture was put down at 1,800,000; of which 420,000 were held by owners of fifty and upwards. The present number of slaves in the States considerably exceeds three millions. Of course, many of the slaves are not employed upon the cotton fields, but in all sorts of menial occupations. On these points much valuable information is given in Mr. Olmsted's preliminary chapter.

In the brief space at our disposal, we can do no more than glance at the course pursued in the subsequent pages. The author begins at Washington, where he is fairly on slave ground, and commences his observations upon the "peculiar institution." But it is not the peculiar institution alone which occupies his thoughts and employs his visual organs; he gives us an idea of the habits and state of society, and of anything else which can be of interest to us. His experiences at Washington were not calculated to impress him favourably either with respect to slavery, or to the manners of the South. He put up at a splendid hotel,

where they had a grand dinner, and very splendid dining-rooms, parlours, &c., but where the private rooms were miserable, dirty, barely inhabitable cells, and where there seems to have been nothing at all resembling the comforts of home. No wonder that our traveller (it is the middle of December) has some unpleasant sensations, and ejaculates—

I wish that less of my two dollars and a half a day went to pay for game at dinner, and interest on the cost of mirrors and mahogany for the public parlours, and of marble for the halls, and more of it for providing me with a private room which should be more than a barely habitable cell; which should also be a little bit tasteful, homelike, and comfortable. I wish more of it could be expended in servants' wages.

And now comes his introduction of the first specimen of enslaved humanity, and a further illustration of how they manage things no further south than Washington:—

Six times I rang the bell; three several times came three different Irish lads; entered, received my demand for a fire, and retired. I was writing, shivering, a full hour before the fire-man came. Now he has entered, bearing on his head a hod of coal and kindling-wood, without knocking: an aged negro, more familiar, and more indifferent to forms of subservience than the Irish lads; very much bent—seemingly with infirmity; an expression of impotent anger on his face, and a look of weakness like a drunkard's. He does not look at me, but mutters unintelligibly, "What's that you say? Tink I can make a hundred fires at once?" "I don't want to sit an hour waiting for a fire, after I have ordered one, and you must not let me wait again." "Nebber let de old nigger have no res; hundred gemmen tink I kin mak daire fires all de same minit; all get mad at an ole nigger. I ain't a goin' to stan' it—nebbet got no res—up all night—bain't got nautin' to eat nor drink dis blessed mornin'—hundred gemmen—" "That's not my business; Mr. Dexter should have more servants." "So he ort ter, master, dat he had. One ole man ain't enough for all dis house, is it, master? Hundred gemmen—" "Stop, here's a quarter (about a shilling) for you. Now, I want you to look out that I have a good fire, and keep the hearth clean in my room as long as I stay here; and when I send for you, I want you to come immediately. Do you understand?" "I'll try, master; you jus' look roun' and fine me when you want yer fire; I'll be roun' somewhere. You got a newspaper, sir, I ken take for a minit? I won't hurt it." I gave him one, and wondered what use he could put it to, that he would not hurt it. He opened it to a folio, and spread it before the grate, so the draft held it in place, and it acted as a blower. I asked if there were no blowers? "No." "But haven't you got any brush or shovel?" I inquired, seeing him get down upon his knees again, and sweep the cinders and ashes he had thrown upon the floor with the sleeve of his coat, and then take them up with his hands. "No," he said, his master did not give him such things. "Are you a slave?" "Yes, sir." "Do you belong to Mr. Dexter?" "No, sir; he hires me of de man dat owns me. Don't you tink I see too ole a man for to be knock roun' at dis kind of work, massa? Hundred gemmen all want daire fires made de same minit, and cause de ole nigger can't do it all de same minit, ebbery one tink dey's bound to scold him all de time; nebbet no rest for him, no time."

If such be the life and condition of a slave in one of the first hotels in Washington, we may guess what it is in some places; and we may believe that the cruel wrong which is done the descendants of Ham reacts upon those who do it. The book before us does not leave us to our guesses, but takes us away into Virginia, where we see a great deal of the country, as well as of its men and manners. We next pass on into North and South Carolina and Georgia, adding to our stock of knowledge, and growing more and more thankful that if we buy cotton, we do not keep slaves, nor live away south. Thence we proceed in a westerly direction through Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, to Texas. The return journey is over a country lying to the north-west of the outward route; and when we have thus traversed the Slave States, in which cotton cultivation is extensively carried on, we sit down to ponder the facts which we have acquired. We have found slaves in the hands of men of all classes and professions, from the Episcopal bishop Polk, who is now fighting in the Southern army, and who owns four hundred slaves, to the poor backwoodsman, who has but his one or two at most. We find the condition of the slaves to depend mainly on the character and conduct of their masters; and that while few of them display great excellences (how can they, under such a curse?), many of them display great vices. We could fill many pages with the enumeration of their wrongs from this work of Mr. Olmsted's. We have often been reminded of that admirable book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the truthfulness of which is very apparent by the side of this. The author of these volumes gives some valuable information on everything connected with the Southern States. He shows how the idea that slaves are property tells upon their moral and religious instruction, excludes them from the right to learn or practise certain trades, and acts upon their condition in other ways. He shows how this abominable system tells upon the character and social state of the men of the South, wherein it is favourable to their temporal interests, and how it acts upon their moral nature and their every-day life. Abundant statistics are given, so that the facts are confirmed by the figures, and we conclude our investigation of the work, repeating our expressions of gratitude that we do not grow slave cotton, but very much humbled to think that we buy it, and that thus we seem to be sharers in the profits of the sins which we condemn.

WATCHWORDS FOR CHRISTIANS.

Watchwords for Christians. By the Rev. J. SMITH. London: Tressider.

THE writer of this manual is well known to the public as one who has rendered good service to the cause of piety by his various publications. This work, though small, contains many important truths, piously and energetically expressed,

and will be read with satisfaction by persons seriously disposed, and may be perused with profit by those who are not, but desire to be, numbered among the pious servants of Christ. We quote a passage or two for the guidance of our readers:—

"FEAR NOT."

Fear not, for Christ prohibits it.—He never attempted to conceal from his disciples the sufferings they would have to endure, but told them that they would be hated, persecuted, and put to death; but having done so, he says, "Fear not." For all our sufferings he has provided an antidote; in all our trials he has promised grace; out of all our troubles he has engaged to deliver us. Why, then, should we fear? He says, "I am with you always." He assures us, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." He promises, "I will come and receive you to myself." If we have the presence of Jesus always with us; if his strength is to be perfected in our weakness; if, after a few days, weeks, months, or years of suffering, he will come and receive us to be in his glory and joy for ever, why should we fear? Precious Saviour! give us confidence, fortitude, and courage, and thereby enable us to give our fears to the winds, and our forebodings to the whirlwind.

Fear not, for there is no cause for fear.—As interested in the person and work of Christ, as entitled to all the exceeding great and precious promises, as the habitation and temple of the Holy Spirit, as a child of God, and an heir of glory, what cause can there be for you to fear? Your persons are the Saviour's care, your concerns are in the Saviour's heart, your salvation is identified with the Saviour's honour, and your presence in heaven will yield the Saviour unspeakable satisfaction. Why, then, should you fear? Oh, believer, your fears, undesignedly, reflect on your Saviour's faithfulness, care, and kindness! Fear not, but trust his word; rely on his faithfulness, and lean on his strong arm. He will guide you right, lead you wisely, and land you safely in his heavenly kingdom. He never did fail or forsake one that trusted in him, however weak, unworthy, or timid he may have been, and he never will fail or forsake you. Trust, then, in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah there is everlasting strength.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Social Science, being Selections from Prize Essays by Working Men and Women. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. 1861.

WE cherish the belief that most right-minded men will regard this handsome little volume with no ordinary feelings of pleasure, when they discover the largeness of thought and the amount of general information which these essays and extracts display, and then bear in remembrance that they are the productions of that order of society who may be said to eat their well-earned bread by the sweat of their brow. The perusal of this volume encourages the conviction that there is an amount of intellectual power—a power of comprehension—a power of appreciation, and even a power of embodying thought among the working men of this country, that needs only to be called into exercise to do honour to its possessors. Therefore we rejoice in the wise and noble efforts made by philanthropists in the present day, by means of prizes and public commendations, to rouse this large amount of dormant talent, and to induce the workmen of this kingdom to exercise the ability which the Allwise has conferred upon them, and to encourage them to reject erroneous notions and evil habits, and to occupy that position in the world which usefulness and talent, when unalloyed by vice, deservedly attain.

We hope the day is at hand when the artisan will turn to intellectual pursuits for his pleasure, and will bring all the aid which knowledge imparts to give a charm to his leisure hours, and to contribute to the happiness and comfort of the domestic circle around his fireside.

The subjects in this volume are Self-Education, Marriage, Parents, Institutes, Labour, Relaxation, Health, Habits of Prudence, and several others; and it must be a source of gratification to the working classes to know that men, illustrious by their position in society, and still more illustrious by their reputation, devoted no small portion out of their scanty stock of time to investigate the claims of above 500 competitors for these prizes. To their honour let their names be recorded, that they may receive the tribute of praise, to whom the praise is so justly due.

The chief of "the working men" in these philanthropic efforts were Lord Brougham, the Right Hon. Joseph Napier, then Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and Matthew Davenport Hill, Esq., Recorder of Birmingham. To these are to be added as "fellow-labourers" the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Earl Russell, Sir Walter Trevelyan, Bart., Sir Benjamin Brodie, and Sir Fitzroy Kelly.

Happy Years at Hand. By Dr. LEASK. London: Ward & Co.

THE author discusses, in ten chapters, a variety of topics relating to the "first resurrection," "the destiny of the Jews," and "the personal reign of Christ in his millennial kingdom." The writer treats his subject with fervour, and while he depicts the scene of glory as taking place in the land which was once the scene of the humiliation, he exhorts Christians to allow the belief of these forthcoming events to exercise a practical influence over their lives in holiness and in watchfulness. While professing his belief in the approach of "happy years" under the wise and righteous sovereignty of the Prince of Peace, he cherishes the opinion that this state of intermediate felicity is not limited to a thousand years, but that they are to be regarded as prophetic years—that is, a day for a year—and, therefore, that this blissful period is to continue for 360,000 years, a Jewish year consisting of 360 days. This opinion appears to have been held by some of the fathers in the first three centuries of the Christian Church, but is a point which we must leave to our readers to decide.

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS ASSOCIATED WITH THE
CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

OCTOBER 13.

KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.—Edward the Confessor presents himself to us only in one character, that of a royal monk. His piety and gentleness might have adorned a cloister, but, unalloyed with those sterner virtues which fit a monarch for wielding the sceptre with firmness and energy, they rendered him unfit for ruling except under the influence of able counsel, which he had the good fortune to possess during the greater part of his reign. Abject superstition will unnerve even a strong mind, and to a weak one it imparts a character of child-like feebleness, and forms such a person as this king of England. But he had many good qualities, which might have redeemed, in the eyes of the world, even greater weaknesses than those with which he is chargeable. He loved his people much; he was averse to the imposition of taxes, some of which he abolished; and his charities were frequent and extensive. When he saw his end approaching, he ordered the magnificent church at Westminster, which he had built, to be consecrated with solemnity and splendour. Two days afterwards he died, A.D. 1065, and in the twenty-fourth year of his reign; and his body was interred in the church which he had so recently dedicated. His subjects lamented his loss as a national misfortune.

THEODORE BEZA, a companion and coadjutor of Melancthon and Luther, died in 1605. He was professor of Greek at Lausanne, in Switzerland, and is known as the translator of the New Testament into Latin, and of the Psalms into French verse. He was also the author of some writings on Predestination, the Communion, Punishment of Heretics, &c. He was the associate and disciple of Calvin; and, on Calvin's death in 1564, succeeded to his office, and presided at the synods subsequently held at La Rochelle and Nismes. The Pope made various efforts to obtain his adhesion to Catholicism, but in vain; and, after a long and useful life, Beza expired at the age of 86. He presided over the church in Geneva for more than forty years, and his "History of Calvinism in France, from 1521 to 1563," is still esteemed as a valuable record of the events of that period.

DR. JOHN GILL, an eminent Biblical commentator, died, in the year 1771. His father was a deacon of the Baptist church at Kettering, in Northamptonshire; and, in 1716, his son made a public profession of his faith at the same place. He was soon after ordained, and became pastor of the Baptist congregation meeting at Horsleydown, Southwark, in 1719, where he soon achieved considerable popularity. He was essentially a self-taught man, all the education he had received being from the Grammar School at Kettering. Notwithstanding the many disadvantages and hindrances with which he had to contend, he became so thorough a linguist, that, before he was twenty years of age, he could read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew fluently.

OCTOBER 14.

WILLIAM PENN born, in the year 1644. The great material prosperity of the state which bears his name may be traced in no small degree to those Christian principles which Penn adopted for the guidance of his little colony on the banks of the Delaware, which have continued to exercise more or less influence upon the descendants of the pioneers. By acting on these principles, the first settlers were enabled to maintain peace with the Indians, while other settlements on the same continent were subject to frequent and harassing incursions of savage tribes.

LANDING OF ST. AUGUSTINE IN ENGLAND.—The sixth century appears to be about the darkest period in British history. The country was divided into a heptarchy; the morals of the people were at the lowest ebb, owing probably to habits of incessant warfare. They were worshippers of false gods, and bowed to images of wood and stone. Of the Saxon kingdoms, that of Kent was the most ancient, and at this period, A.D. 596, Bertha, daughter to Charibert, king of Paris, was married to their sovereign. She practised the rites of the Gospel in the heart of their metropolis, and the amiable manners of Lindhard, the prelate who attended her, reflected a lustre on the faith which he professed. From the Epistles of St. Gregory, it appears that these and similar causes, had awakened a desire of religious knowledge among the inhabitants of Kent, and that application for instruction had been made to the prelates of the Franks. It was that favourable period, says Bede, viz., on October 14th, 596, that Augustine reached the Isle of Thanet, and dispatched a messenger to inform the Saxon king that he had arrived from a distant country, to open to him and his subjects the gates of eternal happiness. It appears strange that hitherto Bertha had made no attempt to convert her husband. But it would seem that the arrival of the missionaries awakened her zeal, for Ethelbert returned a friendly answer, and consented to receive the foreign priests; not indeed within his own residence, but in the open air, where he had been taught to believe that spells and incantations were powerless. The missionaries, elated with this faint gleam of success, approached the appointed place with the slow and solemn pomp of a religious procession; and the air resounded with the litany which they chanted, in alternate choirs, praying for the conversion of the pagans. Ethelbert listened with attention to the discourse of St. Augustine; his answer was reserved, but favourable. Though he expressed no inclination to abandon the worship of his fathers, he acknowledged that the offers of the missionary were plausible, and praised the charity which had prompted strangers to undertake so long a journey for the advantage of an unknown people. He concluded with an assurance of his protection

as long as he should remain in his dominion. Without the walls of Canterbury, the Queen had discovered the ruins of an ancient church, dedicated to St. Martin. By her orders it had been repaired and given to her chaplain Lindhard, who had been created a bishop; it was now transferred to the use of the missionaries, whose efforts she seconded with all her influence. The patronage of the sovereign insured the respect of the subjects; and curiosity led numbers to view the public service, and learn the religious tenets of the strangers. They admired the solemnity of their worship; the pure and sublime morality of their doctrine; their zeal, devotion, and virtue. Insensibly the prejudices of the idolaters wore away, and the priests of Woden began to lament the solitude of their altars. Ethelbert, who at first maintained a decent reserve, now came forward and declared himself a Christian; and so powerful was his influence, that at the feast of the following Christmas, ten thousand Saxons, following the example of their prince, were baptised in the Christian faith.

IMMIGRATION OF QUAKERS PROHIBITED by the Act of the Massachusetts authorities, in 1656; such as should arrive being subjected to the infliction of twenty lashes, and imprisonment with hard labour until transported; any discovered returning from such banishment being condemned to death.

OCTOBER 15.

THE REV. JOHN OWEN, a learned Independent minister, died, in the year 1683. During the Rebellion, he distinguished himself so zealously that he was appointed under the Protectorate to a Church living. Besides that, he held simultaneously the offices of Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University and Dean of Christ Church College. After the Restoration, he was favoured by Lord Clarendon, who offered him preferment if he would conform to the Established Church. This, however, he refused to do, and he was consequently deprived of every ecclesiastical office which he had held. His works comprise seven volumes; folio; twenty, quarto; and thirty, octavo, which consist of sermons, an exposition on the Epistle of the Hebrews, discourse on the Holy Spirit, and on the Divine Authority of the Scriptures.

JOHN AMOS COMENIUS, an eminent Protestant divine, of Moravia, died, in 1671. He was outlawed, along with many of his brethren in Bohemia and Moravia, by the edict of 1624, and driven by the fire of persecution from place to place, until we hear of him, in the year 1650, at Amsterdam, where he settled for the remainder of his life. As a linguist, he was without a rival in his day; his great work, "The Gate of Languages Unlocked," having been translated into many tongues. In the religious world he is chiefly known for his Apocalyptic treatises and prophetic works, the speculative and unfruitful character of the last-mentioned of which he doubtless saw and acknowledged, if we may judge by a book which he published shortly before his death, called "The One Thing Needful." He also wrote a history of the Bohemian Brotherhood.

OCTOBER 16.

THE FRENCH CONVENTION, in 1793, publicly declared death to be only an "eternal sleep." The horrors and atrocities of the French Revolution are doubtless familiar to our readers. They stand written in the page of history, as a perpetual warning to those who scoff at God's holy Word, and despise his law.

HUGH LATIMER and **NICHOLAS RIDLEY,** English bishops, burnt at Oxford, in 1555. Originally educated for, and for a time officiating in, the Roman Catholic Church, Hugh Latimer's powerful and eloquent delivery secured him hearers and admirers wherever he went, not even excepting Henry VIII. Shortly before he was brought under the king's notice, however, he had embraced the reformed doctrines, and in the royal presence he defended the principles he professed with such courage and simplicity as even to interest and please that monarch. Some time afterwards he was appointed Bishop of Worcester, which see he retained until the passing of the Act of the Six Articles compelled him either to resign his office or belie his conscience. He preferred the former, and lived in comparative retirement until, on the accession of Mary, he was marked for proscription and the stake by Bishop Gardiner. **NICHOLAS RIDLEY,** who occupied similar positions in the Church, and whose early life was of a like character with that of Latimer, was created Bishop of Rochester by Edward VI.; and shortly after his accession to that post, in which he was the successor of the celebrated Bonner (then made Bishop of London), he embraced the Protestant cause, and devoted himself zealously to its promotion. In 1554, Ridley and Latimer, having suffered about half a year's imprisonment, were conveyed to Oxford, along with Crammer, also a prisoner, for the purpose of holding a public disputation with the most eminent Popish divines. At the termination of these disputations the three prelates were condemned as heretics, but sentence was deferred, to allow them opportunity for retraction. The period expiring, however, and both Latimer and Ridley resolutely adhering to their faith, they were led to the stake on the 16th of October, 1555, Latimer saying to his companion in suffering, as the fagots were kindling, "Be of good comfort, Mr. Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

OCTOBER 17.

DR. JOHN WARD, an English Dissenting minister, died, in 1758. He was elected Professor of Rhetoric in Gresham College, and also held the post of trustee to the British Museum. He was noted for the services he rendered to literature. His religious works were few, and did not attain very great popularity.

OCTOBER 18.

MATTHEW HENRY.—Matthew Henry was the second son of Mr. Philip Henry, minister of Worthenbury, in North Wales; a gentleman much esteemed for his piety, exemplary life, and zeal for promoting the interests of religion. He was born in 1662, at Broad Oak, Flintshire. The same year his father was removed from the exercise of his ministry in the Established Church, by the Act of Uniformity. He was very early distinguished for his piety, and applied himself to the acquisition of knowledge with much assiduity. When ordained a minister, he was uncommonly active and diligent in the discharge of the duties of the pastoral office. Mr. Tong, his biographer, says: "His constant work on the Lord's day, when officiating at Chester, was to pray six times in public, to sing six times, to expound twice, and preach twice; and this he did for many years together." He was an able, eloquent, and pathetic preacher; and as the sacred writings were the constant subject of his meditation and study, so he explained them with much judgment and perspicuity. Another part of his constant work among his people was that of catechising; and in this he took great pleasure, being full of affectionate concern for the religious and moral improvement of young persons. He was exceedingly frugal of his time, and always set a high value upon it. He even regretted the loss of time which he was obliged to sustain by the company and conversation of others. "I am always," said he, "best when alone; no place like my own study, no company like good books, especially the book of God." He was an early riser; often at work in his study before five in the morning, and sometimes by four, and would continue there till seven or eight; then, after attending family worship, and receiving a slight refreshment, he went back again till noon. After dinner he would study till four o'clock, and then go out to visit the sick or his friends. Again in the evening, after family devotion, would he adjourn to his study. He remained at Chester for twenty-five years; and after repeated invitations, he accepted the charge of a congregation of Protestant Dissenters at Hackney; here he discharged his duties with the most praiseworthy diligence and assiduity. "It plainly appears," says Mr. Tong, "that he sought not his ease nor pleasure in coming to London; here was a large field of service, and he had a large heart; and on that account the place suited him well." He would often preach four times on a Sunday, and perhaps deliver a lecture every day in the week. He is supposed to have shortened his days by the great frequency of preaching and the closeness of his application to his studies; he had been unwell for some time, but died rather suddenly at last, on the 22nd of June, 1714, in his fifty-second year. Mr. Henry was a very learned and able divine, a most indefatigable preacher, and distinguished by the fervency of his piety and the unblameableness of his manners. He was well skilled in languages; had an excellent memory, a clear and quick apprehension, and a sound judgment. He was liberal to the poor, notwithstanding the largeness of his family, and extremely kind to servants and dependents. He loved religion and the Bible, and his greatest delight was in the discharge of his pastoral duties. When he was on his death-bed, he said to one of his friends, "You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men; this is mine: That a life spent in the service of God, and communion with him, is the most comfortable and pleasant life that any one can live in this world." The published works of Mr. Henry are numerous, and are, we believe, without exception, of a theological character. But his great work, that on which his reputation as an author chiefly depends, is his Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. It is well known that this favourite work was not completed by his own hand, his earthly labours being terminated by death; when he had only reached the Epistles; the residue was supplied by several eminent ministers who were familiar with his peculiar mode of thought and expression.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES ON THE SABBATH.—In the year 1688, King Charles II. ordered a declaration to be read in all the churches, reviving in England wakes and (so-called) lawful sports and recreations after divine service on the Sabbath. The royal indulgence of Sabbath-breaking was first issued by James I. in 1617. On its first promulgation, Archbishop Abbott forbade the reading of it in the parish church of Croydon; but in 1637, many clergymen were deprived of their livings for not complying with the royal ordinance. In that year, at least, Lawrence Snelling, rector of St. Paul's Cray, was for that offence excommunicated, and then deprived. In 1643, it was ordered by the Lords and Commons that this "Book of Sports" should be burnt by the common hangman in Cheapside, and other usual places.

OCTOBER 19.

ARMINIUS, an eminent theologian, died in 1619. He is known as one of the earliest and most formidable opponents of the doctrines of predestination, enunciated by Calvin and Beza, and the opinions to which he has given his name are those entertained by a large section of the Church of England, by the Wesleyan Methodists, and by some other bodies of Christians. The works of Arminius were numerous, and rather discursive, but contain evidence of a clear and vigorous mind. His manner was methodical and characterised by great simplicity.

In 1655, **THE KIRK OF SCOTLAND** refused to observe a fast-day which had been ordered by the Protector, on the ground that the Church should receive no directions from civil magistrates when to keep fasts. The fast spoken of was decreed in order to aid the persecuted Protestants of Piedmont.

THE QUIVER.

THE MANLINESS OF GODLINESS.

"AND God made man in his own image." The relation between manliness and godliness must needs be a deep one, if godliness is the renewing of that God's image which sin destroyed, which grace restores. "Quit you like men" is one of the most pregnant exhortations of St. Paul. We must bring man and man's life into the light of God, if we are to understand either of them. When we learn thence what God made man to be, and meant man to be, we understand that to "play the man" is to fulfil the Divine idea of life. That which is ungodly is essentially unmanly, if we bear in mind this Divine idea. The piety of the last generation suffered some schism to establish itself between the manly and the godly, which the present generation in many ways—and some of them very strange ones—is striving to heal. Somehow or other, the popular conception of a saint, a few years ago, included but few of the manly qualities: hence, doubtless, the touch of contempt with which the word has come to be uttered by worldly lips. The new generation—free from the terror with which the champions of natural religion infected the old—has studied the truth more deeply; and the belief is now rooting itself firmly that there must be room for all the heavenly affections, qualities, and powers, in their very highest state of development, in the sphere of a godly life—that, in a word, that only can be in the highest sense godly which presents man in the completeness of his manly power as a living sacrifice to God.

The Scriptures throughout deal with man as a being of very lofty capacity, on whose decision issues of infinite moment are hanging—who, on the one hand, is able to touch the loftiest height to which a being can soar; and, on the other, the lowest depth to which a being can sink—a being whose perdition is the crowning triumph of the Prince of Darkness; whose redemption is worth infinite sacrifice and pain. We gain nothing, in any way, by hiding from ourselves the fact that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made," fearfully and wonderfully endowed—that He who, "passing by the nature of angels, took on him the seed of Abraham," sought that in the universe which, while it was most utterly ruined by sin, was most capable, through grace, of a glorious restoration in God's eternal kingdom on high. It is hard to find words strong enough to describe what man has made himself by transgression; how foully he has stained the Divine image in the dust. "It is profitable sometimes to loathe oneself," said an earnest evangelical preacher the other day. And there are moments when no rebukes of the censor, no sentence of the judge, could add emphasis to the sentence of self-condemnation, of self-contempt, which issues from our own lips. But while, on the one hand, it would be a fatal mistake to diminish in any way man's sense of the utterly helpless and hopeless condition to which he has reduced himself by transgression; on the other hand, it is a mistake, hardly less fatal, to speak habitually so slightly of the essential capacity of man, as to leave the impression that it matters very little indeed what such a being thinks, says, and does.

With thoughtful young people especially, it is most important to get into the mind early a deep conviction that it matters immensely what they purpose and do; that the nature with which God has endowed them has latent in it the noblest faculty and capacity for development, which sin is destroying, but which grace can quicken and save. The rich choir of faculties which compose a human nature can be made the most ghastly ruin, or the noblest temple in this universe, according as it yields itself servant to sin or to Christ.

A very righteous jealousy of the Roman doctrine of works on the one hand, and the natural religionists, the advocates of the unaided power of man, on the other, has led to this tendency to depreciate the human capacity. It does not glorify God to prove that he gave his Son to redeem a being essentially no better than a beast. But the Romanist has developed his postilic doctrine of meritorious works so fatally, that an intense reaction was inevitable; and in the reaction there has been cause for fear lest the old Scriptural view of what man was meant to be at his creation, and may become through redemption, should be obscured or lost. There is nothing more degrading to man, as well as dis-

honouring to God, than that notion of meritorious works which is the keystone of the practical system of the Roman Church. Even among men a work done as the basis of a claim—as a meritorious act, which at some future time is to be urged as a title to reward—is simply hateful; how much more when a man seeks to make his "work" the basis of a future claim on God. "We are not under the law, but under grace." Our claim is Christ. What claim of right we urge is what his work has won. "Christ for us" is the basis of our standing before God as justified souls. "Christ in us" is the root of all our hope. In the development of man's life is the unfolding of the life of Christ in the being. He only is a MAN who is a partaker of the Divine nature, through the implanting of the incorruptible seed—even the Word of Truth, which liveth and abideth for ever. Against the intrusion of the Roman doctrine—dishonouring both to God and man—we cannot be too vigilantly on our guard. But, on the other hand, let us keep in full view what a glorious thing a man's life may become through redemption, lest by a too liberal use of flippant, depreciating phrases, we make it appear that it really was hardly worth while to seek and to save him at all. It matters immensely what a man purposes in his heart, and which way he travels; and the more deeply he estimates this, the more will he be inclined to "stand in awe, and not sin." The blessing which a man may be in the universe, or the curse, is quite incalculable by our measures. He only can estimate it who can look at it in the light of eternity.

The very deadliest thing in a human spirit is indifference—the thought, "I am but a worthless atom; what matters it what I do?" We see the results of this indifference, painted by a master hand, in the Book of Ecclesiastes; and we may read what Christ thinks of it in the Book of Revelation. "I would that thou wert either cold or hot; so then because thou art neither cold nor hot, but lukewarm, I will spue thee out of my mouth." Better blank enemies than men who think that the words beast, dust, or worm express the actual value, in the sight of Heaven, of a man's life. Had one to address the poorest company of beggars in the kingdom, one would say, "Respect thyself, because God regards thee. Say not in thine heart, 'What does it matter how a poor creature such as I am lives?' God says it matters so much to him, to the universe, that he sent his well-beloved Son, through suffering and death, to teach you, poor beggars as you are, to live divinely—to educate you for the selectest fellowships of the spiritual world." Self-respect is the basis of all culture and development, and the basis of self-respect is the knowledge that you are known and marked by God. God seeks from man a service, a love, such as an angel even cannot offer to him, for he seeks to restore our manhood in the form which no angel wears, the image of his Son. He holds man's every faculty in high account. Each several endowment has a precious use and worth in his sight. To squander it on the world and sin, is to inflict on him a loss and grief, of which the tears of Christ are the only measures; to yield it to him that he may make it his own, mark it with his name, inspire it with his life, and employ it in his service, is to yield to him that sacrifice, under the constraints of his mercy, which is most acceptable and well-pleasing in his sight.

That the cultivation of the whole range of human faculty is distinctly and sacredly a Christian duty, is a truth which has been too much dropped out of the creeds of the past, but which the present generation seems resolved to recover, and use as one of the leading key-notes of its life. The idea, long time prevalent in the Church, and more or less latent at all times, that Christianity has to do exclusively with one circle of our powers, though that circle be the highest one, is essentially faithless, and leads, when entertained, to a great betrayal of trust. We are trustees of every faculty, for the use of the world, for the service of the universe and of God. To neglect deliberately the culture of any talent is to bury that talent, at any rate, in the earth, and to hide our Lord's money. Man in his wholeness is sought by the Redeemer. Body, soul, mind, and spirit, he claims. Let one be omitted from the tale, and the sacrifice becomes essentially incomplete. For how many generations did pious men look with dread on the thorough culture of the intellect, supposing that it must inevitably lead to presumption, scepticism, and blank unbelief, and thus make ship-

wreck of the hope of the spirit. Similarly a most jealous dread was entertained of the cultivation of the bodily faculties—the eye, the ear, the voice, the limbs, lest it should bring men too thoroughly into tune with the world around them, and by occupying their attention with material, withdraw it from spiritual things. High intellectual or physical accomplishments were regarded as highly dangerous, their possessors were thought to be standing in slippery places, and eyes were always on the watch for their fall. In such a state of religious society it is only half the man which has any chance of getting educated for the Master's service and the world's; and a godliness which is feeble in the element of manliness falls speedily into poverty and contempt.

No doubt there is a real danger here, as there is in all development—all progress. If we are to avoid all danger, we had better lie still in our beds, though it would be hard to escape it even there. Intellect, in the process of its education, is apt to grow sceptical, and the body occupies itself with material things. But God has endowed us thus, not man; and we are bound to believe that as, generation after generation, God sends human beings into the world with body, mind, and spirit, each capable of, and yearning for, a distinct education, it is not by flying dangers, but by facing them, that the Christian combatant is to win his crown. And it is just in facing the peril that he has the most right to rely on the support and strength of God. It would not be difficult to show that the dreaded scepticism of the intellect and sensuality of the body arises from this divorce of them from the spiritual life which the past has had to deplore. If man will not regard these departments of his being as provinces of that empire which he has to rule by the strength and in the name of Christ, then they are left to the devil to prey on at his will. The one way to avoid the perils which attend the development of the powers is to cultivate them earnestly, thoroughly, with a godly mind, and include them in the sphere of the godly life, profoundly penetrated with the sense of the duty of every Christian to yield every germ of faculty, and every vein of talent, to be an instrument of righteousness unto God. To shrink from the cultivation, through unmanly fear of the difficulties and dangers which may attend it, is simply ungodly. It is to rob God of service, to disband wilfully a troop of powers that might be employed in his work.

The same fear reigns about men's callings—as though a Christian man ought to go into business gingerly, and soil his fingers as little as possible with such unprofitable concerns. Now the man who goes into his daily avocations with a half-heart—with the feeling, "This is very earthly, I am half ashamed to touch it at all," is the very man who places himself in the way of its most formidable temptations. "To set the Lord always before us" is the one secret of the conquest of sin. No man can set the Lord before him, in any sense or condition, unless he is fully convinced that the Lord intends him to be there, and is there to walk with him and to help him. Not for the world's use did God furnish man with this grand circle of powers. We may safely say, we shall only know what bodily powers are worth, when we stand up in the redeemed body on high.

We want fine, large, nobly proportioned men in the Church; not muscular Christians simply, who think to restore the lost balance between the two spheres by idolatry of physical power, but men in whom all the spheres—physical, mental, and spiritual—are grandly developed and fairly harmonised, who stand forth to realise for us God's idea of a man. There is a grand revival of manliness in progress in our day. Our work is to lay hold of it and connect it with godliness, as at once the root out of which alone its permanence can spring, and the mark in the attainment of which alone it can be complete. The cry is now for manly Christians; men able to play the man, and not ashamed to do it—resolved to regard "all which may become a man" as within the sphere of a godly life. And manliness, let us thank God, is not the birthright of any class, order, or calling. Here, at any rate, prince and shoeblack are on common ground. The calling is nothing before Heaven, the man everything. The calling dies on earth; the manliness, if it be of the Divine pattern, lives on in heaven. They were many of them slaves to whom Paul uttered these stirring words: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." Slaves of earth, but freed men of Christ; comrades of angels; fellow-workers, in the drudgery of their service

tasks, with the elect spirits who hear the voice of the King of kings before his throne. Let the poorest and humblest understand that God calls them, each one by name, in the strength of Christ to "quit them like men"—to play a manly part—to avoid the falsehoods, meannesses, and follies of "this present evil world," that he may lift up their heads at last with honour, and reveal their manhood crowned like Christ's, in the day of the manifestation of his sons.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE MIDDLE AGE.

I TAKE the year of our Lord 1000 to be the midnight of the Middle Age.

In the first place, it is nearly the middle year of the period, as you will see in a moment. Most chronologists fix the beginning of the Middle Age at A.D. 476—that is, at the fall of the Western Roman empire; and the last year of the age is placed variously at 1453, 1492, 1497, or 1500—that is, it is fixed at the fall of Constantinople, under Mahomet II., or at the conquest of Granada by the Spaniards, or at the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope, or, in round numbers, at the close of the century in which all these events took place.

Thus, if you take your stand at A.D. 1000, you have, in the first place, 524 years behind and 453 before you; in the next, 524 to 492; in the next, 524 to 497; and in the last, 524 to 500. So that if you take, in round numbers, the year A.D. 1500 as the close of the Middle Age, you will find that A.D. 1000 is within twenty-four years of being exactly the middle year.

But, besides the fact of its being the half-way house in point of numbers, this same year was marked by a mid-nocturnal panic. The terrors which reached a crowning-point in this panic were founded on a solemn passage in Rev. xx. 2, 3:—"And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season." The fancies which this passage generated in men's minds were fostered by the dreamy interpretations of some of the Fathers, such as Papias, Justin, and Origen; and they were brought to a crisis by the mad fanaticism of one Bernhard, a hermit, who lived in Thuringia about A.D. 960. All the signs of a great panic of nations speedily appeared; and they served to show most manifestly the thick darkness of the prevailing midnight. Not only nobles, but even princes and bishops, joined the poor and simple in hastening to Palestine, if haply they might set foot near the Mount Zion, which their pious ardour left them no doubt was to be the Saviour's judgment seat. Those who were rich prefaced their flight by transferring all their worldly possessions into the hands of monks and other clerics; and those whose purses were insufficient to bribe the justice of Heaven, were fain to yield up to the eager ecclesiastics all they could—the labour of their hands. Many fled, in tumultuous alarm, to the caverns and rocks; as if the temples of Nature were to be spared in the great ruin coming on the works of men. The fields were allowed to run to waste, and thousands of once busy homesteads crumbled to the ground.

Thus the year of terror came and passed. It was remarkable chiefly for the great accession of wealth to the Church; and it is known to us only as having terminated the most disgraceful century in the annals of Christianity.

Be this, then, the midnight hour. Wakeful through the remaining hours, even down to the broad daylight of the ninth and present hour, let us listen to the solemn strokes of the clock of time, and gather what aids to memory and to historical knowledge we may be able to catch in those slow and deep vibrations.

Yes, it is midnight. The last departing ray of light fled with the departing king Alfred, as it were an hour ago. That great and saintly monarch died in 901, and even he was a full century later than his equally great but more worldly brother, Charlemagne, who, on the eight hundredth anniversary of our Saviour's birth, had been crowned by Leo III. as the "Great and Pacific Emperor of the Romans."

But hark! listen! There tolls the first hour after midnight. We are at the year 1100. The Conqueror has conquered England already these thirty years and more. His son is within seven months of Sir Walter Tyrrell's arrow. Five years only have elapsed since that thrilling cry of a hundred thousand voices, roused by Peter the Hermit—a cry heard once, and heard no more—arose at Clermont, in Auvergne—and leaping wildly from mountain to mountain and hill to hill, proclaimed to the furthest corner in Europe, "God wills it." The Crusades had begun.

Another hour. The clock strikes two. We are at A.D. 1200. The Crusades are in their zenith. One hundred and five years have they lasted; seventy-three yet remain to be run out. Saladin has mouldered in the grave already seven long years. Innocent III., that

iron pontiff, wears the Pope's triple crown. But, alas! a year ago the Lion Heart was pierced; the hero of Acre, our English Richard, is no more. Dying before his time, he has made way for the craven tyrant, John. But there is a bright star beyond. We are but fifteen years from Magna Charta.

The deep clock-bell slowly chimes the hour of three. Edward I. is now fighting the Scots, though he has but six years more to give wing to his martial energy. What a strong, rock-like man he appears between the two imbeciles, Henry III. and Edward II., the former of whom misgoverned for fifty-six long years (1216—1272). Two years ago William Wallace was beaten at Falkirk, one of the English generals being a warlike bishop, by name Tunstall, the stout prelate of Durham. But the Bruce is rising, and will win—after thirteen years have passed—the victory of Bannockburn. Meantime the Caliph Othman invaded Nicomedia this year, and began a twenty-seven years' harassing war. The Turks are fast surging up. Only 153 years more, and Constantinople will be in their hands.

Four o'clock. Four hours past midnight. "The bright stars fade; the morn is breaking." The cock has crowed again and again. Petrarch and Boccaccio are in their graves; but they have done their work for literature, as Wickliffe has done his for religion. It is but sixteen years since Wickliffe's stern warnings were still in death; and it is only nineteen to the time when, in the face of Emperor Sigismund and the Council General of Constance, Huss and Jerome shall witness a good confession, and perish at the stake. Lord Cobham, too, perished, in 1417, and his death dimmed the glory of that reign which was brightened by Agincourt. When this hour is but half over, Mahomet II. will lead his Moslems into Constantinople, and the Mosque of Omar will supplant St. Sophia's noble dome. 1453 was a year much to be remembered.

How loud, and deep, and long, sounds the bell, as the next hour tolls! The sun has risen: the mists are fast rolling away. The two mighty fathers of the Reformation in religion and the Renaissance in art are now rising youths. Luther and Raffaele are both seventeen; Melancthon a boy of nine; Erasmus, twenty-nine; and the great patron-Pope, Leo X., is a young man of twenty-five, and a cardinal of some years' standing. In seventeen years Luther's *Theses* will be posted up at Wittenberg; in twenty-one, he will appear before the Imperial Diet sitting at Worms. In twenty-five years Francis I. will be prostrate at Pavia; and in fifty-five, his great victor, Charles V., will be a lonely monk, an abdicated monarch. At that very time will the English martyrs be flocking to Smithfield fires, and wearily groaning out the three years which must elapse before the gladsome, glorious Elizabethan age. Once again: American discovery is (at this fifth hour) eight years old. Printing is not much older. The world is revelling in newly-gotten strength.

But now the sixth hour sounds. Shakespeare, Bacon, Raleigh, Drake, Cecil, Hawkins, Frobisher, are names the bare mention of which is enough to tell Englishmen of the blaze of Elizabethan glory. How different are matters in France! Henry IV. was, indeed, now reigning; but twenty-eight years have scarcely passed since the blood-red eve of St. Bartholomew, that blackens for ever the memory of Charles IX., and of the queen-mother, Catherine de Medici. Another tyrant had lain in the grave for eighteen years: this was the Duke of Alva, who found in his heart to boast of having executed—in the Netherlands—18,000 men, and kindled a war which cost Spain £200,000,000, her finest troops, and seven of the richest provinces in the Low Countries. The Netherlands had justice on their side.

The seventh hour. Again I may bring forward names—Milton, Cromwell, John Bunyan, Algernon Sidney; and of younger men, all now born, Dryden, Cowley, Addison, Pope, Congreve, Swift. Think, too, of our divines—Jeremy Taylor, South, Tillotson, Atterbury, Warburton, and a score of others. France is in the full blaze of Louis the Fourteenth's magnificence. The light begins to grow oppressive; and, at the first stroke of

The eighth hour—at the thrilling sound of "French Revolution"—I leap astonished from sleep—wide, wide awake. We are more than half through the ninth hour. Verily the Middle Age is over. Midnight is truly left far behind.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

MANY years ago, during the war with France, the late Rev. Mr. Griffin, of Portsea, received a letter from a friend in London, mentioning that two young men of a highly respectable family, offended at some restraint imposed on them by their parents, had left their father's house with the determination to go to sea; that it was likely they would be found at Portsmouth, and requesting him to inquire about them, and, if possible, persuade them to return. He soon found they were there, though they assumed a false name. Having prevailed on them to call upon him, he expostulated with them on their conduct, representing to them, in as strong colours as he could, the distress they had inflicted on their parents, and

particularly that their affectionate mother was in a state of the deepest anguish. He succeeded in persuading the youngest to return under his paternal roof. When he seemed somewhat softened by Mr. Griffin's expostulations, he said, "Well, I think I will go home again." His brother, with a most determined air, looked on him with a scowl of indignation and contempt, telling him he was "a poor milk-sop," and adding that he might do as he pleased; but for his part, he was determined to go to sea, and, after the manner he had been treated, he would never return to his father's house.

When Mr. Griffin found he could make no impression upon him, the last thing he said to him before he left him was, "Well, young man, remember one thing: your sin will one day find you out." The younger son returned to his father, and the elder went aboard a man-of-war.

Several years passed, and Mr. Griffin had almost forgotten the occurrence, when, one Sabbath morning, a ship-of-war came into the roads, and a message was sent to him to come and see a young man who was sentenced to death. As soon as his other engagements permitted him, he went aboard, and found this bold and resolute young man lying in irons, while he was condemned to be executed during the following week. On Mr. Griffin's inquiring what was the cause that had brought him into such distressing and disgraceful circumstances, he was informed that he had struck one of the officers—an act of insubordination which could not be passed over, without all discipline being destroyed. At his trial, every advantage was given him to plead some palliation at least of his offence, as the officers saw he was quite a superior young man, and one born to better prospects. He was asked if he was drunk? "No." Had he not drank anything that day? as they were anxious to mitigate the punishment, if it could be done consistently with the discipline of the ship. He replied, "No." In short, it was found necessary to condemn him to death. Some of the officers remarked to Mr. Griffin, "We see he is a superior young man, of a very high spirit: he would have made a capital officer; but one guilty of such insubordination cannot be allowed to escape."

Mr. Griffin conversed with the prisoner. He still maintained his high bearing; would make no apology; and seemed determined (as the phrase is) to die game. Mr. Griffin immediately came ashore, and got an application forwarded without delay to the Admiralty, stating all the circumstances of the case. In short, through the instrumentality of the gentleman who was then member of parliament for Portsmouth, he procured a pardon just in time to save the young man's life.

All the preparations were made for having the sentence executed, when the pardon was communicated to him. "Here," said Mr. Griffin, "we saw the effect of unexpected kindness. That heart which nothing could subdue, which even the terrors of a violent and ignominious death seemed incapable of appalling, was completely melted when a pardon was announced to him. It was too much for his feelings. He fell before it, and burst into tears."

When the circumstances of the case were known, having obtained his discharge, he returned to the bosom of his father's family, and afterwards he engaged in business, and held a respectable station in society.

The use which Mr. Griffin made of this interesting story, in preaching, was this:—"We have here a specimen of the melting effects of kindness. It accomplishes what stern law, and the mere dread of punishment—nay, of an ignominious death—never could. Such is the effect which the grace manifested in the gospel is eminently fitted to produce. Many who have set at nought all the thunders of Mount Sinai, have been effectually subdued by the still small voice from Mount Calvary. It is the precious proclamation of pardon, through Jesus Christ, that wins the sinner's heart, that brings down every high thought and lofty imagination, and bringing him to the obedience of faith, makes him bow to the sceptre of the Prince of Peace."

Eminent Christians.

THE REV. S. RUTHERFORD.

THE REV. SAMUEL RUTHERFORD was a clergyman who, notwithstanding the lapse of two centuries since his decease, still lives in the memory and hearts of thousands of the Scottish peasantry, as if he had only died yesterday; the mention of whose name in the length and breadth of Scotland suggests the ideal of a good pastor, and a man of prayer; who, for unceasing devotion to the temporal and spiritual interests, not only of his own flock, but of the whole of that wild and uncultivated region where he lived, has earned for himself the honourable appellation of the Oberlin of Galloway.

But what the man was will better appear from the following glance at the incidents in his life.

Samuel Rutherford was descended of respectable parents in the middle rank of Scottish life. After completing his preliminary education at the Grammar School of Edinburgh, he entered the University in that city.

Here he gave such evident marks of ability, that after completing his curriculum, or course, he was chosen Professor of Moral Philosophy to that famous University. But he soon quitted his professorship, and accepted the living of Anwoth, in Galloway. Here he laid the foundation of his fame. By his unremitting diligence and attention to the calls of duty; by mingling freely, and like a father, among the members of his flock, and dropping words of encouragement to the deserving and words of sympathy to the afflicted; by his ready ear and open hand to the claims of charity, and a watchful eye over the temporal as well as spiritual interests of his charge, he became not only beloved, but almost adored; and his name, even yet at this lapse of time, sounds in the ears of the pious peasants of that extensive but sequestered region, sweet as the chimes of Sabbath bells. His activity and diligence were truly wonderful, and his labours were of a very extensive as well as varied character. In the expressive but paradoxical language of his quaint old compiler, "he was always reading, always praying, always visiting the sick, always catechising, always studying the word of God." Nor, amidst this multiplicity of work, did he omit the cares of occasional publication. It was here he wrote his *Exercitationes Apologetice pro Divina Gratia*, which cost him so much labour and persecution. In this book he advocated moderate Calvinistic views; while the great body of the Episcopal clergy in Scotland, as well as in England, at that time, had embraced Arminianism. He was accordingly cited before the High Commission Court at Edinburgh. The tempestuous state of the weather, however, kept some of his bitterest enemies at home; and the charge against him failed. Six years later—in 1656—he was again summoned before the same court, to answer for his *Exercitationes*, as well as to sundry charges of nonconformity; when, at the instigation of the Bishop of Galloway, he was found guilty, discharged from his ministerial functions, and ordered to confine himself, within the space of six months, to the city of Aberdeen, during the king's pleasure. Rutherford obeyed; and it was in the privacy of this retreat that he wrote the most of his famous "Letters."

What chiefly characterises them is a rich scriptural quotation, a pervading sense of the love of God, and deep views of the atonement.

A few years later, he published his *Lex Rex*, or "Law is King," which did so much damage to the waning fortunes of the unhappy Charles I.; and of which that monarch is reported to have plaintively observed, that it would not get a speedy and satisfactory reply. It did get a fiery, if not effectual reply, however, from the Scottish parliament of Charles II. It was publicly burned at Edinburgh and the College of St. Andrews, of which he was then Professor of Divinity.

A change of administration now took place in Scotland, and Rutherford, after a year and a half's confinement in Aberdeen, again returned to his flock at Anwoth. It is to this period that the following floating anecdote seems to refer.

Archbishop Usher, having often heard of Rutherford's extraordinary power and fervency in domestic prayer, resolved on paying him a visit. But the good archbishop well knew that, if he presented himself in *propria persona*, the duty of leading the family devotions, according to Scottish etiquette, would devolve upon himself. He accordingly attired himself in the garb of a beggar; and, presenting himself at the manse of Anwoth one Saturday evening, when the night was pretty far advanced, asked for a night's shelter. This was granted by Mrs. Rutherford, in the absence of her husband, then on a visit to one of his sick parishioners. Now, just at that time, Mrs. Rutherford was about to engage in catechising her household. Showing the beggar a seat, on a low stool by the kitchen fire, at the top of the domestic circle, after a brief prayer, she began by addressing the beggar:—

"How many commandments are there?"

"Eleven," was the prompt and decisive reply.

A burst of laughter immediately ensued, which Mrs. Rutherford, with difficulty, repressed; and, addressing the poor man, severely reprimanded him for his gross ignorance of the word of God.

Supper being over, the beggar was shown to a bed in an attic, above Rutherford's study. Here the good archbishop waited patiently his arrival. Rutherford soon returned, and quickly resumed his interrupted studies. Usher waited long after the household had retired to rest, expecting to hear the voice of prayer. But it came not. At last, wearied with watching, he commenced his own prayer. Rutherford heard the sound, and, as it waxed louder, cautiously stepped up-stairs to ascertain the cause. He heard a man at prayer, and, from some domestic petitions which were then being offered up, conjectured that the petitioner must be Archbishop Usher. As soon as the voice ceased, Rutherford entered the room, and inquired if he were right in his conjecture. The archbishop confessed himself, and, in reply to the request to preach for him next day, consented, on the condition that he should be supplied with suitable clothes, and introduced to Mrs. Rutherford merely as a brother clergyman unexpectedly

arrived. Rutherford had no objection to conceal his name.

The hour of public worship being come, the archbishop chose for his text the second chapter of St. John's first Epistle, beginning at the 8th verse: "A new commandment I write unto you," and so on. After a few explanatory remarks, he observed this might properly be called the "eleventh commandment."

Mrs. Rutherford was puzzled, confounded, but did not suspect the imposition; and it was not till next day that she learned from her husband that the beggar and preacher was no other than Archbishop Usher.

In 1638 Rutherford was chosen Professor of Divinity to the College of St. Andrews, by the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland; and his next public appearance is as one of the Scotch Commissioners, appointed to the Westminster Assembly. At the close of the diets of this remarkable assembly, Rutherford's patriotism moved, that it be recorded in the acts of the Assembly that it had "enjoyed" the assistance of the Commissioners of the Kirk of Scotland, during the drawing-up of the directory for worship, the confession of faith, a form of church government and discipline, and a public catechism.

We find him, in 1651, invited by the magistrates of Utrecht, in Holland, to the divinity chair of that city, vacant by the death of the learned Dematus. This honour, however, he respectfully declined.

During the Protectorate of Cromwell he seems to have led a quiet but busy life, in the duties of his professorship, and in the publication of occasional controversial treatises against some of the numerous sectaries which that period produced.

On the 1st of January, 1661, the first Scottish Parliament, after the restoration of Charles II., assembled, when an indictment of high treason was lodged against him. But Rutherford was then dying in the College of St. Andrews. When this was reported to the Assembly, it was debated whether or not he should be deprived of his professorship, and ejected from the college. The ejection took place; but death came to relieve this servant of God from his persecutors.

We cannot turn from this outline of his history without deducing a suggestive and important moral, in an age like ours, when intellect is worshipped, and piety too little esteemed. And our sketch must have been meagre indeed if, in our aim at compression, we have failed to furnish data for a crude outline of his intellectual attainments. He had logical subtlety, but the memory of this has perished; he had no ordinary theological endowments, but they are buried in the records of his age; he was an acute writer on civil polity, as Charles I. confessed, but who now quotes his *Lex Rex*? he was an able controversialist, but his polemics are now "dry as summer dust;" and yet, as a good and philanthropic man, and as a faithful pastor, his name is familiar as a "household word" in every pious cottage of his native land—a name loved, admired, and revered. Verily there is a power and lasting fame in Christian usefulness, and in the faithful discharge of pastoral duties, that the world wots not of, and which outlives the transient fame of mere intellectual culture.

Let us turn now, and take a peep at his grave.

Anwoth, as we have intimated, is a parish in Galloway. It is everywhere studded with hills, intersected with quiet vales, and is somewhat in pleasing contrast to the general sterility of that moorland region. The hills are crowned with coppice and the dark, shadowy fir, while herds of cattle feed drowsily on the rich grassy slopes and in the still richer vales below. The small river Fleet divides it from the adjoining parish of Girthon, while from another side the ceaseless moan of the ocean wakes up a never-changing echo among the hills and narrow vales. It is in one of these narrow and sequestered valleys, about a mile from the sea, between two projecting hills, and nearly in the centre of an old churchyard, where his church yet stands. The walls are still entire, but the roof is gone. It is a plain but substantial edifice, devoid of all architectural ornament. The creeping vine, however, now supplies this defect, as it weaves its fantastic head into a thousand Gothic shapes of wild and irregular beauty. The old oaken pulpit, from which Rutherford dropped words of truth into the hearts of weather-beaten shepherds, and from which Usher, as from another Sinai, gave out his "new commandment," still stands, projecting from the gable into the interior of the church. But, alas! the "ivy green" occupies it now, and it, too, preaches its own sad, solemn lesson amidst the desolation of death around.

Not far from this, in an adjacent churchyard, is Rutherford's grave. It is marked by a plain pyramidal stone, on which are engraven some suitable passages of Scripture, as well as the leading events of his life.

A plain and substantial monument of granite is also erected to his memory on the top of one of the neighbouring hills, and which is seen in some directions at a great distance. As we turned round to take a last farewell look of this, and saw its clear bold outline, with the blue sky for a background, it seemed to point our view and direct our thoughts to Rutherford's last home beyond the skies—a home eternal in the heavens.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

MISSIONARIES often have very agreeable surprises. One such is described in the following extract from a letter of the Rev. H. H. Jessup, of Syria:—

"One of the Protestant young men from Abeih, on his way to Damascus, overtook a man on the road, who seemed to be in trouble. He could not speak Arabic, and some ruffian had been attempting to rob him. The young man addressed him in Turkish, and received an answer at once. The man was a Turk of rank, from Constantinople, going to Damascus; and, when he found that this young man could speak Turkish, he invited him to join his party, for mutual protection on the road. At night, when they stopped at a khan, they were engaged in conversation, when the Turk asked the young man about his religion. 'I am a Christian,' said he. 'But what kind of a Christian?' said the Turk: 'a Greek, Maronite, or Armenian?' 'Neither,' said the young man; 'but a Gospel Christian—a Protestant.' 'Is it possible?' said the Turk. 'And so am I a Gospel Christian. I was a Turkish Moslem in Constantinople, but I learned the truth of Mr. Williams, the converted Turk, and now am I a believer in Christ. My friends in Constantinople do not yet know of the change, but, on my return from Damascus, I intend to embrace the truth openly.' Saying this, he took from his pocket a Turkish Testament, and began to read. The young man had much conversation with him, and was greatly pleased with his views of Christ, and his love for the truth. May the Lord watch over him, and make him a chosen instrument of doing much good!"

COUSIN SARAH.

COME here, little sweet-voiced Kitty,
And sit beside my knee—
There, let me take your hand in mine,
For grandma cannot see.
Look at the clock—the kind old clock!—
And tell me when it's ten;
I feel as if my heart would break
When they toll the bell again.

"Grandma, here is a little rose,
I knew they would not care
If I took just one from the pretty crown
They plaited for her hair;
It didn't seem she *could* be dead,
She looked so sweet and fair."

Pretty rose, she was always fair,
And she came so, every day,
To smooth my pillow and set my chair
Out of the sunshine's way.
Ah me! to be so old and blind,
And she to go the first!
Kitty, I wish that I could cry,
For my heart is like to burst.

"Grandma, here is a little shred
I picked up from the floor,
Because you always liked to know
What Cousin Sarah wore;
I think a dress so soft and white
She never had before."

Pretty lamb, it was none too white—
It was none too soft for her;
But, Kitty, the folds that lie on her heart
No breath of life will stir;
She wears in heaven the spotless robe,
Whiter than this, I know—
It may be wrong for me to grieve,
But, Kitty, I miss her so!

"Grandma, here is a little braid;
When you went to see her last,
You smoothed the damp locks of her hair,
And when her hand you clasped,
She turned her head, that you should not feel
The tears that fell so fast."

Pretty one, did she grieve so much?
It is somehow sweet to know;
Turn my chair to the window west,
That is the way they will go.
Hark! the bell, and I hear the wheels,
I did not think it was ten.
She never used to pass my door,
But it is not now as then.

"Grandma, grandma, Kitty is here,
I will love you all the more.
There, let me wipe your tears away,
And sing you the 'Shining Shore'
You have not lost your pretty lamb,
She has only gone before."

So it is best—I see it now,
But it seems so long to wait.
Kitty, to be so old and blind,
I have murmured at my fate;
But sing me again the hymn we love,
It tells of the cross and crown;
When the shock of corn is fully ripe,
Then will He cut it down.

GLORIOUS indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious far the world of God within us.

If you employ your money in doing good, you put it out at the best interest.

THE things of this life have not the promise of godliness; but godliness hath the promise of the things of this life.

AUTUMN.

SUMMER is gone, and autumn, with its faded flowers, and withered grass, and sere and falling leaves, is here. Where has the summer gone? "Gone with the years beyond the flood," and can no more be recalled than those years can be.

We are older by three months than we were when summer commenced—have three months more of time to answer for, and are three months nearer the grave and eternity than we were then.

We are subjected to decay and death, as the grass, flowers, and leaves, to which, as frail, perishing beings, the Word of God likens us.

We read in Psalm ciii. 15, 16:—

"As for man, his days are as grass:
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know it no more."

A kindred passage is Isaiah xl. 6—8:—

"The voice said, Cry.
And he said, What shall I cry?
All flesh is grass,
And all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field:
The grass withereth,
The flower fadeth,
Because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it;
Surely the people is grass.
The grass withereth,
The flower fadeth:
But the word of our God shall stand for ever."

GENERAL McCLELLAN.

THE following account of the young officer, to whom has been confided the command of the troops of the United States, appears in an American journal:—Gen. McClellan is of Scotch descent, and has been brought up with respect for religion, but never exhibited any decided resolution to follow Jesus. After his career of victory in Western Virginia he was suddenly summoned to Washington, to take command there, and had to go round by Cincinnati and Philadelphia, the more direct roads being interrupted.

At Cincinnati he sought an interview with his pastor, who asked him if his rapid ascent had not made him dizzy? "Rather," replied he, "I have been sinking, for I feel myself a lost sinner, and came to know what I must do to be saved." Dr. Thompson then faithfully and clearly unfolded to him the only way of salvation as set forth in the Scripture, to which the general gave most earnest heed, appearing to have a spiritual apprehension of the great truths he was hearing. At the close of this interesting conference, Dr. Thompson and the general knelt together, and the former prayed most earnestly with him and for him. At the close of this prayer, Gen. McClellan remained on his knees, evidently under deep emotion, and Dr. Thompson continued also kneeling, till after about two minutes passed thus in silence, Dr. Thompson laid his hand upon the general's shoulder, and said, "McClellan, pray for yourself."

Thus encouraged, the young soldier began in almost smothered tones to pour out his soul to God, and when he rose there was a glow of spiritual life in his countenance. "I had already," said he, "given myself to my country, but now I give myself to God, and pray that he will use me for my country's good." Thus terminated this singularly interesting interview; and General McClellan hurried to Washington, where he immediately introduced order and discipline, requiring not only every man, but every officer, to be in his place—a matter in which there has been a great lack of discipline hitherto in the United States army. He also required Congress to pass a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks to soldiers, by which the cloud of vultures that follow the army will be hindered of their prey.

THE HOME TEST.

You tell me a man is changed by the converting and renewing grace of God. Is he? Let me look at him. It is something that I may see him with the Bible in his hand. It goes as confirmation that I behold him on his knees. It helps the evidence that I hear him speak publicly his vows in covenant with God and his people. But I would rather visit him insensibly at his home—see what sort of a husband and father he has become—whether he is gentle and self-restrained, when he used to be petulant and irritable; whether he is monarch of all he surveys, or the servant and minister of all—lives to receive the incense of the family homage, to be saved trouble, and to guard his personal comfort and convenience from interference and restriction, or to lavish thought and toil and care upon all the dependent circle. Let me know, are his angles rounded off in the home? Is he eager to lift off the household burdens from the frail form at his side, and adjust them to his own broader shoulders? Especially, has he become, in a spiritual and meaning phrase, a "nursing father" to the little ones there? Are they only the playthings of his idle moments, with whom he frolics as so many kittens when he is good-natured, or looks upon as so many

stumbling-blocks to be kicked out of the way when he is moody and hasty? Or are they young plants to be watched and nurtured for the garden of God; youthful learners to be taught the way of life; early pilgrims whose feet he is to lead with his own in the path to heaven? Show me the evidence that he has discerned and accepted his most privileged and responsible calling of nurseryman for the great Husbandman in this little plantation of immortals. I wish to see him kneel with his right arm around his eldest born, and his left on the cradle of his babe—to hear him, with a tax which he shall feel, because it is painstaking study and effort, and yet for love's sake shall not feel, because it is freely and gladly borne, reading and expounding to young learners the way of truth and salvation. If his heart is not turned to his children, it is not turned to Christ.—Rev. A. L. Stone.

Short Arrows.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN WESLEY.—When Mr. Wesley was travelling in Ireland, his carriage became fixed in the mire, and the harness broke. While he and his companions were labouring to extricate it, a poor man passed by in great distress. Mr. Wesley called to him, and inquired the cause of his distress. He said he had been unable, through misfortune, to pay his rent of twenty shillings, and his family were just being turned out of doors. "Is that all you need?" said Mr. Wesley, handing him the amount; "here, go and be happy." Then turning to his companion, he said pleasantly, "You see now why our carriage stopped here in the mud."

BRIDGING THE STREAM.—When engineers would bridge a stream, they often carry over at first but a single thread. With that they next stretch a wire across. Then strand is added to strand until a foundation is laid for planks and now the bold engineer finds safe footway, and walks from side to side. So God takes from us some golden-threaded pleasure and stretches it hence into heaven. Then he takes a child, and then a friend. Thus he bridges death, and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find their way hither and thither between the two spheres.

THE BETTER COUNTRY.—Heaven! How charming is that word! *Heaven*—where no tear will ever fall, no groan be heard, no sorrow be seen; where no sin will mar the perfect joy, no death bring it to an end. Oh! weary heart, there is rest for you. Oh! sad heart, there is joy for you. Oh! burdened heart, there is full pardon and holiness for you. Do sickness and pain make life a burden? Sickness and pain never enter there. Do sinners vex you? None but the holy are there. Do you wish perfect holiness and perfect bliss? You will find them there. Blessed Jesus! in thy name, relying on thy merits, I humbly hope for heaven. That which thou hast bought with thy blood shall be my eternal possession. Redeemed, purified, saved, I will there praise thee for ever.

"THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU."—As a friend of mine was walking along a hedge one day, he overheard the following conversation between two poor labouring men:—"James, I really cannot believe what you say about God is true; you can give me no proof." The other replied, "Do you call this a calm day, Thomas?" "No, look at the wind in the trees, James." "Where? I see no wind, nothing but the tree moving." "But, James, you know it is the wind that moves the trees." "Yes, Thomas, I know it is the wind that moves the trees, and the Lord who made both wind and trees. We cannot see God any more than we can see the wind: he is too high and holy for our sinful eyes to look at, but we can see him in his works, we can see him in the little bees, and flies, and daisies, as much as in his greater works, and we can feel his Holy Spirit in our hearts, preventing us from evil. Oh, Thomas, I trust you will feel his Holy Spirit in your heart some day."

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.—That house will be kept in a turmoil where there is no tolerance of each other's errors, no lenity shown to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a stick of wood upon the anvil, and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they will burn; add half a dozen, and you will have a grand conflagration. There are other fires subject to the same conditions. If one member of a family gets into a passion and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent; but oppose temper to temper, pile on the fuel, draw in others of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will envelop them in all its lurid splendour.

NOTHING LOST.—In creation nothing is lost, and nothing is in vain. The light of our sun pours out on all sides. One beam of that light strikes the earth, another beam strikes the planet Venus, another Mars, and so on; but what a vast proportion of that light passes through the inter-planetary spaces, and seems to go off into immensity, and be lost! But if we really believe in an immensity, and believe that immensity to be full of God's worlds, then not a particle of light is lost. Some of that which passes through the inter-planetary spaces strikes the stars, and is seen by them; and that which passes through the inter-stellar spaces strikes the constellations and systems beyond, until, somewhere in the vast concave around us, every particle of light that radiates from our sun shall, in the immensity of God's universe, help to illuminate a world, and none of it pass off into uninhabited space to be lost.

Youths' Department.

TIME.

"WHAT causes my Minnie to look so grave this charming morning?"

"This paper, papa, which Willie has given me."

"If there be no treason in a paper which produces so much gravity, pray read it."

"I will, papa; but it is too bad to write or say such things. Willie has written:—

"I've seen a comet drop down hail
I've seen a cloud suck up a whale
I've seen the sea within a glass
I've seen some elder beat an ass
I've seen a man full three miles high
I've seen a mountain sob and cry
I've seen a child with thousand eyes
All this was seen without surprise."

And what perplexes me is, that Willie declares they are all true. Is it not very wrong of Willie?"

"These assertions, my dear Minnie, are very startling, I admit."

"I do not say, papa, that I am angry with Willie; but I am very much displeased."

"Stay! before you give way to displeasure; and remember, although your brother is full of fun, and has no dislike to a little mischief, he is an honourable boy, and very truthful."

"But, papa, did you ever see a man full three miles high or a child with a thousand eyes?"

"No, my dear; and I am inclined to think Willie has not. Read the statements once more, before you denounce them as falsehoods."

"I am sure, papa, by Walter's smile, there is some deception in these lines. Walter, like a dear good creature, do tell me how it is. Be a benevolent knight, and come to the aid of a distressed lady."

"If, Minnie, I come to your aid, it will not be with buckler and spear, for I imagine a little comma would banish all your foes, and end your perplexity."

"End them! I declare you increase them. Pray show me how it can be."

"If you insert a comma in the middle of each line, you will read of things which may be seen every hour in the day."

"I see it; and it was my want of shrewdness, after all, and not Willie's want of truth. Well, Willie, you were right, and I am in the wrong."

"My dear Minnie," said her brother, "you are right now, at all events, and quite right; for, as papa would say, 'a prompt and courteous apology for a misconception gratifies the receiver, and confers honour on the giver.'"

"Well done, young philosopher! May your papa's sentiments be always as fairly expressed."

"But, Minnie," said the father, "observe from this mistake of yours how important it is that we should not form a hasty judgment. Here are in this paper seven statements, all of which are true; and yet you charged them all with being false—not because they were false, but because you regarded them in a wrong point of view. Therefore, my dear, for the future, pause before you condemn, and condemn not that which you do not understand. But this is not all I wish to say. Willie's paradox shows the importance of little things. A comma preserves seven truths from being transformed into as many falsehoods. It also turns nonsense into sound sense, and impossibilities into sober matters of fact. It brings down prodigies to the standard of everyday-life, and this little comma vindicates Willie's veracity, smooths Minnie's brow, and banishes her perplexity; therefore, never undervalue little things."

"I heard, sir," said Walter, "of an immense machine that had been constructed with consummate skill; and when it was expected to perform wonders, the machine completely failed, it was found to be useless; but a feather dipped in oil removed the impediment, and preserved the machine and the maker from being condemned."

"A nail dropping from a horse's shoe," said the mother, "though a trifle, according to tradition, cost the rider his life."

"Both these cases," said the father, "prove the importance of trifles; but to turn again to our friend the comma. See what mischief he has done by being present where he was not required."

A comma inserted in a deed cost the claimant of an estate £8,000. The deed was handed to my Lord Eldon for his signature. The Chancellor, on examining the document, discovered a comma. His lordship was displeased, and returned the deed for amendment, saying the law did not recognise commas. Eight months passed before the deed could be again brought up for signature; and until the Chancellor had affixed the usual confirmation, the claimant was not entitled to the proceeds of an estate producing £12,000 a year.

"Well, papa," cried Willie, "if Lord Eldon was opposed to commas, I am sure he was very partial to full stops!"

"To supply you," said the father, "with another instance of the importance of trifles."

Some trustees were giving an account of the investment of certain funds; but one penny remained, and the trustees pleaded that they knew not how to invest so small a sum. The Chancellor ordered the penny to be invested in the Consols. This was accordingly done by employing a broker, who purchased one pennyworth in the Three per Cent. Consols in the Bank of England, and charged, as he himself told me, half-a-crown for so doing, while he smilingly hinted at divers other fees which arose out of this pleasant investment.

"What think you of that, Willie?"

"Beautifully correct, no doubt, papa, to take so much care of the gentleman's penny; but such care would in time

leave the poor man without a penny. That is as kind as if I took care of an oyster, and charged the owner a barrel of oysters for not eating it."

"If you feel so astonished at a few pounds being spent in order to invest a penny, what would you have said to the loss of the £8,000 just mentioned?"

"Had I been the sufferer, papa, when the Chancellor refused to allow the comma, I should never have conceded to him a note of admiration!"

"A brave old admiral adopted a very suitable motto in the one word 'Strut'. A suitable one for the Chancellor would have been 'Downt'. Lord Eldon was allowed by all to be a splendid lawyer, but he lost sight of this truth, that long delayed justice is a fearful wrong—a wrong which sends many, or rather I ought to say *did* send many, with broken hearts to their graves, and left empty purses behind."

"Father, I fancy 'the oil and the feather' have been applied to the machinery, for in the courts of law 'great bodies no longer move slowly.'"

"Yes, my boy, to the honour of the present race be it said, there is less friction and more speed. But I advise you, with all its improvements, never to get into the Court of Chancery, unless you have the good fortune to be under a wig."

"Then, Walter," cried out Willie, "if you are there under a wig, get a sack under you; and if it be stuffed with wool, it makes a nice seat."

"Talking of commas, I remember," said Walter, "a very singular mode of locating them."

A gentleman, in a moment of anger, made use of an offensive expression when speaking of an officer. Some persons present, instead of regarding it as the unwise ebullition of the moment, and that it is with men as it is with grammar, the superlative is not positive, repeated the conversation to the officer, and a recantation was demanded; the offender, dreading a duel on the one hand, or an action on the other, consented to make the required apology. The friends of both parties assembled to hear the recantation, which was thus given: "I said you were a coward, it is true; you are a brave man, I have told a falsehood, and I am sorry for it."

"If a man were to charge me with an offence," was Willie's remark, "I think the best method would be to follow the example of an eminent mathematician. 'Prove it, sir; prove it. If you do prove it, of course I am what you say; if you do not prove it, then, sir, I leave others to guess what you must be. Good morning to you.'"

"Willie, Willie, I know nothing equal to your skill in getting out of a difficulty; I ought to add, except your good sense in not getting into one."

"Maude, what can I say to this brother of mine, after such a compliment?"

"Say! say what you think; for I am sure, Willie, you need no better prompter than your own heart."

"Then I will say to Walter, as Sabat said to Henry Martin, 'My brother! object of my eyes, and beloved of my heart! God give thee peace, and life, and feed me near thee.'"

"As in your bounty, Willie, you are scattering good things around you, have you nothing for me?" exclaimed Minnie.

"For you, my darling! Yes, I have, and always have; here it is, warm from under my waistcoat:—"

"Where'er I go my prayer shall be,
Heaven's choicest blessings rest on thee."

"Papa, did you hear what Willie said to me?"

"I did, and say the same thing; and I now say something else. If he wishes for my benediction and his mother's, let him come to breakfast, and do you, in this and in many things, tread in his steps."

"Papa," said his lively son, "we follow thee, but not with equal steps. There now, is not that something like obedience? In other words, your wishes, dear daddy, are law to us."

"You say that, you uddin, because you are hungry; but, jesting apart, I see your fun, my dear boy, and shall always enjoy it upon condition that it is ever united with kindness and good sense. May it be your happy lot to enjoy the power of pleasing, with the will to please. Now run for your life."

"No, papa, not for my life, but for my breakfast. I'm off."

About the usual time the father called upon his eldest daughter to state the subject.

"The subject for discussion this morning, papa, is *Time*, and before we offer our remarks, will you be good enough to answer the question, 'What is time?'"

"Yes; and I might respond to the query as did St. Augustine, 'If you do not ask me, I understand it.' It is easier to conceive than to define. I regard time as a measured portion of Eternity, referring to the past, and also extending to the future."

"In that case, sir," said Walter, "time has no present."

"Very able men so regard it, for the moment that comes to us is past when we speak of it; therefore, there is no stationary period, no portion of time that we can, when strictly speaking, call the present; for convenience we use the phrase. Now, mamma, favour us with your remark."

"To God there is neither Eternity past nor Eternity future, but one Eternal Now."

"Does not this, father, accord with the expressions in Holy Writ? 'From everlasting to everlasting thou art God: the High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth Eternity, whose name is Holy.'"

"Minnie, dear, we must not lose your contribution."

"Time, I am told, is a sacred trust, committed to us by God."

Willie: "Time destroyed is suicide, where more than blood is spilt."

Walter: "Look backwards, and time was when our souls were not. Look forward, and our souls will be when time shall not."

"Time," said Maude, "waits for none, and admits of no recall."

"Time," observed Walter, "was represented by the ancients as approaching us with leaden feet, but leaving us on eagle's wings."

"One of the results of folly," said the father, "is not to know the value of time; for if we delay till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, we charge the morrow with a burden which does not belong to it. On the other hand, wise men are economical of their moments, and, therefore, it is said, to their honour, that the great things of life are accomplished by men who have no leisure."

"Consequently," said the mother, "the wasters of time ought to be classed amongst the worst of prodigates, for, notwithstanding that the wise and prudent speak of time as more precious than gold, and we know that unerring wisdom enjoins us to 'redeem the time,' yet these triflers live as if time were a dream, and eternity were a fairy tale."

"Unfortunately your remark, my dear, is painfully true; for there are men of whom it may be said, 'They give Eternity to kill time, and suffer life to pass without the attainment of life's great end.' Poetry and prose too oft declare the same sad fact. You remember the well-known lines:—

"We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man; as if an angel spoke."

"If time be so valuable, papa," said Willie, "how do you account for it that men whom the world admit to be wise often waste it?"

"In the same manner that I account for infidelity in a clever surgeon, or in an able mathematician. These wise men are not wise, clever, or able in the point at issue. A man who is great on some points may not possess an equal amount of knowledge in other things, even more important. Indeed, very high authority tells us 'that man, with all the wisdom of an angel, may yet be a fool,' when he gives more for a life-interest than he does for a perpetual possession. Never, my son, follow an evil example, however talented may be the man who sets that example. No man possesses the wisdom, the ability, and the talents of the leader of the fallen angels; but a wiser than Satan says, 'Follow him not.'"

"An Italian philosopher," said Maude, "regarded time as so much property. 'Time,' he says, 'is my estate.'"

"Well, papa," cried his youthful son, "if it be yours, it seems to be dreadfully mortgaged before it comes into your possession."

"It would seem so, indeed, Willie," said the father; "and it is only by having a time for everything, and everything at its time, that I can keep up with the demands that are made upon me. A clever friend of mine, of very active habits, used every evening to apportion his time for the work of the next day. When fatigued by one kind of study he did not seek for repose, but resorted to a change of labour, always reserving the favourite pursuits for the more weary hours. Until a certain time he was not to be seen. At a fixed hour, as near as practicable, he took exercise; and if a dozen calls were to be made, or things to be done, they were arranged so as to avoid loss of ground and loss of time. There were hours for work, and hours for rest, and what he did—work or play—he did heartily; and he was wont to say that no more time was lost by exercise and relaxation than there is by a carpenter sharpening his tools. His language was, 'The bow always bent loses its strength,' and although it is better to wear out than to rust out, he thought it was still wiser to do neither, and therefore he used to affirm that 'business for men of leisure, and leisure for men of business, would heal one-third of the ills of life.' Being a truly pious man, he paid great regard to what he called a Sabbath day for each week, and a Sabbath hour for each day; and he was of opinion that an adherence to this plan imparted bodily vigour, tranquillity of mind, and procured a benediction on the days and hours of labour. It is an investment, as a merchant would say, that repays a good per centage."

"But while we are talking of time, time itself admonishes; therefore, in order that we may not, as some people do, attend to one duty by murdering another, I will ask mamma to indulge us with the closing remark, and reserve what I have to say to another occasion."

"It would be wise of us, and well for us," replied the mother, "to consider the ways in which time is lost into shreds and wasted. These have been thus enumerated. We may term them the 'Seven Snares':—

1. An unnecessary amount of sleep.
2. Indolent habits.
3. Too much recreation.
4. Want of system.
5. Useless calls, and useless visits.
6. Unprofitable reading.
7. Foolish talking, and busy idleness—that is, saying or doing things not worth saying or doing.

"Think of these things, Willie; they come under the head of 'forbidden things.'"

"I will, papa; and, as I cannot attack seven enemies at once, when I go to bed to-night I will think of Number One on the list—about too much sleep; but you know, papa, it takes two good men at night to make one good man in the morning. Ladies, we bid you good morning; for Walter is going to pass an hour with Mr. Homer, and I am going to visit Mr. Euclid."

"And how do you dispose of papa?" said Minnie.

"I do not know; but I dare say he is going to converse with St. Paul."

"When you, my boy, arrive at manhood, I hope, at all proper seasons, you will do the same, or your Homer and

your Euclid will profit you little. Devoid of religious principles, the most profound scholar is only a LEARNED SIMPLETON."

THE SMALLEST PIECE.

DURING a famine, a rich man who made a noble use of his fortune by benevolence, one day assembled all the poor children of the village.

"You see," said he, "this basket full of bread; each of you take a piece, and every day at this hour you shall have the same quantity, till it please God to send plenty again."

The children at once scrambled for the largest pieces, and left the house without once thanking their benefactor.

The only grateful one was a little girl, who, though her garments were clean, they bespoke poverty. She held back a little, and approached timidly the basket; she took the smallest piece that had been left, and then kissed the hand of the generous man.

The following day the children behaved as badly as before, and the poor little girl's share was a still smaller one. She took it home to her mother, who, on dividing it, let fall a quantity of pieces of money quite new. The mother was thunderstruck. "Return the money immediately," said she to her little girl, "for no doubt it is a mistake."

Mary, which was the name of the little girl, obeyed, but the man refused to take back the money.

"No, no," said he, "it is no mistake. I had it put in the smallest piece, to recompense you, my sweet child. Always remain amiable, and be as easily contented, and rest assured that those who are content with the smallest piece of bread rather than quarrel, carry a blessing home."

I CANNOT HELP IT.

A LITTLE girl often followed her father round when he came into the house with this question, "Father, what can I do for you?" And never was she happier than when he gave her something to do for him. Once he said, perhaps tired with her asking, "Child, why do you ask that question so much?"

"Oh, father," she answered, with two tears swelling in her eyes, "because I can't help it." It was love that put the question; and her readiness to undertake whatever he set her about was proof of the genuineness of that love—she wanted always to be doing something for her father.

People sometimes are in doubt whether they love God or not. I will tell them how they can find it out. Are you often asking your heavenly Father the same question this little child was asking her earthly father? Is it one of your first thoughts, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" And do you keep on asking because you cannot help it? It so fills your heart, that it must come out. And you not only ask, but are on the look-out all the time to hear what he says, and to do what he bids. This is the way to know whether you love God or not. And if we love him, and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ who died for us, we shall keep his commandments, that is, do what he says. This is the proof of the genuineness of our love. Children, will you try yourselves by this test?

A SCRIPTURAL SUM.

THE text for the following Scriptural sum may be found in 2 Pet. i. 5-7. If our young readers would get the answer, they must work out the problem. It is as follows:—

- Add to your faith, virtue;
Add to your virtue, knowledge;
Add to your knowledge, temperance;
Add to your temperance, patience;
Add to patience, godliness;
Add to godliness, brotherly kindness;
Add to brotherly kindness, charity.

The answer.—"For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ."

A BIRTHDAY ODE.

THE joyous hour as last is here,
And on sweet Anna's fair, young head
The sunshine of another year
Like holy benison is shed!
Behind her lies bright childhood's day,
The dew still fresh on flower and spray;
Before her, like a tangled braid,
The untrod pathways spread in sunshine and in shade.

"How shall she walk this checkered way?"
In loving, anxious fear, I sighed;
"With trembling footsteps shall she stray,
The siren Pleasure for her guide!
Shall fame allure, shall sin ensnare,
Shall wealth delusive splendour wear?"
"Not so," replied a voice of love,
"Here is the narrow path, that leads to heaven above!"

Then looked I on sweet Anna's face,
And, lo! a heavenly light was there!
I knew its brightness was the trace
Of cheerful faith and earnest prayer.
To her I felt the boon was given
To be, O joy! an heir of heaven,
No wish of mine could add a ray
To that full happiness which crowned her natal day.

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MONTHLY PARTS.—Monthly Parts of THE QUIVER are issued in a Coloured Wrapper, price 5d. and 6d.

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NOTICE.—THE QUIVER WILL BE PUBLISHED IN LONDON EVERY WEDNESDAY; THE NINTH NUMBER WILL, THEREFORE, BE READY ON OCTOBER 30TH.



LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26.

TO OUR READERS.

A LARGE proportion of the numerous commendatory letters which we have received since the issue of our first number, urge upon us the inconvenience of the size of THE QUIVER, and suggest an immediate alteration to a size which would be better adapted for binding. We regard these applications as so many testimonies to the permanent value of the Journal; and we are desirous to ascertain whether the views of our correspondents are generally entertained. We should, therefore, be glad to receive from any of our readers, during the ensuing week, the expression of their opinion as to the convenience or inconvenience of the size at present adopted. We are disposed to use every means at our command to render the Journal worthy of the great success which it has attained.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

"WHAT shall I do to make up for the offence I gave you?" asked a penitent child.

He had disobeyed one he loved; had been convicted of it by his own conscience, and for a time had suffered the sense of disapproval, the pain of separation, heart-separation—a heavy weight even upon a child's spirit. At length pride gave way, and, humbled and weeping, the child returned with honest confession on his lips. But there was also a feeling—a natural, instinctive feeling—that this was not enough. "What can I do?" is the first question. The act specified whereby he might make up for giving offence, if there was one specified, would be termed *expiation*. He wants to offer *expiation*.

I think every child can understand this. This disposition to make *expiation* is natural to men; it is an instinct, and lies at the bottom of law and government. In the days of old, when the world was idolatrous, men offered various sacrifices to the gods to make *expiation* for sins. They gave their gems, their gold, their wealth of every kind; they even gave their children.

In those days God had a Church in the land of Judea, and here he taught the people of Israel what they might do to make *expiation* for their sins. They might at any time bring a lamb or a dove, which the priest offered for them, and it was accepted by God for any special sin. But once a year, when the people from all parts of the land were gathered together on the day of atonement (see Lev. xxiii. 27), the high priest made an offering for the sins of all the people. Men, women, and children—probably, with hearts bowed down with a sense of sin—stood waiting while the priest made the required atonement. This day the high priest laid by his gorgeous robe, with its splendid colours and musical bells, his magnificent breast-plate and glittering ephods, and put on the holy linen clothes of the common priest. Then standing in his place in sight of all the people, he first sacrifices a bullock for his own sins. Then two goats are brought to him for the people—two innocent, harmless animals—and one is chosen by lot to be killed.

The priest lays his hands upon the head of this, and lifts his knife and slays it. The blood he carries into the most holy place, where God is present in a cloud over the mercy-seat—ready in mercy to accept this blood, instead of the lives of the people. The law said, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Yet a way of escape was provided for the Jew by the blood of sacrifices. The people see the priest depart behind the veil with the blood of the victim, and each pious heart is lifted to the God of Israel at this offering may be accepted. "We have sinned against thee: this is all that we can do. This thou hast appointed; refuse it not, we pray!" The high priest has sprinkled the blood seven times upon the mercy-seat, and now returns and lays his hands upon the head of the other victim, and confesses upon it the sins of all the people. Thousands of hearts there are bowed down with the weight of their own sins. You have felt the load when you sinned against some human being you loved. What, then, must have been the weight of the sins of all the people of Israel! There the priest stands, laying upon the guiltless head of the meek animal the burden of the people's sins; while the people send up one voice of prayer to God, that the sacrifice may be acceptable. How solemn the scene! The confession is now made, the sins are transferred—*imputed*—to the lamb, and he is borne by a fit person to the wilderness—a land not inhabited, a land of separation—to signify that the people's sins are taken away. At length the solemn rite is over, and every sincere heart can lift itself up gladly, freed from its load, through obedience to the ordinance of God.

Possibly you may think this was an easy method of making *expiation* for sin. But you must understand that no Jew's sins were laid on the lamb's head without his *will and desire*: without a penitent heart on his part. Do not suppose that the gay and trifling, unconcerned Jewish young man or maiden, who had never felt any conviction of sin, received *expiation*; they must "afflict their souls" to make it avail. Do you see? It was, after all, a matter of personal repentance—a desire for forgiveness, a resolution to do right.

"Just show me what I shall do to make my peace with God, and I will do it," says many a restless, anxious young person—restless because conscious of sin and danger. "But, when I inquire, the Christians say, 'Believe;' and I don't know what to believe, nor what to disbelieve."

That is just what I want to tell you. The Jew's sacrifice for sin was a shadow of the true. The goat atoned for the penitent Israelite only, and that atonement was so imperfect that it had to be repeated every year; the heathen had no way open to the favour of the true God. But you are neither Jew nor heathen, and for you another and a nobler *expiation* has been provided. Christ was offered on Calvary; on his guiltless head were laid the sins of *all mankind*! God cannot endure sin. It merits his anger. Yours alone, if borne into the eternal world, into his pure presence, would lead to condemnation. Your duty is to believe that Christ dying made *expiation* for your sin, and that God accepts it, there being no other way you could "make up" for your countless offences. Can you believe this, and not love the sacrifice—the meek, yet all-powerful Christ, who bowed his head to take your load? who laid by his glory, as the priest laid by his robes, to live with unlovely, imperfect, sinful human beings, and then shed his blood upon the mercy-seat, that he might bear your sin away, out of remembrance? With this view of the atonement the mystery of *believing* begins to clear away, and love to Christ prevails, for his mercy to all believing penitents seeking to walk before him in newness of life.

Scripture Explained.

THE CURSE OF CANAAN—SLAVERY.

"And he said, Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren."—Genesis ix. 25.

THIS passage has been greatly relied upon to justify African slavery. But a careful examination of it will prove that this prediction of the servitude of the posterity of Canaan had its complete fulfilment before the enslavement of the negroes of Africa commenced. It was Ham, the father of Canaan, who so conducted himself towards Noah as to call forth this denunciation, and Canaan is named perhaps on account of his implication in the offence. The curse does not affect him personally, but falls upon his remote posterity—since prophetic blessings or curses on individuals usually have reference to their posterity, as is manifest when Jacob blessed his sons, having reference to the future twelve tribes of Israel. So when Noah cursed Canaan, it was designed for his descendants. His own loose morals set a bad example, which, being followed by successive generations, finally brought forth a generation fitted only for destruction. Hence, when the Divine anger manifested itself, it was on account of their own wickedness, as is evident from Levit. xviii. 24: "Defile not ye yourselves in any of these things; for in all these the nations are defiled, which I cast out before you, and the land is defiled, therefore do I visit the iniquity thereof upon it;" also Levit. xx. 23: "And you shall not walk in the manners of the nation, which I cast out before you; for

they committed all those things, and therefore I abhorred them."

I. Canaan was the youngest son of Ham, Gen. x. 6. The name of his brothers were Cush, Mizraim, and Phut. These elder brothers had a numerous progeny, who settled over large districts of country. The descendants of Cush were found along the shores of the Persian Gulf, in the southern regions of Asia. The posterity of Mizraim settled in Egypt and Lybia, in Africa, and the sons of Phut stretched along the shores of the Mediterranean sea, on the northern portions of Africa. In Gen. x. 15—19, we are told that Canaan was the progenitor of a numerous people called Canaanites, inhabiting a district in Asia, on the Mediterranean sea, to which they gave the name of their ancestors, calling it the LAND OF CANAAN. It was upon this people that the curse fell. In Deut. vii. 1—5, we are told that seven of these nations were to be destroyed utterly, and in Deut. xx. 11, it is stated, that of those spared "they shall be tributaries unto thee, and serve thee."

II. The curse not only named the posterity of Canaan, the son of Ham, as the persons who were to be servants, but it tells whom they were to serve. In verse 25 it is written, "Servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." The next verse tells us who are meant by his brethren: "Blessed be the Lord God of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant." This prophetic curse demands that the posterity of Canaan shall become the servants of the posterity of Shem. In Gen. xi. 10 the descendants of Shem are traced until we reach Abraham. Again, the Old Testament genealogies follow out the succession from Abraham, through Isaac and Jacob, to the twelve tribes of Israel, who, by Divine command, were led from Egyptian bondage to the possession of the LAND OF CANAAN. In the days of King Solomon they completed the servitude of the surviving posterity of Canaan, 1 Kings ix. 20, 21: "And all the people that were left of the Amorites, Hittites, Perizzites, Hivites, and Jebusites, which were not of the children of Israel, their children that were left after them in the land, whom the children of Israel also were not able utterly to destroy, upon those did Solomon levy a tribute of bond-service unto this day." Here is the fulfilment of the curse.

III. The prediction says, a "servant of servants shall he be." This may only be an Hebraism, to express intensity; but it is quite noticeable that it has a literal accomplishment, in the fact that the descendants of Canaan became the servants of the descendants of Shem, who had just been liberated from their Egyptian bondage. In every, even in the most minute circumstance, this predicted curse had its fulfilment in Asia, in the land of Canaan, where the posterity of Canaan settled, and therefore cannot afford the slightest possible sanction for African slavery, especially as there is not a particle of evidence that any negro is a descendant of Canaan. Mizraim, the second son of Ham, settled in Egypt, and founded the nation of the Egyptians, to whom the Hebrews, the posterity of Shem, were in bondage, but who were now in bondage to the Hebrews. Phut, the third son of Ham, peopled the northern portion of Africa, along the shores of the Mediterranean. But all geographers agree that the sons of Canaan occupied the country in Asia known as the land of Canaan. The predicted curse was to fall on them; history points out the fact that it did fall on them when they became the servants of the Hebrews. The curse being thus exhausted, we must not look for any other fulfilment, especially upon a race of men not in any way included in the prediction. The curse we have been considering had reference only to the temporal condition of that people, and that it was necessarily limited, both in its duration and in its application. But there is another curse of the same Divine Being, which is pronounced against every one of the human family, and which inflicts its penalty in eternity. This curse is against every man, because every man is a sinner, a violator of the law of God. As the curse against Canaan, though fulfilled centuries after it was uttered, was still certain in its execution, so will the curse against every sinner be, unless he avails himself of the gracious provisions of mercy, which God sets forth in the death of his Son Jesus Christ, as an atoning Saviour. He now calls for repentance of sin and faith in the Lord Jesus, with the promise that "he that believeth shall be saved." It is of the utmost importance to every reader to attend immediately to the offer of mercy now made to him.

SUCCESS IN LIFE—HOW TO GAIN IT.

IV.

I MEAN this to be a short chapter, because the subject of it has been already touched upon. But there is something more to be said about it before I pass on. The subject is Energy.

Let me first ask, What is energy? because it is always useful to know exactly what one is talking about. Now energy is not *passion*. It is something very nearly the reverse of that. If you go into the private rooms of a first-class daily newspaper at the busiest hour—say at one or two o'clock in the morning—you will be struck with the almost perfect stillness which prevails. If you trust to your ears, you might suppose that no work is being done. But this is the atmosphere of energy. The work is really going forward with the utmost swiftness; but the faculties of every man are fixed so intently upon what he is doing, and he forms part of so perfect an organisation, that the result is calmness and silence.

Rashness, again, is not energy, properly so called, because energy supposes a controlling power which is absent from rashness. Energy is to the mind what muscular vigour is to the body, and something more. Energy implies not merely strength, but force; not only power, but power in

exercise, under wise guidance. Energy recognises the obstacles in its path, but is not deterred by them. Energy listens to no discouraging voices; it is full of confidence, and will not yield its purpose.

Here, probably, I shall be met by the old objection, that energy is constitutional, that it belongs to certain temperaments, as does black hair or a ruddy complexion. This assertion, like most dangerous errors, contains a small amount of truth, just enough to deceive and misguide. Energy is really a question of desire, rather than anything else. Give the most lethargic man a strong motive, and you will have a display of energy which will surprise you. If a man hits upon some new adaptation of a mechanical principle, which may issue in an important invention, he will work out that idea with the utmost energy, because he has a powerful motive impelling him forward. What wonderful energy was exhibited by the old navigators and discoverers! Take the familiar instance of Columbus. This poor Genoese sailor reasoned within himself that the great Atlantic Ocean could not be without limit, and that there must be something at the other side of it, until, at length, the idea became firmly rooted in his mind of the existence of unknown lands, and peoples, and empires in the West. The discovery of this distant country seemed to him so great an achievement, that no sacrifice was too great to attain it. It became the object of his life, and probably history does not afford a more striking example of the triumph of individual energy over difficulties, than is to be found in the career of Columbus. The learned laughed at him, as they have done at many a great man since his day, and the rich and powerful, whose patronage he was compelled to seek, wearied him with promises unfulfilled. Yet his purpose does not appear to have been for a moment shaken. Having failed in one place, he went to another, until at length he obtained the means to make his voyage across the ocean. Then occurred another class of difficulties. To cross the unknown and stormy waters in a small vessel, such as that of Columbus, taxed his skill to the utmost, and he had to contend at the same time with the winds and waves, and with the superstition and discontent of his sailors. But he overcame every difficulty, and the energy which enabled him to do this was the offspring of an absorbing desire after a certain object.

And so it is with all of us. In proportion to the strength of our desire after any object will be our energy in the pursuit of it. Now, the object which we have constantly before us in these articles, is the attainment of an honourable success in life—a success in respect both to this world and the next. If energy leads to success in respect to the first world, it does also in respect to the second. Those who desire to possess this element of success in worldly things will do well to remember that the Christian life is, in a certain sense, a life of energy, and that other things being equal, a truly Christian man will be more energetic than his irreligious neighbours. This is necessarily the case; for what is the first and great commandment? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." And what is the Christian's rule of conduct? "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Thus you see that energy, of the highest and the best kind, is demanded of every Christian; and as a full and complete answer to that class of objections to which I have more than once alluded, we have the gracious promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." In respect not only to the affairs of eternity, but to those of time, the Christian is required to obey the solemn command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is neither work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."

In the well-known poem, "Excelsior," by Professor Longfellow, we have an embodiment of the idea of a pure and noble energy. A young man climbing a rugged Alpine height represents the earnest soul striving after a purer and higher state of existence. Temptations of various kinds assail him. Ease invites him; danger frowns upon him; caution whispers hesitation and delay—in vain. His cry is "higher," always "higher." And thus he keeps on his way upwards, until, at length, he reaches the summit, and his journey and his toil are over:—

"There in the twilight, cold and grey,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star—
Excelsior!"

Sunday Talks with the Little Ones.

[We are sure that we shall meet the wishes of many of our readers by publishing a series of instructive dialogues adapted to the capacity of young children.]

"Preserve me, O God; for in thee do I put my trust."—PSALM xvi. 1.
"MOTHER, who wrote all these beautiful psalms?"
"Good men, my dear; children of God, who loved to speak to him, and sing of him, and whom he taught how to feel, and what to say. David wrote many of them. He was one of the best men that ever lived."
"What did he mean when he said, 'Preserve me, O God; for in thee do I put my trust?'"
"Do you remember the little girl we saw walking with her father in the woods last week?"
"Oh, yes, mother; wasn't she beautiful?"
"She was a gentle, loving little thing, and her father was very kind to her. Do you remember what she said when they came to the narrow bridge over the brook?"
"I do not like to think of that bridge, mother; it makes me dizzy. Do you believe it is safe—just those

two timbers laid over, and no railing? If she had stepped a little to one side, she would have fallen into the water."

"Do you remember what she said?"
"Yes. She stopped a minute as if she did not like to go over, and then how sweetly she looked up in her father's face, and asked him to take hold of her hand, and said, 'You will take care of me, father dear; I don't feel afraid when you take hold of my hand.' And her father looked so lovingly upon her, and took tight hold of her hand, as if she was very precious to him. I don't wonder he loved her, and took good care of her when she asked him so prettily, and seemed to feel so safe with him. I wish I could see them again."

"I think David felt like that little girl when he wrote the words which you just read."

"Was David going over a bridge, mother?"
"Not such a bridge as the one in the woods; but he had come to some place of difficulty in his life, and whenever he was in any way troubled, he looked up to God, just as the little girl did to her father, and said, 'Preserve me, O God!' It is the same as if he had said, 'Please take care of me, my kind heavenly Father—I do not feel afraid if you take hold of my hand.'"

"O mother, how beautiful! But God did not really take hold of David's hand and lead him through the trouble?"

"No; but God loves his children who trust him, just as the father did his little daughter; and though he does not take hold of their hands, he knows how to make them feel as peaceful and easy as if he did."

"You say God loves his children who trust in him. What does it mean to trust in him?"

"It means to feel safe in his care."

"Does he like to have them trust him?"

"You just said you did not wonder the father loved the little girl, because she felt so safe with him. God feels always tenderly towards those who look up to him, and commit themselves to his care. He rejoices that he is able to take care of them, and loves them more, the more happy they feel in his protection. He looks down lovingly upon them, and puts happy thoughts into their hearts, and takes away their fear, and is glad that he can so comfort them."

"Mother, can I be one of God's children?"

"Yes, my dear. If you love him, and trust him, and try to please him, he will call you his own, and lead you all your life, and make you very happy."

"Will there be any bridges in my life? I mean, shall I have troubles? Now, I do not have any, do I? I do not have to look up to God and ask him to take care of me."

"Everybody has some troubles, and comes into times of difficulty and danger. You are a happy little girl, and have a good home, and your father is able to supply your wants. But suppose he should lose his property and grow poor, and could not get you warm clothes and good food, and we should have to leave our pleasant home. Then you would be in trouble; and you would shed bitter tears; and you would be afraid. Then it would please your heavenly Father very much if you should remember him, and look up to him, and say, 'Preserve me, O God; for in thee do I put my trust. Take care of me now, my kind heavenly Father; I shall not be afraid of starving and suffering if you provide for me.'"

"Perhaps no such trouble will come to you, but others may. Your father and mother may leave you, and go to heaven. Then you will be in trouble and very lonely; and you will not have your parents to tell you what is right; and you will be afraid to go on the way lest you should mistake and do what would grieve them, and miss the road to their bright home. If, then, you look up with tearful eyes and say, 'Preserve me, O God; for in thee do I put my trust—take care of me now, my heavenly Father, for I have no other father, no dear mother—please take care of me, and help me to do right, and not to be afraid,'—then he will look pityingly and lovingly upon you, and he will be glad that you trust in him; and he will comfort you, and bless you, and make you happier than you ever expected to be again."

"Dear mother, I hope no such troubles will come to me."

"Don't cry, my child. If it is God's will, I hope you will have your pleasant home and kind parents a great many years to come; but it is right that you should know where to flee for comfort when even the worst trials befall."

"I am afraid I should not know how to trust my heavenly Father as David did, nor feel as safe with him as the little girl did with her father."

"You must pray God to teach you this trust. Ask him every day to help you. Read the promises he has made in the Bible, and how kind he has always been to his children, and so you will learn to love and trust him, and a delightful peace will dwell in your heart and keep you from fear."

"But you must not think great troubles are the only ones we have to meet with. You will have many small troubles, and will need to look to your heavenly Father to take care of you through them."

"What troubles do you think I shall have?"

"You had one this morning. Sarah was unkind to you, and you were sadly grieved."

"Could I go to God with that trouble?"

"Yes, my dear; you can tell him just as you would me all your unhappiness, and ask him to comfort you when earthly friends are unkind."

"And will he hear me? What will he do for me?"

"He will help you not to be angry and unkind to them, and he will fill all your heart with sweet, gentle, loving thoughts, so that you will almost forget your trouble."

"Mother, I think the worst troubles I have now are when I so often do what I ought not to do; I am so often angry and impatient, and so unwilling to do what I am told; and then I feel so sorry, and do so wish I could always do right. But I cannot go to God with such troubles, for I know he is displeased with me when I do wrong, and I am afraid to tell him."

"Ah, that is a great mistake. You did not fear to tell me the other day that you went to Ellen's after I told you not, though you knew I should be displeased."

"O mother, dear, that is a very different thing. I knew you would be displeased; but then you love me so, and speak so kindly to me, and forgive me when I am sorry, and I love you better than ever, and think I will never do anything to trouble you again."

"Cherish the same feelings towards your Father in heaven, my daughter. He loves you more tenderly than I do, and he is far more ready to forgive than any earthly being. He sees the first thought of sorrow in your heart when you have done wrong, and he pities you, and will listen to your feeblest prayer, and help you not to do wrong again."

"Will he let me tell him how bad I feel, as you do, and how much I wish to be good?"

"Yes, and he will forgive you for Christ's sake; and you will be a great deal happier if you tell him. Whenever you have been angry again, go to your room, and kneel down, and tell him how unhappy you are; how evil feelings have overcome you; how weak you are; and ask him to forgive you, and help you never to be angry again. Say, 'Preserve me, O God, for in thee do I put my trust. Oh, protect me in the time of temptation, for I am only safe with thee.' You will rise from your knees stronger than ever before, and with such a love in your heart toward your best Friend, that it will keep you from doing anything that could grieve one so tender and kind."

"Mother, I am very glad we read that psalm this morning. I think I love God better already, and I hope I shall always trust him."

"I hope you will; and if you begin when you are a little girl, you will learn better and better about him, and be far happier than those who have no such Friend to go to in trouble."

"Why cannot everybody go to God with their wants?"

"Certainly, if they will; but a great many people never tell him their troubles—never ask him to forgive them, nor to take care of them. They did not begin in their childhood, and it is difficult to learn this trust when we are old."

"Oh, I hope I shall learn it now, while you can help me, mother."

THE CHANNINGS:—A TALE.

CHAPTER XV.

A SPLASH IN THE RIVER.

AMONGST other received facts, patent to common and uncommon sense, is the very obvious one that a man cannot be in two places at once. Many a prisoner, accused wrongfully, has made clear his innocence and saved his life by proving this: if he were in one place, he could not have been in another, establishing what is called an *alibi*. In like manner, no author, that I ever heard of, was able to relate two different portions of his narrative at one and the same time. Thus, you will readily understand, that if I devoted last week's paper to Mr. Galloway, his clerks, and their concerns generally, it could not be given to Mr. Ketch and his concerns; although, in the strict order of time and precedence, the latter gentleman might have claimed an equal, if not a premier right.

Mr. Ketch stood in his lodge, his body leaning for support upon the shut-up press-bedstead, which, by day, looked like a high chest of drawers with brass handles, and his eyes fixed on the keys, hanging on the nail opposite to him. His state of mind may be best expressed by the strange epithet, "savage." Mr. Ketch had not a pleasant-looking face at the best of times; it was green and withered, and his small, bright eyes were always dropping water, and the two or three locks of hair which he still possessed were of faded yellow, and stood out, solitary and stiff, after the manner of those pictures you have seen of heathens, who decorate their heads with three upright tails. At this moment his countenance looked particularly unpleasant.

Mr. Ketch had spent part of the night and the whole of this morning revolving the previous evening's affair of the cloisters. The more he thought of it the less he liked

it, and the surer grew his conviction that the evil had been the work of his enemies, the college boys.

"It's as safe as day!" he wrathfully soliloquised. "There be the right keys," nodding to the hanging two, "and there be the wrong ones," nodding towards an old knife-tray, into which he had angrily thrown the rusty keys, upon entering his lodge the last night, accompanied by the crowd. "They meant to lock me up all night in the cloisters, the wicked cannibals! I hope the dean 'll expel 'em! I'll make my complaint to the head-master, I will! Drat all college schools! there's never no good done in 'em!"

"How are you this morning, Ketch?"

The salutation proceeded from Stephen Bywater, who, in the boisterous manner peculiar to himself and his tribe, had flung open the door without the ceremony of knocking.

"I am none the better for seeing you," growled Ketch.

"You need not be uncivil," returned Bywater, with great suavity. "I am only making a morning call upon you, as is the fashion among gentlemen; the public delights to pay respect to its officials, you know. How do you feel after that mishap last night? We can't think, any of us, however you came to make the mistake."

"I'll 'mistake' you!" shrieked Ketch. "I kep' a nasty, old, rusty brace o' keys in my lodge to take out, instead o' the right ones, didn't I?"

"How uncommon stupid it was of you to do so!" said Bywater, pretending to take the remark literally. "I would not keep a duplicate pair of keys by me—I should make sure they'd bring me to grief. What do you say? You did not keep duplicate keys—they were false ones! Why, that's just what we all told you last night. The bishop told you. He said he knew you had made a mistake, and taken out the wrong keys for the right. My belief is, that you went out without any keys at all. You left them hanging upon the nail, and you found them there. You had not got a second pair!"

"You just wait!" raved old Ketch. "I'm a coming round to the head-master, and I'll bring the keys with me. He'll let you boys know whether there's two pairs, or one. Horrid old rusty things they be; as rusty as you!"

"Who says they are rusty?"

"Who says it! They be rusty!" shrieked the old man. "You'd like to get me into a mad-house, you boys would, a-worrying of me! I'll show you whether they be rusty! I'll show you whether there's a second brace o' keys or not! I'll show 'em to the head-master! I'll show 'em to the dean! I'll show 'em again to his lordship the bi— What's gone of the keys?"

The last sentence was uttered in a different tone, in apparent perplexity. With shaking hands, and excited by passion, Mr. Ketch was rummaging in the knife-box—an old, deep tray, of mahogany, dark with age, divided by a partition—rummaging for the rusty keys. He could not find them. He searched on this side, he searched on that; he pulled out the contents, one by one: a black-handled knife, a white-handled fork, a green-handled knife with a broken point, and a brown-handled fork with one prong, which comprised his household cutlery; a small whetstone, a comb and a blacking-brush, a gimlet, and a small hammer, some leather shoe-strings, three or four tallow candles, a match-box and an extinguisher, the key of his door, the bolt of his casement window, and a few other miscellanies. He could not come upon the false keys, and, finally, he made a snatch at the tray, and turned it upside down. The keys were not there.

When he had fully taken in the fact—which cost him some little time to do—he turned his anger upon Bywater.

"You have took 'em, you have! you have turned thief and stole 'em! I put 'em here in the knife-box, and they are gone! What have you done with 'em?"

"Come, that's good!" exclaimed Bywater, in too genuine a tone to admit a suspicion of its truth. "I have not been near your knife-box; I have not put my foot inside the door."

In point of fact, Bywater had not; he had stood outside, bending his head and body inwards, his hands grasping either door-post.

"What's gone with 'em? who has took 'em off? I'll swear I put 'em there, and I have never looked at 'em nor touched 'em since! There's an infamous conspiracy a-forming again me! I'm a going to be blowed up like Guy Fawkes!"

"If you did put them there—'if,' you know—some of your friends must have taken them," cried Bywater, in a tone midway between reason and irony.

"There haven't a soul been a nigh the place," shrieked Ketch. "Except the milk, and he gave me my ha'porth through the window."

"Hurrah!" said Bywater, throwing up his trencher. "It's a clear case of dreams. You dreamt you had a second pair of keys, Ketch, and couldn't get rid of the impression on awaking. Mr. Ketch, D.H., dreamer-in-chief to Holstonleigh!"

Bywater commenced a dance of aggravation. Ketch was aggravated sufficiently without it. "What d'ye call me?" he asked, in a state of concentrated temper that turned his face livid. "'D?' What d'ye mean by 'D?' 'D' stands for that bad spirit as is too near to you college boys; he's among you always, like a raging lion. It's like your impudence to call me by his name!"

"My dear Mr. Ketch! call you by his name! I never thought of such a thing," politely retorted Bywater. "You are not promoted to that honour yet. D.H. stands for Deputy Hangman. Isn't it affixed to the cathedral roll, kept amid the archives in the chapter house—John Ketch D.H.,

porter to the cloisters!" I hope you don't omit the distinguishing initials when you sign your letters!"

Ketch foamed. Bywater danced. The former could not find words. The latter found plenty.

"I say, though, Mr. Calcraft, don't you make a similar mistake when you are going on public duty. If you were to go there, dreaming you had got the right apparatus, and find, in the last critical moment, that you had brought the wrong, you don't know what the consequences might be. The real victim might escape, rescued by the enraged crowd, and they might put the nightcap upon you, and operate upon you instead! So, be careful. We couldn't afford to lose you: only think what a lot of money it would cost to put the college into mourning!"

Ketch gave a great gasp of agony, threw an iron ladle at his tormentor, which, falling short of its aim, came clanking down on the red brick floor, and banged the door in Bywater's face. Bywater withdrew to a short distance, under cover of the cathedral wall, and bent his body backwards and forwards with the violence of his laughter, unconscious that the Bishop of Holstonleigh was standing near, surveying him with an exceedingly amused expression. His lordship had been an ear-witness to part of the colloquy, very much to his edification.

"What is your mirth, Bywater?"

Bywater drew himself straight, and turned round as if he had been shot. "I was only laughing, my lord," he said, touching his trencher.

"I see you were; you will lose your breath entirely some day, if you laugh in that violent manner. What were you and Ketch quarrelling about?"

"We were not quarrelling, my lord. I was only chaff—teasing him," rejoined Bywater, substituting one word for another, as if fearing the first might not be altogether suitable to the bishop's ears; and Ketch got into a passion.

"As he often does, I fear," remarked his lordship. "I fancy you boys provoke him unjustifiably."

"My lord," said Bywater, turning his red, impudent, but honest face full upon the prelate, "I don't deny that we do provoke him; but you can have no idea what an awful tyrant he is to us. I can't believe anybody was ever born with such a cross-grained temper. He vents it upon everybody: not only upon the college boys, but upon all who come in his way. If your lordship were not the bishop," added bold Bywater, "he would vent it upon you."

"Would he?" said the bishop, who was a dear lover of candour, and would have excused a whole bushel of mischief, rather than one little grain of a lie.

"Not a day passes, but he sets upon us with his tongue. He would keep us out of the cloisters; he would keep us out of our own school-room. He goes to the head-master with the most unfounded errands—stories, and when the master declines to notice them (for he knows Ketch of old), then he goes presuming to the dean. If he let us alone, we should let him alone. I am not speaking this in the light of a complaint to your lordship," Bywater added, throwing his head back. "I don't want to get him into a row, tyrant though he is; and the college boys can hold their own against Ketch."

"I expect they can," significantly replied the bishop.

"He would keep you out of the cloisters, would he?"

"It is what he is aiming at," returned Bywater. "There never would have been a word said about our playing there but for him. If the dean shuts us out, it will be Ketch's doings. The college boys have played in the cloisters since the school was founded."

"He would keep you out of the cloisters; so, by way of retaliation, you look him in them—an uncomfortable abiding place for a night, Bywater."

"My lord!" cried Bywater.

"Sir!" responded his lordship!

"Does your lordship think that it was I who played that trick to Ketch?"

"Yes I do—speaking of you conjointly with the school." Bywater's eyes and his good-humoured countenance fell before the steady gaze of the prelate. But in the gaze there was an earnest—if Bywater could read it aright—of good feeling, of excuse for the mischief, rather than of punishment in store. The boy's face was red enough at all times, but it turned to scarlet now. If the bishop had suspected previously the share played in the affair by the college boys, it had by this time been converted into a certainty.

"Boy," said he, "confess if you like, be silent if you like; but do not tell me a lie."

Bywater rose his face again. His free, fearless eyes—free in the cause of daring, but fearless in that of truth—looked straight into those of the bishop. "I never do tell lies," he answered. "There's not a boy in the school punished oftener than I am; and I don't say but I mostly deserve it; but it never is for telling a lie. If I did tell them, I should slide out of many a scrape that I get punished for now."

The bishop could read truth as well as anybody—better than some, and he saw that it was being told to him. "Which of you must be punished for this trick as ring-leader?" he asked.

"I, my lord, if any one must," frankly avowed Bywater. "We should have let him out at ten o'clock. We never meant to keep him there all night. If I am punished, I hope your lordship will be so kind as allow it to be put down to your own account, not to Ketch's. I should not like it to be thought I caught it for him. I heartily beg your pardon, my lord, for having been so unfortunate as to include you in the looking-up. We are all as sorry as can be that it should have happened. I am ready to take any punishment for that that you may order me."

"Ah!" said the bishop, "had you known that I was in the cloisters, your friend Ketch would have come off scot free!"

"Yes, that he would, until —"

"Until what?" asked the bishop, for Bywater had brought his words to a sudden standstill.

"Until a more convenient night, I was going to say, my lord."

"Well, that's candid," said the bishop. "Bywater," he gravely added, "you have spoken the truth to me freely. Had you equivocated in the slightest degree, I should have punished you for the equivocation. As it is, I shall look upon this as a confidential communication, and not order you punishment. But we will not have any more tricks played at looking Ketch up. You understand?"

"All right, my lord. Thank you a hundred times."

Bywater, touching his trencher, leaped off. The bishop turned to enter his palace gates, which were close by, and encountered Ketch talking to the head master. The latter had been passing the lodge, when he was seen and pounced upon by Ketch, who thought it a good opportunity to make his complaint.

"I am as morally sure it was them, sir, as I am that I be alive," he was saying when the bishop came up. "And I don't know who they has dealings with; but, for certain, they have spirited away them rusty keys what did the mischief, without so much as putting one o' their noses inside my lodge. I put 'em safe in the knife-box last night, and they be gone this morning. I hope, sir, you'll punish them as they deserve. I am nothing, of course. If they had locked me up, and kept me there till I was worn to a skeleton's bones when found, it might be thought light of; but his lordship, the bishop—bowing sideways to the prelate—" was a sufferer by their wickedness."

"To be sure I was," said the bishop, in a grave tone, but with a twinkle in his eye; and, therefore, the complaint to Mr. Pye must be preferred by me, Ketch. We will talk of it when I have leisure," he added to Mr. Pye, with a pleasant nod, as he went through the palace gates.

The head master bowed to the bishop and walked away, leaving Ketch on the growl.

Meanwhile, Bywater, flying through the cloisters, came upon Hurst, and two or three more of the conspirators. The time was between nine and ten. The boys had been home for breakfast after early school, and were now re-assembling, but they did not go into school until a quarter before ten o'clock.

"He is such a glorious old tramp, that bishop!" burst forth Bywater. "He knows all about it, and he is not going to put us up for punishment. Let's out round to the palace gates and cheer him."

"Knows that it was us!" echoed the boys, startled.

"How did it come out to him?" asked Hurst.

"He guessed it, I think," said Bywater, "and he taxed me with it downright. So I couldn't help myself, and told him I'd take the punishment; and he—well, he'd excuse us, but there was to be no locking up of Mr. Calcraft again. I'll lay a hundred guineas the bishop went in for scrapes himself when he was a boy! I'll be bound he thinks we only served the fellow right. Hurrah for the bishop!"

"Hurrah for the bishop!" shouted Hurst, with the other chorus of voices. "Long life to him! He's made of the right sort of stuff! I say, though, Jenkins is the worst," added Hurst, his note changing. "My father says he doesn't know but what brain fever will come on."

"Moonshine!" laughed the boys.

"Upon my word and honour it is not. He pitched right upon his head; it might have cost him his life had he fallen upon the edge of the stone step, but they think he alighted flat. My father was round with him this morning at six o'clock."

"Does your father know about it?"

"Not he. What next?" cried Hurst. "Should I stand before him and take my trencher off, with a bow, and say, 'If you please, dear father, it was the college boys who served out old Ketch?' That would be a nice joke! He said at breakfast this morning that that fumbling old Ketch must have got hold of the wrong keys. 'Of course, sir!' answered I."

"Oh! what d'you think, though?" interrupted Bywater. "Ketch can't find the keys. He put them in a knife-box, he says, and this morning they are gone. He intended to take them round to Pye, and I left him going rampant over the loss. Didn't I chaff him!"

Hurst laughed. He unbuttoned the pocket of his trousers, and partially exhibited two rusty keys. "I was not going to leave them to Ketch for witnesses," said he. "I saw him throw them into the tray last night, and I walked them out again, while he was talking to the crowd."

"I say, Hurst, don't be such a ninny as to keep them about you!" exclaimed Berkeley, in a fright. "Suppose Pye should go in for a search this morning, and visit our pockets? You'd floor us at once!"

"The truth is, I don't know where to put them," ingenuously acknowledged Hurst. "If I hid them at home, they'd get found; if I dropped them in the street, some hulloaballoo might arise from it."

"Let's carry them back to the old-iron shop, and get the fellow to retake them at half the price we gave!"

"Catch him doing that! Besides, the trick is sure to get wind in the town; he might be capable of coming forward and declaring that we bought the keys at his shop!"

"Let's throw 'em down old Pye's well!"

"They'd come up again in the bucket, like ghosts do!"

CHAPTER XVI.

MUCH TO ALTER.

"Couldn't we make a railway parcel of them, and direct it to 'Mr. Smith, London?'"

"Two pounds to pay; to be kept till called for," added Mark Galloway, improving upon the suggestion. "They'd put it in their fire-proof safe, and it would never come out again."

"Dash them into the river," said Stephen Bywater; "that's the only safe place: they'd lie at the bottom for ever. We have got time to do it now. Come along!"

Acting promptly upon the impulse, as schoolboys usually do, they went galloping out of the cloisters, running against the head master, who was entering then, and nearly overturning his equilibrium. He gave them an angry word of caution; they touched their caps in reply, and somewhat slackened their speed, resuming the gallop when he was beyond hearing.

Inclosing the cathedral and its precincts on the western side was a wall, built of red stone. It was only breast high, standing on this side, the cathedral side; but on the other it descended several feet, to the broad path which ran along the banks of the river. The boys made for this wall, and gained it, their faces hot and their breath gone.

"Who'll pitch 'em in?" cried Hurst, who did not altogether relish being chief actor himself, for windows looked on to that particular spot from various angles and corners of the Boundaries. "You shall do it, Galloway!"

"Oh, shall I, though!" returned young Galloway, not relishing it, either.

"You precious rebel! Take the keys, and do as I order you!"

Young Galloway was under Hurst. He no more dared to disobey him than he could have disobeyed the head master. Had Hurst ordered him to jump into the river he must have done it. He took the keys tendered him by Hurst, and was raising them for the pitch, when Bywater laid his hand upon them and struck them down with a sudden movement, clutching them to him.

"You little wretch, you are as deaf as a donkey!" he uttered. "There's somebody coming up. Turn your head, and look who it is."

It proved to be Fordham, the dean's servant. He was but accidentally passing. The boys did not fear him; nevertheless, it was only prudent to remain still, until he had gone. They stood, all the five, leaning upon the wall, soiling their waistcoats and the sleeves of their jackets, in apparent contemplation of the view beyond. A pleasant view! The river wound peacefully along between its green banks; meadows and cornfields were stretched out beyond; while an opening afforded a glimpse of that lovely chain of hills, their tops touching the blue sky, and the white houses nestled at their base. A barge, drawn by a horse, was appearing slowly from underneath the city bridge, blue smoke ascending from its chimney. A woman on board was hanging out linen to dry—a shirt, a pair of stockings, and a handkerchief—her husband's change for the coming Sunday. A young girl was scraping potatoes beside her; and a man, probably the husband, sat steering, his pipe in his mouth. The boys fixed their eyes upon the boat.

"I shouldn't mind such a life as that fellow's yonder!" exclaimed young Berkeley, who was fonder of idleness than he was of Latin. "I'll turn bargeman if other trades fail. It must be rather jolly to sit steering a boat all day, and do nothing but smoke."

"Fordham's gone, and he hanged to him! Now for it, Galloway!"

"Stop a bit," said Bywater. "They must be wrapped up, or else tied close together. Better wrap them up, and then no matter who sees. They can't swear there are keys inside. Who has got any paper?"

One of the boys, Hall, had his exercise book with him. They tore a sheet or two out of it, and folded it round the keys, Hurst producing some string. "I'll be flogger," said Bywater.

"Make haste, then, or we shall have to wait till the barge has gone by."

Bywater took a cautious look round, saw nobody, and flung the parcel into the middle of the river. "*Eari nantes in gurgite vasto*!" ejaculated he.

"Now, you gents, what be you throwing into the river?"

The words came from Hudson, the porter to the Boundaries, who appeared to have sprung up from the ground. In reality, he had been standing on the steps leading to the river, but the boat-house had hid him from their view. He was a very different man from the cloister porter; was afraid of the college boys, rather than otherwise, and addressed them individually as "sir." The keeper of the boat-house heard this, and came up the steps.

"If you gentlemen have been throwing anything into the river, you know that 's against the rules."

"Don't bother!" returned Hurst to the keeper.

"But you know it is wrong, gentlemen," remonstrated the keeper. "What was it you throwed in? It made a dreadful splash."

"Ah! what was it?" coolly answered Hurst. "What should you say to a dead cat? Hudson, have the goodness to mind your business, unless you would like to get reported for interfering with what does not concern you."

"There's a quarter to ten!" exclaimed Bywater, as the college clock chimed the three-quarters. "We shall be marked late, every soul of us!"

They flew away, their feet scarcely touching the ground, clattered up the school-room stairs, and took their places. Gaunt was only beginning to call over the roll, and they escaped the "late" mark.

"It's better to be born lucky than rich," said saucy Bywater.

At the same moment Constance Channing was traversing the Boundaries, on her way to the house of Lady Augusta Yorke, where she had, some days since, commenced her duties. It took her scarcely two minutes to get there, for the houses were nearly within view of each other. Constance would willingly have commenced the daily routine at an earlier hour. Lady Augusta freely confessed that to come earlier would be useless, for she could not get her daughters up. Strictly speaking, Lady Augusta did not try personally to get them up, for she generally lay in bed herself. "That is one of the habits I must alter in the children," thought Constance.

She entered, took off her things in the room appropriated, and passed into the school-room. It was empty, though the children ought to have been there preparing their lessons. Fanny came running in, her hair a mass of curl-papers, and her mouth full of bread-and-butter.

"Carry has not finished her breakfast, Miss Channing," quoth she. "She was lazy this morning!"

"I think somebody else was lazy also," said Constance, gently draying the child to her. "Why did you come down half dressed, my dear?"

"I am whole dressed," responded Fanny. "My frock's on, and my pinafore."

"And these?" said Constance, touching the curl-papers.

"Oh, Martha got up too late, and said she had no time to take them out. It will keep in curl all the better, Miss Channing; and perhaps I am going to the missionary meeting with mamma."

Constance rang the bell. Martha, who was the only maid kept except the cook, appeared in answer to it. Lady Augusta was wont to say that she had too much expense with her boys to keep many servants; and the argument was true.

"Be so kind as take the papers out of Miss Fanny's hair. And let it be done in future, Martha, before she comes to me."

Gently as the words were spoken, there was no mistaking that the tone was one of authority, and not to be trifled with. Martha withdrew with the child. And, just then, Caroline came in, full of eagerness.

"Miss Channing, mamma says she shall take one of us to the missionary meeting, whichever you choose to fix upon. Mind you fix upon me! What does that little chit, Fanny, want at a missionary meeting? She is too young."

"It is expected to be a very interesting meeting," observed Constance, making no reply to Miss Caroline's special request. "A gentleman who has lived for some years amongst the poor heathens is to give a history of his personal experiences. Some of the anecdotes are beautiful."

"Who told you they were?" bluntly asked Caroline.

"Mr. Yorke," replied Constance, a pretty blush rising to her cheek. "He knows the gentlemen well. You would be pleased to hear them."

"It is not for that I wish to go," said Caroline. "I think meetings, where there's nothing but talking, are the dullest things in the world. If I were to listen, it would send me to sleep."

"Then why do you wish so much to attend this one?"

"Because I shall wear my new dress. I have not had it on yet. It rained last Sunday, and mamma would not let me put it on for college. I was in such a passion."

Constance wondered where she should begin. There was so much to do, to alter; in so many ways. To set to work abruptly would never answer. It must be commenced gradually, almost imperceptibly, little by little.

"Caroline, do you know that you have disobeyed me?"

"In what way, Miss Channing?"

"Did I not request you to have that exercise written?"

"I know," said Caroline, with some contrition. "I intended to write it this morning before you came; but somehow I lay in bed."

"If I were to come to you every morning at seven o'clock, would you undertake to get up and be ready for me?" asked Constance.

Caroline drew a long face. She did not speak.

"My dear, you are fifteen."

"Well?" responded Caroline.

"And you must not feel hurt if I tell you that I should think no other young lady of that age and in your position is half so deficient as you are. Deficient in many ways, Caroline: in goodness, in thoughtfulness, in other desirable qualities; and greatly so in education. Annabel, who is a year younger than you, is twice as far advanced."

"Annabel says you worry her into learning."

"Annabel is fond of talking nonsense; but she is a good, loving child at heart. You would be surprised at the little trouble she really gives me, while she makes a show of giving me a great deal. I have so much to teach you, Caroline—to your mind and heart, as well as to your intellect—that I feel the hours, as at present arranged, will be insufficient. My dear, when you grow up a woman, I am sure you will wish to be a loving and a loved one."

Caroline burst into tears. "I should do better if mamma were not so cross with me, Miss Channing. I always do anything that William Yorke asks me; and I will do anything for you."

Constance kissed her. "Then you will begin by rising early, and being ready for me at seven?"

"Yes, I will," answered Caroline. "But Martha must be sure to call me. Are you going to the meeting this afternoon?"

"Of course not," said Constance. "My time now belongs to you."

"But I think mamma wishes you to go with us. She said something about it."

"Does she? I should very much like to go."

Lady Augusta came in and proffered the invitation to Constance to accompany them. Constance then spoke of giving the children the extra two hours, from seven to nine: it was really necessary, she said, if she was to do her duty by them.

"How very conscientious you are!" laughed Lady Augusta, her tone savouring of ridicule.

Constance coloured almost to tears with her emotion. "I am responsible to One always, Lady Augusta. I may not make mine only eye-service."

"You never will put up with our scrambling breakfast, Miss Channing. The boys are so unruly; and I do not get up to it half my time."

"I will go home to breakfast. I should prefer it. And be here again at ten."

"Whatever time do you get up?"

"Not very early," smiled Constance. "Hitherto I have risen at seven, summer and winter. Dressing and reading takes me just an hour: the other hour I find plenty of occupation for. We do not breakfast until nine, on account of Tom and Charley. I shall rise at six now, and come here at seven."

"Very well," said Lady Augusta. "I suppose this will only apply to the summer months. One of the girls shall go with us to-day: whichever shall deserve it best."

"You are not leaving one of them at home to make room for me, I hope, Lady Augusta?"

"Not at all," answered Lady Augusta. "I never *chaparone* two children to a crowded meeting. People might say they took up the room of grown persons."

"You will let me go, not Caroline, Miss Channing?" pleaded Fanny, when her mother quitted them.

"No," said Caroline, sharply; "Miss Channing will fix upon me."

"I shall obey Lady Augusta, and decide upon the one who shall best merit it," smiled Constance. "It will be only right to do so."

"Suppose we are both good, and merit it equally?" suggested Fanny.

"Then, my dear little girl, you must not be disappointed if, in that case, I give the privilege to Caroline, as being the elder of the two. But I will make it up to you in some other way."

Alas for the resolution of poor Caroline! For a short while, an hour or so, she did strive to do her best; but then the good resolves were forgotten, and idleness supervened. Not only idleness; temper also. Never had she been so troublesome to Constance as on this day; she even forgot herself so far as to be insolent. Fanny was taken to the Town Hall meeting—you saw her in the carriage when Lady Augusta drove to Mr. Galloway's office, and persuaded Hamish to join them—Caroline was left at home, in a state of open rebellion, with the lessons to learn which she had not learnt in the day.

"How shall you get on with them, Constance?" the Rev. Mr. Yorke inquired of her that same evening. "Have the weeds destroyed the good seed?"

"Not quite destroyed it," replied Constance, though she sighed sadly as she spoke, as if nearly losing heart for the task she had undertaken. "There is so much ill to undo. Caroline is the worst; the weeds, with her, have had longer time to get a-head. I think, perhaps, if I could keep her wholly with me for a twelvemonth or so, watching over her constantly, a great deal might be effected."

"If that anticipated living would fall, which seems very far away in the clouds, and you were wholly mine, we might have Caroline with us for a time," laughed Mr. Yorke.

Constance laughed too. "Do not be impatient, or it will seem to be further off still. It will come, William."

They had been speaking in an under tone, standing together at a window, apart from the rest. Mr. Channing was lying on his sofa underneath the other window, and now spoke to Mr. Yorke.

"You had a treat, I hear, at the meeting to-day?"

"We had, indeed, sir," replied Mr. Yorke, advancing to take a seat near him. "It is not often we have the privilege of listening to so eloquent a speaker as Dr. Lamb. His experience is great, and his whole heart was in his subject. I should like to bring him here to call upon you."

"I should be pleased to receive him," replied Mr. Channing.

"I think it is possible that his experience in another line may be of suggestive service to you," continued Mr. Yorke.

"You are aware that it was ill health drove him home?"

"I have heard so."

"His complaint was rheumatism; very much, as I fancy, the same kind of rheumatism that afflicts you. He told me he came to Europe with but little hope; he feared his complaint had become chronic and incurable. But he has been restored in a wonderful manner, and is sound and healthy again."

"And what remedies did he use?" eagerly asked Mr. Channing.

"A three months' residence at some medicinal springs in Germany. Nothing else. When I say nothing else, of course I must imply that he was under medical treatment and supervision there. It is the same thing, you see, sir, that has been ordered for you."

"Ay!" sighed Mr. Channing, feeling how very faint appeared to be the hope that he should have the opportunity of trying it.

"I was mentioning your case to him," observed Mr.

Yorke. "He said he had no doubt the baths would do you an equal good. He is a doctor, you know. I will bring him here to talk it over with you."

At that moment Mr. Galloway entered, and the subject was continued. Mr. Yorke and Mr. Galloway were eloquent in it, telling Mr. Channing that he *must* get to Germany, as a point of duty. The Channings themselves were silent; they could not see the way at all clear. When Mr. Yorke was leaving, he beckoned Constance and Arthur into the hall.

"Mr. Channing must go," he whispered to them. "Think of the stake! Renewed health, renewed exertion, renewed happiness! Arthur, you did not urge it by a single hopeful word."

Arthur did not feel hopeful; indeed his heart sank within him the whole time that they were talking. Hamish and his difficulties were the dark grief; though he could not tell this to Mr. Yorke. Were Mr. Channing to go abroad, and the arrest of Hamish to supervene upon it, the post they held and its emoluments might be taken from them at once and for ever.

"Dr. Lamb says the cost was so trifling as scarcely to be credited," continued Mr. Yorke, in a tone of remonstrance. "Arthur, don't you care to help—to save him?"

"I would move heaven and earth to save my father!" impulsively spoke Arthur, stung by the implied reproof. "I should not care what labour it cost me to get the money, so that I did get it."

"We all would," said Constance; "you must know we would, William. From Hamish, downwards."

"Who is that making free with Hamish's name?" demanded that gentleman himself, entering the house with a free step and merry countenance. "Did you think I was lost? I got seduced into joining your missionary-meeting people, and have had to stop at the office late, to make up for it."

"We have been talking about papa, Hamish," said Constance. "Fresh hope seems to arise daily that those German baths would restore him. They have cured Dr. Lamb."

"I say, Hamish, that the money must be found for it somehow," added Mr. Yorke.

"Found! of course it shall be found," cried gay Hamish. "I intend to be a chief contributor to it myself." But his joking words and careless manner jarred at that moment upon the spirit both of Arthur and Constance Channing.

Why? Could there have been any unconscious foreshadowing of the unseen evil to come?

(To be continued.)

Temperance.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

THE REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES said that "the first cigar a young man takes within his lips often becomes his first step in the career of vice."

It is computed that not less than fifty millions sterling are annually lost to the country from the idleness of drunkards.

We complain of poor's rates: two-thirds of these rates are demanded and necessary in consequence of the existence of intemperance, and for the support of families that are reduced by it to poverty.

FORTY MILLIONS of bushels of barley are wasted every year in the production of malt. Barley may be made into bread, or it will assist in making excellent pork.

In the manufacture of twenty shillings' worth of liquor, only fourpence goes to the labourer. In the manufacture of twenty shillings' worth of clothes and other articles, about six shillings goes to the mechanic or workman.

A MILLION and forty-eight thousand acres of land are devoted every year to the growth of hops.

MR. WAKLEY, the medical coroner for Middlesex, and formerly a member of Parliament, has said, "I think that intoxication is the cause of at least *one half* the inquests that are held." This is the testimony of a man who is well qualified, from his position, to speak on the subject. Medical authorities speak of drunkenness, or of the habitual use of stimulants, as among the most notorious and well recognised causes of *hereditary* diseases, or of those which, in other words, are transmissible by a parent to his or her innocent offspring. On this subject Dr. Browne, in his work on "Hereditary Insanity," has said what is in consonance with the experience of all medical authorities, namely, that "the drunkard injures and enfeebles his own nervous system, and entails mental and bodily disease on his family. His daughters grow up nervous and hysterical; his sons become weak, wayward, wilful, or eccentric—perhaps sink insane under the pressure of the excitement of unforeseen calamity. This heritage may be the result of a ruined and diseased constitution, but it is far more likely to occur as the result of that *long-continued* nervous excitement in which enjoyment was sought in the alternate exaltation of sentiment and oblivion, so commonly producing or leading to threatened imbecility and palsy as the result of a disturbed and diseased condition of the brain and nervous system. At present I have two patients who appear to inherit a tendency to diseased brain from *mothers* addicted to drinking, and another an *idiot* whose father was a drunkard."

Progress of the Truth.

FRANCE.

PARIS.—M. Roger Hollard has been ordained to the work of the ministry. This gentleman has studied at Lausanne, and will labour in connection with the Union of Evangelical Churches of France. He has received an appointment at Bordeaux, as the coadjutor of M. Pozzy. The ordination took place in the Taitbout Chapel, before a numerous assembly. M. Bersier commenced the service by reading the Scriptures and prayer, after which Dr. de Pressensé delivered an excellent discourse from 1 John i. 1-3. M. Hollard then made his public profession of faith. M. F. Monod offered the ordination prayer. Ten ministers took part in the interesting ceremony.

SPECIAL prayer-meetings have been held in Paris on behalf of America in its present unhappy circumstances.

SOME time since the Minister of Public Instruction and Worship offered prizes for the best essay on this subject:—"What are the requirements of primary instruction in a rural school, as it respects the school, the scholars, and the master?" None but schoolmasters were permitted to be competitors. No fewer than 5,940 essays were sent in. The first prize was conferred upon M. Adrien, of Pontoise, who advocates the opinion that education should be obligatory upon all.

"THE MISSING LINK," so well known for its able advocacy of Bible missions by women, has been translated into French by Miss R. de Constant, under the title of *L'Anneau Necessaire*.

NICE.

THERE are now several chapels for evangelical worship in Nice. The French Church, or the Vaudois Chapel, has for its pastor M. Leon Pilatte. Two schools and an hospital are attached to this place of worship. The English Church has two chapels, one large and the other small. There is a chapel belonging to the Scotch Church, and another for the Germans.

ITALY.

THE *Huguenot* gives the following summary of facts relating to Italian evangelisation:—"In a religious point of view the Sardinian law, which proclaims liberty, is actually in force in all Italy except Rome and Venetia; so that colporteurs only require a passport and a licence to traverse the whole country. The cemeteries are equally open to Protestants and Catholics. At Naples the King has personally inaugurated the communal schools, which a new organisation has taken out of the hands of the priests. The press is free, and can discuss religious questions without breaking the laws. The Vaudois congregation at Florence is now very considerable. A popular pamphlet lately affirmed that the Vaudois had never either meddled with the Pope, or supported absolute government, but have striven for ages for the freedom of their country. The ten students of the theological school at Florence devote their vacations to evangelisation and colportage. During the past twelve months forty or fifty thousand Bibles have been circulated, ten thousand of which have been supplied from the depot at Florence alone. The peasants of the Val d'Aoste have bought one thousand five hundred copies; and the demand at Naples has been such that a depot has been formed, and the first supply was exhausted as soon as it arrived. Even at Rome, the Scriptures are read more than is supposed, and to such a degree, that if liberty is proclaimed, we may expect to see a movement there which will eclipse that in the north. Ricasoli, although not a Protestant, uses the Bible in his domestic worship, and has not only studied Protestantism, but is the avowed friend of religious freedom."

SWITZERLAND.

CANTON DE VAUD.—Two petitions are now circulating in this canton—one for the diminution, and the other for the extension of religious liberty. The latter asks, 1. that the *principle* of religious liberty may be maintained; 2. that in no case the State shall salary any religious body but the National Church; and, 3. that parishes may have a voice in the election of pastors.

BELGIUM.

BRUSSELS.—M. Panchaud writes that he remembers the time when the number of persons attending his services was not more than fifty, but that now from three to four hundred attend every Sunday. He records the recent happy death of a Christian female at the age of ninety years. This person was, a few years since, received into a charitable institution, placed under the direction of an abbé. Although subjected to the authority of this priest, she became a convert to the Gospel at the age of eighty-five, through reading the New Testament and some religious tracts which were given her by a Christian lady. In spite of the opposition and annoyance which this change brought upon her, she continued steadfast in the faith, and became a member of the church. M. Panchaud also says that he is connected with ten deaf and dumb persons who are converts from Popery to the faith of the Gospel. They have requested him to aid them in their efforts to evangelise others, and to become their pastor. One of them has lately died, and his death was that of a true believer.

CHARLEROI.—In his report of the state of the church at this place, Pastor Poinsof says:—"We have seventy candi-

dates for communion. Eighteen persons, and I can only speak of those whom I know, have entirely broken off their connection with Rome during the year, and attend our meetings regularly. The total number of persons now connected with us, including children, is 650. Our census has been hastily taken; and this number, far from being exaggerated, must be considered as only representing the minimum. Of these 650, only twelve are Protestants by birth; the remaining 638 were formerly Roman Catholics. The missionary career continues to have a good number of representatives among us. One of the brethren has this year devoted himself to the work of a colporteur. He is the second who has entered the same sphere, and there are two others most anxious to follow him. These latter, in the meantime, labour zealously and usefully among and around us.

JUMET (near Charleroi).—Pastor Jaccard writes:—"Regular meetings are held on Sundays in four communes, viz., at Jumet, at Courcelles, at Gosselies, and at Marchienne-au-Pont. At the first they are every Sunday, but at the others only on alternate Sundays. At Gosselies the chapel is too small, and we want a larger. At Courcelles the large room is always well filled, and often crowded. At Marchienne-au-Pont the meetings are held in two private houses, are well attended, and most of the hearers are Roman Catholics. Every two months I have services at Boisdel-Ville, in the house of a Protestant, and they are very well attended. At the last, the two rooms were crowded to the door. Week-night meetings are held in six communes, and many come to them. In summer I attend two such meetings weekly, and in winter three or four. They are held in twenty different places. The Roman Catholics who frequent our services were never so numerous as they are this year. I have continued my domiciliary visitation, and have called at 1,500 houses. In the cemeteries also I have preached the Gospel to thousands. Our three schools prosper. Many of the elder pupils left in the spring to work in the coal-mines or elsewhere, but their places were speedily filled up. The Sunday-school contains near a hundred children, and has four male and three female teachers. A number of adults also always attend at the exercises, so that the room is always filled. From twenty-five to thirty members of the church engage in tract distribution, and by their means many religious publications have been circulated among the working men of the district. We have expended more than 500 francs on works of benevolence. The children's pence in the schools have realised 1,100 francs; and 1,536 francs have been raised for the Belgian Evangelical Society."

HOUDENG.—This interesting station continues to prosper, and in many surrounding localities doors have been opened to the Gospel. Nowhere in the country, perhaps, has it been found so easy to obtain a hearing for the Scriptures, as they have been read from house to house. One person, in a neighbouring commune, has offered his house for religious services; the offer has been accepted, and many have attended. In two other places similar offers have been made, and accepted with similar results. Much indifference, however, is met with, as well as gross materialism and superstition, mixed up with infidelity; but still many listen to God's word with attention and profit. The field could easily be enlarged if means permitted. For three or four weeks the Jesuits came and preached at Houdeng, and seemed to produce an unfavourable impression, but it soon disappeared. Idle legends and pompous services may serve the priestly interests for a time, and so may the distribution of chaplets, medals, and scapularies, but these things lose their power as the truth is spread. Religious tracts and books have been freely circulated. In one instance a priest found a New Testament in a house where he called, and at once cast it into the fire. A member of the family snatched it from the flames and threw it burning into the street. Its half-consumed fragments were picked up by the people and read with avidity. The owner of the book has purchased another, which the priest is not likely to get into his hands. One of the converts has had many images, medals, and such things sent him, in the hope that they would induce him to go back to Popery, but he has handed them over to his pastor. There are many obstacles to the work, but it decidedly prospers.

MAURITIUS.

THE INDEPENDENT EVANGELICAL CHURCH in this island has sent an urgent request for a missionary pastor. After enumerating the difficulties and encouragements with which they meet, some details are added, among which are the following:—"At Port Louis there are services well attended, three times on Sunday, and three times during the week; two schools with a good number of pupils; Sunday-schools in the way of prosperity, and various cases of conversion are recorded. There is a prosperous station at Moka, and one at Plaines Wilhems, with three branches. These branches are called Freeman Chapel, Camp Malgache, and Vakoa. Stations have also been established at Riche Terre and Haço, at Pointe aux Piments and at Mapou. In all these places good has been done, but there is an urgent need for increased agency, and hence the appeal from which these facts are drawn."

BOHEMIA.

PRAGUE.—Mention has often been made of the progress of Protestantism in Bohemia of late. It appears that, in Prague alone, the number of members of the Reformed Church has risen during the last few years from five hundred to one thousand eight hundred.

Literary Notices.

LIFE OF DR. KITTO.

Life of John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. By JOHN EADIE, LL.D. Seventh Thousand. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.

JOHN KITTO's name is a household word. He has endeared himself to myriads of hearts, and there are few who take no interest in his character, his misfortunes, and his works. He is a noble example of the successful pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and one which may teach and encourage those young men, especially, who are anxious to improve themselves, and do good to others. By the light of Dr. Eadie's admirable book, we will endeavour to present our readers with a hasty sketch of the life and labours of this remarkable man, who, born in poverty, early consecrated to toil, and overtaken by irremediable calamity, triumphed over every difficulty, and took his place as one of the most useful and popular writers of his day. Whatever he owed to natural gifts and the favour of friends, he was made great by his extraordinary perseverance and the grace of God; for he was, above all things, an industrious and a religious man. He made the utmost of the talents he had received, and he employed them in the service of his Master, and for the good of the world.

John Kitto was the son of a working man, a mason, and was born at Plymouth in 1804. As a child, he was feeble and sickly, and was not sent to school till he was eight years of age. His father was intemperate, and his home was, consequently, wretched. At four years of age he was transferred to the care of his grandmother, who nursed him tenderly, and at length sent him to school, where he remained three years. As might be expected, he had made but little progress when he left, but he imbibed a taste for reading which never abandoned him. A Bible, a Prayer-book, Bunyan's "Pilgrim," and Gulliver's "Travels" constituted his grandmother's library. Other books he sometimes procured as best he could. In 1815 he was sent to work as an assistant in a barber's shop. This engagement soon terminated, and he had to go and do what he could for his reckless father. This was a poor school for a youth whose literary tastes and religious tendencies were already strong; but Kitto made the best of it while it lasted. In 1817, he was carrying a load of slates up a ladder, when he lost his footing, and fell to the ground from a height of thirty-five feet. The shock was tremendous, and he lay senseless upon the pavement. For four months he kept his bed, and it was eight months before he recovered his health. By this fall his growth was stunted, and he lost his hearing for ever.

His next occupation was to pick what he could from the rubbish on the shore at Sutton Pool. Having injured his foot, he took to painting rude pictures in water-colours, and then to writing labels for shop windows. The end was, that in November, 1819, he was admitted into Plymouth workhouse. He felt the degradation of his position very keenly, but after all, the change was an improvement upon his miserable home, and in those days the workhouse system was not organised as it is now. Kitto was taught to make list shoes, in the first instance, and afterwards to make shoes of leather. It seemed, to all outward appearance, that this was to be his vocation through life. His love of books and of writing followed him, and he laboured hard to increase his knowledge and to improve his mind; a journal which he wrote in the house is still extant, and records many particulars of his experience. His deafness was a burden upon his soul, and there was enough besides to sadden his spirit; but he never sank under these things; his brave heart struggled against his hard lot, and eventually some of his writings attracted attention. In 1821 he was removed from the workhouse and apprenticed to a shoemaker, who treated him most cruelly, and after a time the indentures were cancelled, and he returned to the workhouse again.

At length a Mr. Harvey interested himself in John Kitto. Other friends were enlisted in his favour, and he was finally taken from the workhouse, and enabled to give himself wholly to study. Some of his essays were printed in the papers. He was then sent to Exeter, to a Mr. Groves, a dentist, whose profession he was to learn. At Exeter he grew rapidly in knowledge and in piety. About this time, or early in 1825, a volume, entitled "Essays and Letters, by John Kitto, with a Short Memoir of the Author," was published by subscription at Plymouth. This was his first work, and is one which the admirer of Kitto will read with profound interest. By this volume he must have realised what was to him a handsome sum; it was published at six shillings, and he had above four hundred subscribers. Soon after he obtained admission to the Missionary College at Islington, and was instructed in the art of printing by Mr. Watts. His deep interest in the missionary work had led to this, in the hope that he might become a missionary printer. His career at Islington was chequered. A misunderstanding led to his resignation, but he was afterwards re-admitted to the institution, whence he was forthwith sent out to Malta, which he reached on July 30th, 1827. Before leaving England he had formed an attachment, and made arrangements for his marriage, but he went out alone. At Malta he laboured hard as a printer, and as a student, for a time, but his lady proved faithless, and abandoned him for another. The intelligence of this event overwhelmed him. Nor was this all; his devotion to study interfered with his other duties, and was a cause of difference with the committee. After eighteen months, and by no means happy ones, he was virtually dismissed, and came back to England.

On reaching London, he met with his faithful friend, Mr. Groves, with whom he had resided at Exeter, and who was now going as a missionary to the East. This gentleman wished Kitto to accompany him, but he refused, and went

on to Plymouth. Difficulties crowded upon him there, and the end was that he set out with Mr. Groves. They left England in 1829, and proceeded by way of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Astrachan, and Tabreez, to Bagdad. Of this journey, and of his residence in Bagdad, ample and deeply interesting details are preserved, and may be found in the memoirs of Dr. Eadie and Mr. Ryland.

Bagdad was not his place, and in September, 1832, Mr. Kitto bade farewell to it, and looked once more towards England. The homeward route was by Trebizond and the Black Sea, to Constantinople. They reached Trebizond on January 11th, 1833, and remained there till the 1st of March. Kitto did not land in England till the month of June, immediately after the death of a fellow-passenger, who was coming home to be married.

Once more the wide, wide world, was before him. What should he do? He wrote to his early friend, Mr. Harvey, who gave him an introduction to the Secretary of the Useful Knowledge Society. Kitto was engaged to write for the "Penny Magazine," and was soon after taken on the "Penny Cyclopædia." Mr. Charles Knight, the publisher, behaved kindly and liberally to him; and to that gentleman Mr. Kitto was certainly laid under many obligations. But he was still alone; and he wanted a helper, and a companion. This he found in Miss Fenwick, the lady who had been betrothed to the fellow-passenger whose death we have just mentioned. They were married in September, 1833, and the union was a happy and advantageous one to him. She was not only a wife to him, and a tender mother to his children; she rendered him incalculable service at his literary work.

And now John Kitto has triumphed over all the burdens and calamities of early years, and he is pursuing, honourably and usefully, that literary profession for which he has been so long and so well disciplined. But even yet he has not full scope for his faculties, and the display of his rich stores of learning. Something else must be found for him; something which shall enlist his sympathies, task his energies, embody his learning, and manifest his piety. The "Pictorial Bible" was the desideratum. What that book is, and how well it was performed, few are unaware. It introduced a new era in Biblical illustration, and incorporated the results of personal observation and experience, as well as of immense research. This work was commenced at the end of 1835, and completed in the spring of 1838. During its progress, Kitto received £250 a-year, and an additional sum on its completion. He subsequently edited an improved edition of the work (1847—1849), for which he was paid £600.

Kitto could well afford to show himself at Plymouth after what he had achieved. Thither, accordingly, he went with his wife and children in 1838. On his return to London, he published, for the young, "Uncle Oliver's Travels in Persia." This kind of work required more condensation than suited him; he therefore proceeded to prepare his admirable "Pictorial History of Palestine," a useful and valuable production, but not sufficiently appreciated. For a time, all went on well, and he was alike happy in his domestic circle and his work. Prior to the completion of "Pictorial Palestine," he projected the "Christian Traveller." Of this work only three parts appeared, owing to the pecuniary embarrassments of the publisher. This led to his removal to Woking, where he continued for several years. During this period he projected several works, one of which, a school "History of Palestine," was published by the Messrs. Black. Another, the "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature," was completed with the co-operation of many learned writers at home and in Germany. Though not perfect, it is a very valuable and important work. Several other works also issued from his pen, viz., "Thoughts among Flowers," "Gallery of Scripture Engravings," and the "Pictorial Sunday Book." Besides these, he wrote "The Lost Senses—Deafness and Blindness," "Ancient and Modern Jerusalem," the "Court and People of Persia," and the "Tahtar Tribes." In 1844, the University of Giessen conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and he was known and honoured throughout the literary world.

He started the "Journal of Sacred Literature" in 1848, and although a favourite scheme, it cost him much labour and anxiety, and never repaid him. In 1853, he resigned the editorship to Dr. Burgess, and the Journal still continues to exist. In 1849, he returned to London, where he resided till 1854, at which period he went to Germany in ill health, to see his native land no more. Besides the works named, Dr. Kitto wrote eight volumes of "Daily Bible Illustrations" (1849—1853); "The Tabernacle and its Furniture;" "Scripture Lands;" "The Land of Promise;" "Eastern Habitations;" and "Sunday Reading for Christian Families." By these manifold labours, he proved the strength of his mind, the goodness of his heart, the fertility of his resources, and his literary skill; but he wore out his energies, and shortened his days.

In 1850, he obtained a grant of £100 a-year from the Civil List, which was very acceptable, as with all his exertions he was straitened in his means. Illness frequently overtook him, but he persevered with his work, till, immediately after the completion of his "Bible Illustrations," an attack of paralysis came upon him, and he never recovered his health again. A fund was created for his assistance, and in August, 1854, he set out for Germany. The rest is soon told: he made his way to Carmstadt, near Stuttgart, where his eldest daughter, Shireen, and his youngest child died. Henry Harlowe died on Sept. 21, 1854, Annabella Shireen on Oct. 13, and on the 25th of November Dr. Kitto himself closed his eyes till the resurrection day.

We have thus, as we promised, rapidly sketched the career of this learned, useful, amiable, and good man. He rests from his labours, but his works follow him; and probably few, whose lives have only extended to half a century, can

be compared with him. The strange, eventful history of his life reads like a romance—a holy and pathetic romance. So many misfortunes, trials, and disappointments would have been too much for most men; but he never yielded, and his great soul triumphed alike over physical infirmities and outward disadvantages. He served his generation by the will of God, and then he fell asleep. His works remain for the instruction and profit of after ages; and his example will not soon be forgotten. Who knows but it may stimulate some to aim at future excellence, by like high and holy daring? We trust that Dr. Eadie's beautiful volume may contribute to this result.

LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS.

Life among the Indians. By GEORGE CATLIN. Low, Son, and Co. 1861.

WE read in fabled story of Abdulah's carpet, which possessed the magic power of wafting the possessor to any desired spot. Happily, no fragments of this commodity are attainable for us matter-of-fact mortals in these modern days, or we might fear the loss of some of the junior members of our households, who, after perusing the exciting scenes recorded so graphically by Mr. Catlin in this interesting volume, would be whisking themselves away to the land of the Red Indians, to hear with their own ears, and to see with their own eyes, the strange events and the thrilling incidents in the wild man's life.

For our own part, we prefer reading about buffaloes rather than hunting them, and we recommend our young friends to do the same; and the trapping and shooting of wild animals which we most appreciate is that which takes place at our own fire-side on a winter's evening, near to some smiling faces, and within sight and sound of the tea-urn; and this sport we commend, because we find it kills no one, and costs but a few shillings.

Mr. Catlin—good, honest man, who appears from his partialities to be one-half a white man, and the other half an Indian—has produced an agreeable addition to the juvenile library, and there is an air of truth pervading the narrative that imparts to the volume one of its strongest claims to support. The author, by his labours, his kindness, and his regard for veracity, merits success, and we shall be pleased to discover that the older portion of the public, as well as the junior members, cherish a similar opinion, for every man is entitled to praise, who, while reciting his adventures, gives to his readers "facts" and not "fiction."

As a sample of the interesting contents of Mr. Catlin's book, we append an extract:—

"The snakes on this river [the Amazon] are very numerous, and some of them very large. The anacondas and boa constrictors, the Indians told us, had been killed here of immense size, but we were not able to see either of them. Rattlesnakes we killed several times, as we met them swimming the river."

"While passing along close to a high bank one day, where there seemed to be no timber on the top, the governor got the men to land him a moment, as he was anxious to rise the bank and see what was in distance. The canoe came to the shore, and I held it fast by grasping to some bushes at the water's edge. The bank was fifteen feet or so in height, and covered with grass and flowers to the top."

"The governor stepped ashore, and after rising a step or two, drew himself back a little, and with his eye fixed on something before and above him which I did not see, he said in a quick tone, as he was reaching his hand back, 'Smth! hand me my rifle!' 'Take old Minié!' said I. 'No! be quick as lightning! I prefer Sam.' I handed him his gun, which was instantly at his face, and cracked. I saw a huge snake leap from the top of the bank, much higher than his head, right towards him, and fall at his feet; the governor sprang at the same time, at one leap, quite on to the boat, with his rifle in his hand, and as pale as a ghost. This was quick work, I assure you. He said that he had fired at a rattlesnake and had missed it; that he saw the creature coiling up for a jump, and by the rattling he knew there was not an instant to lose when I handed him the gun. He said that he had missed the snake, and it had struck him on the breast, but that luckily he was not bitten; and how he could have missed the snake he could not tell, unless the ball had been lost out of the cylinder. 'The snake's head was raised high up,' said he, 'and perfectly still, and looking me right in the face, and at sixty yards I could not have missed such a mark.'"

"The governor wore a stout brown linen frock, tied across the throat and breast with strings, and just where he represented he had been struck, I saw a spot of blood the size of a half-crown piece, and I said, 'You are bitten!' All hands gathered around him then, Indians and all. We untied and opened the frock; the blood was still more upon his shirt, and also upon his flannel worn under it, which were ripped open, and on the breast a spot as large as the palm of my hand, on the skin, was covered with blood. The blood was washed off, and the faithful little half-breed was down upon his knees, and prepared to suck the poison from the wound, by which means the Indians are in the habit of extracting the poison; but looking a moment for the wound, he got up, and with a smile of exultation he said, 'There's no harm! you'll find the snake without a head.'"

"One of the Indians then stepped ashore near where the governor had stood, and pushing some weeds aside with his paddle, showed us the monster, regularly coiled up where he had fallen, and with his headless trunk erect and ready for another spring. Its head was shot regularly off, as 'Sam' had designed, and the creature, so near the spring and so ready, at the instant, with its aim made, that it leapt and struck the governor probably in the spot where it would have struck him and have made him a corpse in ten minutes, provided the governor had missed his mark."

Memoirs of the Rev. William Dunn. Hatchard and Co.

THIS little volume contains the life of a pious man and an acceptable minister, written by his widow. We regard the work as the tribute of affection to one whom the author delights to remember and to revere.

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS ASSOCIATED WITH THE
CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

OCTOBER 20.

ELECTION OF BISHOP BONNER TO THE SEE OF LONDON.—In the early history of the Reformation, we find numbers, both of the clergy and the laity, professing to be Protestants when it suited their purposes either for safety or reward, but when opportunity offered, becoming the greatest persecutors of the members of the Reformed Church. Of these, none took a more conspicuous part than Bonner, Bishop of London. In his biography, given in the "History of the Reformation," it does not appear that he ever distinguished himself for learning, but having a certain amount of skill and dexterity in the management of affairs, he was, at an early age, introduced to Cardinal Wolsey, who made him Commissary of the Faculties, and, through the Cardinal's interest, he was presented to numerous livings and the Archdeaconry of Leicester. After the death of Cardinal Wolsey he insinuated himself into the good graces of King Henry, who appointed him one of his chaplains. He was also in high favour with Sir Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Lord Cromwell, for his pretended zeal for the reformed religion, and was, by his recommendation, employed in several embassies to foreign courts. However, before Bonner's return to England, he was nominated to the bishopric of Hereford. But, before consecration, he was translated to the see of London, of which he was elected bishop, 20th of October, 1539. Soon after his promotion to the see of London, his friend and patron, Lord Cromwell, was committed to the Tower, upon which Bonner instantaneously forgot all the kindness he had received from him, though he had so lately said that he should never be able properly to acknowledge it; and at the same time, all his zeal to promote the Reformation entirely forsook him. "Now Bonner," says Bishop Burnet, "began to show his nature; hitherto he had acted another part: for, being most desirous of preferment, he had so complied with Cromwell and Cramer that they had great confidence in him, and thought he would do the Reformation much service; and by their means he had obtained his high position. But as soon as Cromwell fell, he showed his ingratitude. For a time, Bonner complied outwardly with everything that was enjoined by authority to advance the Reformation, though he privately used all the means in his power to obstruct it. We have not space to go through his history, which is a very remarkable one; we will only observe that he was tried and convicted of favouring Popery, and imprisoned in the Marshalsea, during the latter part of King Edward's reign; but on the accession of Queen Mary he was released and restored to his bishopric, when he became the most determined opposer of the Reformation, and the most bloodthirsty persecutor of its followers. It is said he was concerned in committing two hundred persons to the flames (see Calendar in No. 1.) When Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne, the bishops met her at Highgate; she received all with civility except Bonner, whom she looked upon as a man so defiled with blood that she would not show him any mark of her favour, nor permit him to kiss her hand. Soon after this, on his refusing to sign the oath of supremacy, he was ordered to be imprisoned in the Marshalsea; he lived several years in confinement there, where he died on the 5th of September, 1569.

OCTOBER 21.

THE SIEGE OF ANTIOCH OPENED BY THE CRUSADERS.—The first Crusade took place in the year 1096. Peter, commonly called the Hermit, a native of Amiens, in Picardy, had made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and, being deeply affected with the dangers to which that act of devotion exposed the pilgrims, as well as with the oppression under which the Eastern Christians groaned, he formed the bold, and, to all appearance, impracticable design of leading into Asia, from the furthest extremities of the West, armies sufficient to subdue the warlike nations by whom the Holy Land was now held in subjection. He proposed his scheme to Urban II., who regarded it with favour, and summoned at Placentia a council, consisting of four thousand ecclesiastics and thirty thousand laymen, who embraced the design with ardour. The Pope having exhorted Peter to visit the chief cities and sovereigns of Christendom, summoned another council at Clermont, in Auvergne. The fame of this mighty design being now universally diffused, the greatest prelates, nobles, and princes attended; and when the Pope and the Hermit renewed their pathetic exhortations, the whole assembly, as if impelled by an immediate inspiration, exclaimed, as with one voice, "It is the will of God! It is the will of God!" These words were deemed so memorable, and considered so much the effect of a Divine impulse, that they were employed as the signal of rendezvous and battle in all the future exploits of the Crusaders. Men of every rank now flew to arms with the utmost ardour; a cross was affixed to the right shoulder by all who enlisted in the holy enterprise; and the projected expedition was denominated a *Crusade*. The first, as we have already mentioned, occurred in the year 1096, and the Crusaders making their rendezvous at Constantinople, and conquering Nice, proceeded eastward and besieged Antioch on the 21st of October, 1097.

OCTOBER 22.

ST. PHILIP, BISHOP OF HERACLEA, BURNED, A.D. 304.—St. Philip, a venerable old man, Bishop of Heraclea, the metropolis of Thrace, was an illustrious martyr of Christ in the persecution of Dioclesian. He was raised to the Episcopal dignity at an early age, and governed that Church with great virtue and prudence in a time of great peril;

the enemies of the Church, however, at length seized him, together with several of his companions, and they were sentenced to be burnt alive. They walked cheerfully to the pile, and appeared not to suffer from the flames, but sang their songs of praise, and prayed for forgiveness for their enemies, till life was extinct.

LETTER FROM PLINY THE YOUNGER TO THE EMPEROR ADRIAN, A.D. 104.—The name "Christians," as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, was first given at Antioch, in the year 42. Till that time, they were called disciples. They early distinguished themselves, in a most remarkable manner, by their conduct and their virtues. The Jews were the first and most inveterate enemies of the Christians, whom they put to death as often as they had it in their power; and, when they revolted against the Romans, in the time of the Emperor Adrian, Barchochebas, the head of that revolt, employed against the Christians the most barbarous punishments, in order to compel them to blaspheme and renounce Jesus Christ. We find, indeed, that even in the third century, they endeavoured to get into their hands Christian women, in order to scourge and stone them in their synagogues. They cursed the Christians solemnly three times a-day in their synagogues, and their priests would not suffer them to converse with Christians upon any occasion. Nor were they contented merely to hate them. They dispatched emissaries to different parts of the world, in order to defame the followers of Christ, and spread all sort of calumnies against them. Eusebius, a celebrated writer on ecclesiastical history, has given us a good account of these times; he was himself a minister of the Gospel; and to confirm the facts he relates, he quotes the following letter written by Pliny the Younger, who was governor of Pontus and Bithynia between the years 103 and 105, to the Emperor Trajan. It is dated, according to our calculation, Oct. 22, 104, and runs thus:—"I take the liberty to give you an account of every difficulty which arises to me. I have never been present at the examination of the Christians; for which reason I know not what questions have been put to them, nor in what manner they have been punished. My behaviour towards them who have been accused to me, has been this. I have interrogated them in order to know whether they were really Christians. When they have confessed it, I have repeated the same question two or three times, threatening them with death if they did not renounce this religion. Those who have persisted in their profession have been, by my order, led to punishment. I have even met with some Roman citizens guilty of this frenzy, whom, in regard to their quality, I have set apart from the rest, in order to send them to Rome. These persons declare that their whole crime, if they are guilty, consists in this: that, on certain days, they assemble before sunrise to sing alternately the praises of Christ as of a God, and to oblige themselves, by the performance of their religious rites, not to be guilty of theft or adultery, to observe inviolably their word, and to be true to their trust. This disposition has obliged me to endeavour to inform myself still further of this matter, by putting to the torture two of their women-servants, whom they call *deaconesses*; but I could learn nothing more from them, than that the superstition of these people is as ridiculous as their attachment to it is astonishing." It is not a difficult matter to discover the causes of the many persecutions to which the early Christians were exposed. The purity of their morality, being in direct contrast with the corruption of the heathens, was doubtless one of the most powerful motives of the public aversion; and to this may be added the many calumnies unjustly spread abroad concerning them by their enemies, particularly the Jews—a circumstance which occasioned so strong a prejudice against them, that the Pagans condemned them without inquiring into their doctrine, or permitting them to defend themselves. Besides, their worshipping Jesus Christ as God was contrary to one of the most ancient laws of the Roman Empire, which expressly forbade the acknowledging of any god who had not been approved as such by the senate. But notwithstanding the violent opposition made to the establishment of the Christian religion, it gained ground daily, and very soon made a surprising progress in the Roman Empire.

OCTOBER 23.

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD COMMENCED ON THIS DAY, according to the chronology of Archbishop Usher. From the Hebrew Bible, Usher deduces four thousand and four years as the term between the creation and the birth of Christ; Josephus, according to Dr. Wills and Mr. Whiston, makes it four thousand six hundred and fifty-eight years; and M. Pezron, with the help of the Septuagint, extends it to five thousand eight hundred and seventy-two years. Usher, indeed, calculates to the very day of the first creation, which he states to be this, and his system is now generally acknowledged.

OCTOBER 24.

LOUIS XIV. REVOKED THE EDICT OF NANTZ, 1685.—In the spring of 1698 a royal edict, or decree, was issued by Henry IV. of France, granting toleration to his Protestant subjects; this was called the edict of Nantz. Henry had been educated a Calvinist, and was secretly a member of that sect. By promulgating this edict, he offended the bigoted Catholics, and many secret measures were planned to assassinate him by the revengeful Jesuits, and, after several vain attempts had been made to accomplish it, he was eventually murdered in his carriage in open day. Louis XIII. succeeded him, and he confirmed the edict, which remained in force till October 24th, A.D. 1685, when Louis XIV., a bigoted Catholic, revoked the decree, and the Protestant families in France were forbidden to assemble in any place for religious purposes; fines and imprisonments fell upon even those who were suspected of meeting together

for such a purpose. This unjust and impolitic act lost to France 50,000 Protestant families. The greater portion of them came to England; many of them settled in Spitalfields, where they commenced silk-weaving, and until machinery displaced the hand-loom, they and their successors were very prosperous; others planted themselves in Soho and St. Giles's, and pursued the art of making crystal glasses, and various fine works, more especially jewellery, in which they excelled. Many of these arts were unknown in England at this period, and the introduction was of great benefit to the country. For some time after their settling in London, they were very devout, attending regularly their places of worship, and living honest, industrious, and virtuous lives.

OCTOBER 25.

SS. CRISPIN AND CRISPINIANUS.—St. Crispin's Day is still recorded as a holiday in the English calendars. The martyrs Crispin and Crispinianus were brothers, and were born at Rome, whence they travelled to Soissons, in France, about the year 304, to propagate the Christian religion. Being desirous of rendering themselves independent, they gained a subsistence by shoemaking. It having been discovered that they privately embraced the Christian faith, the governor of the town ordered them to be beheaded, about the year 308.

OCTOBER 26.

DEATH OF DR. DODDRIDGE.—In the ornithological gallery of the British Museum is suspended the portrait of Sir John Doderidge, King James's solicitor-general. His nephew was the rector of Shepperton, in Middlesex; but at the Restoration he lost his living, and in the troubles of the Civil War the family lost the whole of their property, and the ejected minister was glad to apprentice his son to a trade, and young Daniel had to make his way in the world as an oilman. A few years before Mr. Doddridge resigned the living of Shepperton, there had come over to England a Bohemian refugee, John Baumann. When the persecution against the Protestants arose in his native land, this good pastor fled from Prague, taking with him his German Bible, and a hundred gold pieces concealed in a leathern girdle; and many years afterwards died, the teacher of a school, at Kingston-on-Thames, leaving an only daughter almost unprovided for. But in course of events, the London shopkeeper, Doddridge, espoused the orphan daughter of the Kingston schoolmaster. Their income was never great, and they had many difficulties to contend with; nevertheless they would observe, "for all their toils, the Sabbath made them sweet amends." They had severe trials, however. Except one sickly girl, they had lost all their children; and that little girl was the only survivor of nineteen. At last, on a Midsummer's-day, June 26th, 1702, in an airless chamber of some narrow London street, Mrs. Doddridge gave birth to her twentieth child. In their solicitude for the half-dead mother, no one paid much attention to the small and lifeless-looking infant. Encouraged, however, by some symptom of animation, a neighbour took in hand the little castaway, and, by dint of tender nursing, saved to the world, what it had so nearly lost, the life of Philip Doddridge. A child so fragile, and given to them under such circumstances, was exceedingly endeared to his parents; and as usually happens with delicate children, his finely strung sensibilities and his yearning affection rendered him peculiarly susceptible of maternal influence. His first lessons were out of a pictorial Bible, such as are often found in old houses. The chimney of the room where he and his mother usually sat was adorned with a series of Dutch tiles, representing the chief events of Scriptural history; and when the frost made the fire burn clear, and little Philip was snug in the chair by his mother, it was endless joy to hear the stories that lurked in the painted porcelain. That mother could not foresee the outgoing of her early lessons; but when the tiny boy had become a famous divine, and was publishing his "Family Expositor," he could not forget the nursery Bible in the chimney tiles. At ten years of age he was sent to the school at Kingston where his grandfather had taught years ago. Whilst busy here with his Greek and Latin, his heart was sorely wrung by the successive tidings of the death of either parent. His father left money enough to enable the young student to complete his preparations for the Christian ministry. Of this provision a self-constituted guardian got hold, and embarked it in his own sinking business. His failure soon followed, and engulfed the little property of his ward; it was a great trial to the little scholar to see spoons and tankards that reminded him of his parents, now put in the broker's inventory. A scourer heritage, however, than parental savings is parental faith and piety. Daniel Doddridge and his wife had sought for their child, first of all, the kingdom of heaven, and a dependence upon God; and he now prayed earnestly for protection, and his prayers were answered, for he was soon introduced to the Rev. Samuel Clarke, of St. Albans, who took a deep interest in this amiable and intelligent orphan, and Doddridge says that as he became better acquainted with him, he became more and more impressed with the beauty of holiness and the blessedness of a religious life. We cannot follow Doddridge through his various duties as a minister, but would refer our readers to his life, written by John Foster. As an author he greatly distinguished himself. His commentaries on the Scriptures are highly prized, but his great work was "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." The publication of this work was urged upon him by Dr. Watts, with whom it had long been a cherished project to prepare a manual which should contain within itself a complete course of practical piety, from the first dawn of earnest thought to the full development of Christian character. But when exhaustion and decay admonished Dr. Watts that his work was done, he transferred to his like-minded friend his favourite scheme.

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Abraham and the Three Angels.
Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.
Hagar and Ishmael cast forth.
Hagar and Ishmael in the Wilderness.
Abraham and Isaac.
Abraham and the Sons of Heth.
Abraham's Servant and Rebekah at the Well.
Isaac meeting Rebekah.
Esau going for Venison.
Isaac blessing Jacob.
Jacob's Vision.
Jacob pouring Oil on the Stone.
Jacob keeping the Flocks of Laban.
Jacob and Laban—The Heap of Witness.
Meeting of Jacob and Esau.

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